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# *The* ISLAND *of* SURPRISE

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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L



"Oh," wailed Dorothy Cassilis, "you saved me." "It is not because I care for you, but because you are a woman," said Dorothy Arden bluntly.

[Page 263]



# The Island of Surprise

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

*Author of "The Island of Regeneration," "The Island  
of the Stairs," etc., etc.*

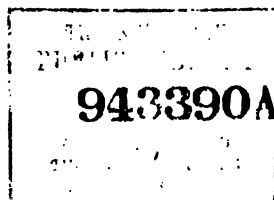
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To

J. Stuart Blackton

*My Dear Commodore:* Doubtless you have not forgot the many conversations we had over this story, and especially that last one when we sat discussing it until two o'clock in the morning one winter night before the big log fire in your library, when we finally worked out the climax together, I being at the receiving end. We two are the only ones who know how much the story owes to you. I do not propose to communicate to the world any details of that debt, but I cannot refrain from acknowledging it, and as the handsomest way of doing it I take advantage of the opportunity to dedicate to you my book in which there is so much of your own suggestion.

In the bonds of a sincere admiration, I am, my dear friend,

Yours most gratefully,

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

*The Hemlocks,  
Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.*

38 DE #4 JA



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**Part I**  
**The Book of Miss Arden**



# The Island of Surprise

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## CHAPTER ONE



## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER.



"S I said, my boy, you have had your fling. I never had mine, but I determined that you should enjoy yours, and now it is time to think of settling down," began the older man as the two composed themselves comfortably in big easy chairs at either end of the huge fireplace in which great logs burned.

"I agree with you entirely, father."

Now it was so unusual for any one to agree with Godfrey Lovell that he glanced at his son with instant suspicion. Nothing, however, could be more guileless than the appearance of his offspring.

"You never had to work as I did, as I do now —"

"Nonsense," broke in Robert Lovell cheerfully, "you can stop tomorrow if you want to. You have all the money on earth."

"It is not money that keeps me at it," rejoined the other quietly. "I am stating facts. I must go on, I shall never stop until —"

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"No, I suppose not," observed the son as his father paused meaningly. "Well, go ahead, and let the quitting time be long deferred."

Amen to that," said his father, smiling; "still, I confess that I enjoy the fighting."

"I wonder what the other fellows think about it?"

"That's their lookout."

"But we are wandering from the subject, father, and if there is anything on earth I admire it is your power of concentration," said Robert Lovell.

"Your discernment does you credit, my boy."

"Thank you, sir. It is by the exercise of that quality that I intend to make my career."

"You mean—?"

"To study men and women until I know what they will do under given conditions."

"To divine what your enemy will do, even to force him to do it, and then to meet him and beat him at his own game—that's been my principle," said Godfrey Lovell to whom all men and most women were potential enemies.

"And your practice, too."

"I have read that it is the practice of great soldiers, and business is warfare without any Hague conventions. Now," continued the old man equably, "I do not know just what sort of a head you have for business, although I have not had you under observation for some twenty-seven years without learning something of your qualities."

## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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"I should be glad to have you appraise them," said Robert with interest.

"I am about to do so," replied his father. "I have observed that you do well everything you attempt."

"Thank you."

"But that you do too many things well to do any one thing supremely well. Whether you can concentrate your abilities, which I flatter myself you have inherited from me—"

"No flattery at all, father."

"I cannot tell, but I think you can and I am disposed to give you an opportunity."

"And what did you propose as possibilities for my choosing?" asked his son, not a little nettled by this cool appraisal and this discussion of him as if he were an impersonal machine his father owned, a latent force he might develop.

"The range of business is unlimited. What I do not own, I can get. Opportunities I can create. The world is before you. Choose."

"You mean railroads?"

"Do you want to run them?"

"Banks?"

"Do you want to conduct them?"

"Stocks?"

"Do you want to buy and sell them?"

"Big deals?"

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Do you want to manage them? In short, everything that I have is open to you, and that means pretty much all there is."

"And I regret to say, my dear father, that none of these things appeals to me at all," was the astonishing completion of this little series of questions and answers.

The proverbial captain of industry, the financial magnate of the novel and the stage, is irascible and hasty; he loses his temper on short notice, and to browbeat is one of the choicest weapons in his armory; the real one is different. Old Godfrey Lovell was as cool and controlled as any man on earth. Many efforts had been made to shake that composure and to break that self-restraint, usually in vain. There was, therefore, no outburst at his son's surprising declaration, although it was sufficiently disappointing and inexplicable.

"You reject all of these means to make a career?" he asked quietly.

"I do."

"Don't you want to do something, be something other than the son of your father?"

"The answer to this second question is exactly the same as the first — I do, my dear father," responded the young man coolly.

"Do you intend to go in for one of the professions — law, medicine, engineering, or even politics?"

## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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"The last does not appeal to me and at twenty-seven I am hardly likely to return to school to be lessoned in the others.

"What, then? Do you mean religion, the Church?" asked the father curiously with a sudden twinkling of the eyes which betokened increased interest.

"By no means," answered the son, "although if I could give myself to the service of the Church and if you backed me with your financial and executive ability we certainly could accomplish great things."

"Doubtless," said the old man drily.

"But I do not feel called in that direction yet, and this without any disrespect toward religion and the Church of which I am, like yourself," he went on with unblushing frankness, "a most unworthy member."

"I confess," said the elder, putting by that last remark as unanswerable, "I have exhausted my knowledge of the professions."

"There is one other which makes considerable stir in the world."

"And that is?"

"Literature."

"Ah," exclaimed the father, "I had not thought of that."

He conjured up in his mind the proverbial necessitous literary hack of modern Grub Street and he shook his head mournfully at the prospect.

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"You seem surprised," continued Robert Lovell, "but even from the material point of view it is not a profession to be disdained. There are some men and women who have made fortunes at it; modest fortunes, but still not to be despised."

"I had thought," said his father, suddenly reversing himself and thrusting swiftly, as was his habit, "that the rewards of literature usually only came to those who were oblivious to its financial possibility."

"Your observation is a shrewd one, sir, albeit a bit old-fashioned," said his son, looking meditatively at the top of his cigar, "and it shows me that if I inherit some of your qualities I shall succeed in the making of books."

"I never posed as a literary man," said Godfrey Lovell, laughing in spite of himself. "My literary efforts have been confined to the perpetration of certain business documents which have been susceptible of but one meaning."

"And that was what you intended to convey, doubtless."

The old man laughed again.

"As a matter of fact, people generally understood what I meant."

"And you never wasted words in —"

"I never wasted anything, except —" he stopped abruptly.

"Were you going to make me and my course an exception?"



## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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"No, and since I deliberately allowed you to choose that course, I should have no right to question its wisdom or censure you for it."

This was the second allusion to his dependence that Robert Lovell had received that evening. He had thought the determination of his life had been entirely with him, he thought so still, although his father's cool assumption irked him exceedingly. However, since he had affairs of greater moment to discuss he let the matter pass.

"To return to my career," he said calmly, and yet with a sudden growing seriousness of purpose, "I have decided to write."

"And what have you decided to write?"

"Novels."

"Romances, stories!" exclaimed his father.

"Exactly. I know as much of life, I take it, as any man of my age, perhaps more. Everything that the world can give me through your generosity I have had."

"Except experience."

"But if all authors waited for experience the joy of youth would vanish out of literature."

"I have noticed that you have some power of penetration," observed the old man, pleased with the readiness of the answer.

"Thank you, and I think I can do it. I have been - talking to Bob Dosner."

"I don't recall the name."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"He is the son of the great Dosner publishing house. He was with me in college and is full of enthusiasm for the writing game. I told him the plot of a story I have evolved. He urges me to write it, and he says if it comes up to the scenario it ought to be a big success. Chambers, Jack London, and George Barr McCutcheon won't be in it with me, to say nothing of Edith Wharton or Irvin Cobb.

"Um," said the father, not too deeply impressed. "I have heard that imagination was a requisite for success in literature."

"I have that quality in a large measure, at least I should—"

"Why do you say that?"

"You have it."

"I never wrote a story in my life. I would not have the slightest idea how to begin or what to say."

"Pardon me, but you have that necessary quality by which experience is transmitted into literature."

"What quality?"

"Imagination."

The old man threw back his head and laughed, but he was genuinely interested in this conversation which had taken so queer a turn.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You are a great business man."

"But business is supposed to be based upon facts."

"In this case the supposition is entirely wrong. I am not a business man, but I know. I maintain that

## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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you can't be a great business man without a great imagination. You have got to see things in the future, you have got to think a result out in your mind. Before you can translate your ideas into realities you have got to develop them in your soul. You must dream dreams and see visions."

"But business is not supposed to have any soul, and as for dreams and—"

"Nonsense, father. You are presented with a body of hard, cold facts, conditions, circumstances; the world sees only those facts. The great man manipulates them to his needs, but he's got to see the needs first. The successful man adds the imaginative touch just as the successful writer adds the fictional touch to the facts of life. It is those touches which enable either to achieve."

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed the old man, staring, "I never thought of it in that way, but now that you present it, it seems reasonable."

"Exactly, and your unwilling acceptance of my proposition is evidence, is it not, of my capacity?"

"I admit," said his father, "that you have got the better of me in this little argument. I must confess that I have thought little of literature in the abstract. I have not had time to read many books, although I have read life and men."

"Exactly, and when you put life and men and, incidentally, women into books, with the fictional touch added, you have literature."

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"Precisely. Well, since we have our share of this world's goods—"

"Our share!" interposed Robert, but his father took no notice as he went on, rather condescendingly his son thought.

"I can give or leave you enough money for every ordinary or extraordinary need and a little fame might not come amiss with it all. You may have made a good choice. I am disposed to let you try it."

Like most men who are unfamiliar with the making of books, it suddenly seemed to the older man a fine thing to have his name on the title page of a book. It didn't make much difference what kind of a book it was, to be sure, so long as it was a success. Again, Robert Lovell was conscious of the assumption of superiority, the touch of the steel hand although velvet tipped. The young man winced a little, but showed another quality of successful authorship which few, especially new writers, achieve—self-restraint. He said nothing as his father continued, "Now, how can I participate in this literary game of yours or cooperate with you in your endeavors?"

"Well, sir," answered his son, "there is a way. I was about to make a request."

"And what was that?"

"Will you lend me Miss Arden for a short time? I have learned to think on my feet. I can talk what

## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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I have to express much better than I can write it. I want to dictate this story to her."

"Why to her?"

"Because she's the best stenographer I know; a perfect machine."

"My boy," said his father, "she's much more than a machine, she possesses one other quality without which good work between two people cannot be."

"And that is—?"

"Sympathy."

"And is there sympathy as well as imagination in business?"

"Not for the other fellow," laughed the father.

"Do you remember when I lost my appendix?"

"Yes, sir; it was during my second year at Harvard."

"Before the operation took place I told Doctor Schenck I didn't want any sympathetic nurses to pat me on the head or "poor fellow" me or any of that sort of thing. I wanted women who were all business and who would attend strictly to it. I wish you could have seen the cold-blooded group he got for me. They were wonderfully efficient but utterly devoid of the milk of human kindness. Icebergs. Barely civil. I enjoyed the preliminaries fully until I came out from the ether. Did any one tell you what happened?"

"No, sir."

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"Well, I was simply whirling in a vast sickening vortex. I never experienced such a lost, floating, helpless sensation."

"I know it," said his son, "I've felt it when coming to after being knocked out in a polo game."

"I heard a voice breaking in on my bewilderment and asking me what I wanted."

"And what did you answer?"

"I remembered what I had said, my boy, and I tried to be game, but I must confess not very successfully. I said, 'I don't want any sympathy, but I would like to hold somebody's hand!'"

"And did you?" asked the young man, his father joining in his laughter.

"I did. I held that nurse's hand for two mortal hours, and I never heard the last of it."

"I see your viewpoint, father, but it is not mine," Robert Lovell answered gravely. "Besides, I can't conceive of that cold, restrained, methodical, clear-headed young business woman as sympathetic, and I don't wish to."

"You have much to learn."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"In all my most private affairs have you not observed that I do not use any other secretary but Miss Arden? I repose more confidence in her than I do in any other human being. Now I flatter myself I am too good a judge of human nature to have developed that habit without unequivocal evidence

## ON THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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of her discretion and of her interest in and sympathy with her work. It is a mistake to look upon a stenographer as a mere machine. It is a noble profession and few there be who achieve success at it because of that very lack. I pay Miss Arden one of the biggest salaries of any woman in New York, and she is worth it; therefore you want her."

"I said you had a wonderful imagination, sir. I only want accuracy and speed. I'll do all the thinking that is necessary."

"But did it never occur to you that a sympathetic listener might help you to think?"

"I never thought about it at all."

"Why not use a dictograph, then?"

"I'm not that bad; besides, I want to walk up and down; it would kill me to stand still and talk into a mouthpiece."

"I see."

"And I can have Miss Arden?"

"It's a pity to waste her on you, but I'll allow it," was the somewhat ungracious answer.

"Thank you, sir, and before she comes you can tell her to save all her sympathy for your dictation."

"I wouldn't spoil the best secretary on earth by such fool talk as that," was the quick reply.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SYMPATHETIC MASTERPIECE

**M**ISS DOROTHY ARDEN'S condition differed widely from that of Mr. Robert Lovell. For one thing, while he enjoyed pretty much everything that money could buy, she had an independence denied him since she earned her money and he only received his. Had she but known it, that meant all the difference in the world. Some inquiry into her antecedents is naturally in order. She was not born of poor but honest parents; on the contrary! By this the integrity of the parents is not impugned, only their financial status.

Dorothy Arden had felt the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Although she had boldly met the attack with an advanced shield and armor of proof, the arrows had pierced and hurt, and in some of the wounds they still rankled. Father, mother, money, friends, all gone in one fell swoop of daring yet disastrous speculation with its attendant consequences, she had withdrawn herself immediately from her world and had made for herself a new place in a new world, since humanity cannot live disembodied and without material environment.



## THE SYMPATHETIC MASTERPIECE

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She had been educated in a most expensive and entirely impractical way. When she sought to turn her training into money she found it comparatively worthless. With the slender financial remnants that had been left her after her father's suicide and her mother's death, she fitted herself to be a stenographer. Finishing her course at the business school, with the diploma of the institution as her recommendation, and saying nothing about her college degree in philosophy, literature, art, and kindred subjects, she presented herself at the Lovell offices, where her name gained her access to the head.

Now the battle which her father had lost had been waged against Godfrey Lovell. It would be wrong to say the conqueror felt any compunctions of conscience over his course; his mind was quite at ease; it had been a fair fight and that was all there was about it. He was not responsible for the consequences to the man who had rashly attacked him; but he was glad to help the daughter, especially since she showed a commendable inclination to help herself without repining. He promptly gave her a minor position in his office as stenographer to one of his smaller department heads. But he did something more which was singular in her case; he kept an eye on her.

Although her father had been beaten in his struggle with Godfrey Lovell he had shown himself no mean antagonist, and had disclosed qualities which

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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would have won success from almost any other combatant. Dorothy Arden was possessed of the spirit of her father. Godfrey Lovell tried her in different positions, steadily advancing her until, after two years of brilliant service he made her his private secretary. She had now reached the mature age of twenty-five and to her he committed his most private and secret correspondence. In her discretion, as he had stated, he reposed his most undoubted trust. In his association with her he took equal pleasure and satisfaction. She suited him entirely.

Captains of industry are regarded as suspicious of everything and everybody. Half their success rests upon their faith in humanity, and the other half might be said to depend upon their ability to select individuals in whom to repose confidence. Dorothy Arden bore no grudge against Godfrey Lovell for her father's downfall. She had an unusual sense of justice for a woman. She realized that in her father's battle Godfrey Lovell had at least fought fair. Indeed, he generally fought fair when the other fellows permitted it.

She was proud of her position, proud of his confidence and resolutely determined to merit a continuance thereof. Her salary rendered her independent. She might even have achieved some triumph socially in her present smaller world, but she had no fancy for being first in a Gallic village; it was Rome or nothing for her. So she had learned to labor truly

## THE SYMPATHETIC MASTERPIECE

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in that state unto which it had pleased Heaven to call her, and she had resolutely put these smaller possibilities behind her, as she had put behind her opportunities to know Robert Lovell, upon whom her mind had often dwelt in thoughts she hated to admit even to herself.

Now after this glimpse into the inward and spiritual Dorothy Arden, it would perhaps be well to glance at her outward and visible self. She was a little above medium height and as well proportioned in her way as Robert Lovell in his, and he was as nearly perfect as humanity gets to be physically in these days.

Lovell had won his "H" at Cambridge on the gridiron when he was an all-American half-back. He excelled at other sports, too. He pulled a strong oar in a racing shell, rode a dashing forward at polo, drove a speed boat or car with reckless daring. He swam, he boxed, he shot—in short he was a first-rate all round athlete in almost every field of physical endeavor.

Dorothy Arden had shone athletically in her college also. She was a fearless and graceful horsewoman, or she had been; a good golf player, and an expert at tennis. She, too, could swim and fence and drive and shoot. These things, to be sure, were of the past but they had left their mark. She carried herself well; she held her head high; and, like the village blacksmith, feared not any man. Her

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feet were not the tiny things of the Mid-Victorian-furniture period, nor were her hands too small for any but the daintier touch. Her mouth was just a trifle large for the otherwise classic beauty of her regular features, which were cold, passionless, almost emotionless. Her perfect profile could have been cut as an intaglio without change.

Now her impassive statuesque bearing was partly natural and partly schooled. Astride a horse, on the links, holding a wheel, or facing a net she was a different woman. A flush could play on that damask cheek, those clear, dark eyes could flash, that cool, steady voice ring with temper or break into merriment. But these conditions rarely arose.

Godfrey Lovell understood, appreciated, admired, and liked that calmness, that withdrawal; and he liked it the more because he saw the human woman beneath what the casual may have considered an icy regularity, a splendid nullity. He had seen her cheek burn and her eyes sparkle as she divined the purpose of some brilliant thrust of his in some brief letter he had requested her to take in the midst of a campaign. Humanity was, to be sure, machinery in the eyes of the great captain of industry. But Godfrey Lovell, while usually committed to that fact, was the more pleased to find sometimes a sympathetic soul in the mechanism he set in motion. The very rarity of the quality enhanced it. And for that

## THE SYMPATHETIC MASTERPIECE

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reason he granted Miss Arden to his son for the furtherance of the latter's literary ambitions.

Indeed he realized with a certain dismay as he reflected upon the interview after it was over, that his endorsement of her had been a thought too warm and circumstantial for prudence. Perhaps he had made that rare thing for him, a blunder. For all his regard for the girl and his willingness to advance her fortunes he would not have contemplated for a moment the possibility of any other relation to his family—and by that he meant his son, Robert—than that she now occupied.

If there were a weak spot in Godfrey Lovell's character it would be related to his estimate of the powers of woman. Mrs. Lovell was sweetness and light personified. He had not dealt much with other women. He fought men. The miscalled weaker sex was outside his province. He knew so little about them, in fact, that they entered but little into his calculations and in his ignorance he gave them no thought. It was not his habit to neglect even little mistakes, but after reflection he could not see anything of special importance to provide against in the present error, if such it was; and that decision was an even greater blunder than the first slip.

Miss Arden received notice of her assignment to the work of Mr. Robert Lovell with the same impassivity she would have taken a letter which added another railroad or another bank to her principal's

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already over-stocked supply. Although in vague uneasiness her employer scrutinized her carefully as he told her to report to his son, he could see nothing to aggravate his suspicions of himself and his own words.

Now one of Robert Lovell's whims had been a private office adjacent to his father's suite in the Terminal Building. It was a quiet office; that is, it looked upon a courtyard instead of upon the street. It was high up, and there was plenty of sky visible over the opposite wall and an abundance of sunlight came in the windows, and it was very private.

What his son wanted of an office his father could not see, but he had acquiesced in his demand as in most things for which he was asked. Robert had his own furniture and other appointments in these two rooms. His name was on the door, he wrote letters there, and various boards and committees of clubs and organizations and associations of which he was a member, all of an ephemeral and pleasure seeking character, became habituated to meet there, so that the place was not altogether ornamental. His father's tastes were exquisitely simple, Robert's more ornate. The older man's offices were sparsely, almost meagerly, furnished. Not so the son's.

Stunning pictures, the youthful note predominant, hung upon the walls, the rarest mahogany desks and chairs stood upon the richest Persian rugs. There

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was a well-stocked buffet, and an ice-box that was a dream, and neither was there for ornament.

Opening the door the next morning Robert Lovell divested himself of his hat and overcoat and sat down at the desk. He called his father up on the private telephone, reminded him of his proffer of the night before and received word that Miss Arden was already on her way to him. As she entered the door quite another story than that Robert Lovell had planned to write began.

## CHAPTER III

### AN ACCIDENT TO THE MACHINERY

**R**OBERT LOVELL looked at Miss Arden with a new interest. He had reflected at length upon his father's words and had found them, like most of the older man's deliverances, interesting and stimulating. But he was not convinced either of the correctness of his father's diagnosis or the inadequacy of his own estimate of the personality of the young lady. To him she was still the machine, yet not quite the machine she would otherwise have appeared, and there was an unusual intent and comprehension in the keen direct look which enveloped her as she entered the room. She felt this immediately and as like begets like she returned his gaze in quite a different way from the casual manner with which she had previously sought to survey him.

"Your father directed me to report to you, Mr. Lovell, so soon as you came in, and requested me to place my services at your disposal," began the younger woman.

Now Miss Arden had frequently taken Mr. Robert Lovell's dictation, but it had been confined to let-



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ters, reports, and other unimportant matters. Although no details had been vouchsafed her, she had divined that this new work was to be something quite different because old Godfrey Lovell had remarked pathetically that he would be forced to dispense with her services himself for the next few months. She had been too well trained to ask any questions as to the meaning of that.

"Yes, Miss Arden," said Robert Lovell, continuing his survey of her in an entirely respectful, almost impersonal way. He hesitated a moment; his face flushed a little; he smiled a little. There was some embarrassment in the confession from a man in his circumstances and station. "I am going to write a book. I find I can think better on my feet, as it were, and I intend to avail myself of your services to take it down and transcribe it for me. I presume you have no objection?"

"None," answered the woman briefly, giving the impression that taking books, or letters, or anything else was alike indifferent to her.

"My father seemed to think that you could assist me by your—by—"

There he hesitated in a most unusual confusion.

"Yes, by what?"

"By your expertness and—er—and your speed," he went on lamely, whereat she instantly divined that this was not at all what Mr. Godfrey Lovell had in mind. But true to her custom she asked no questions.

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"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Lovell," she returned in the most business-like way in spite of her rapidly beating heart.

She sat down opposite him at the big desk, opened her notebook, and disposed of her pencils to that end.

"If you please," said Lovell, leaving his chair at the desk, "I would rather you sat in my place; I may want to walk up and down the room; indeed, I probably shall, and in that event I would be dictating to your back."

Although why a man could not dictate to the back of a machine as well as the front of one, provided the machine would work equally well in either position, was a question Mr. Robert Lovell might not have been able to answer. Without a word Miss Arden rose, resignedly, as if to humor whims were a part of her duty, went to the other side of the desk, sat down with her back to the wall where she faced the room, opened her notebook again and once more lifted her pencil.

"I am ready," she said.

The French have a saying that it is the first blow that counts. Experienced authors have declared that it is much harder to start a novel than it is to end one; this from a technical point of view. Robert Lovell ran his hand across his brow in the most approved literary fashion, took a few steps up and down the room, and finally came to a full stop. He faced Miss Arden, opened his mouth, but said noth-

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ing. She waited calmly, surveying him, of course, but only as a part of the general furniture of the large room. She was certainly living up to his estimate of her, but he found something singularly irritating in the too obvious mechanism of the situation, and the longer she waited impassively the more his irritation grew. He decided that his father had been crazy in saying that this woman was sympathetic. Not that it mattered. His ideas, literary, that is, had gone wandering. The story for the moment was in abeyance. He had to say something, and he began thus, lamely:

"Are you not at all interested in this story?"

"Do you wish me to take that down? Is that part of the beginning?" asked the girl.

"Certainly not," he said with some asperity; "I am asking an opinion of you."

"I have no facts on which to base an opinion," was the quick answer.

She had not been associated with his father for five years without learning something of the older man's methods, it appeared.

"I mean are you not interested in the idea of doing a story? Does it not appeal to you as a pleasanter task than the writing of dull, stereotyped letters about business and so on? I should think you would have grown tired of that."

"Since conversation is a prelude to your work," said Miss Arden, "let me tell you that there are few

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things more interesting in literature and life as I have experienced either or both than your father's letters. It is flattering to one's self esteem to be one of the few who know your father and to be in small measure a part of his doings. But is it necessary to discuss my daily duties before we get to work on this—romance?" she continued, smiling with suspicious sweetness as she put the question.

"I beg your pardon," he began, somewhat hurt by her reserve; "of course, it is no business of mine."

"To answer your question," said the girl, breaking a silence that bade fair to be awkward, "taking down a novel from the author's lips may or may not be an interesting proposition. I can conceive that in some cases it would be insufferably tedious. Of course, it would depend on the novel."

This was something more in the way of a facer. It was so deftly flung at him, however, that Lovell laughed. He was most likable when he laughed, and accordingly she liked him most then.

"You are quite right; I do not know whether this is going to be an interesting novel or a stupid one."

"If you have anything of your father in you, it will be interesting, as is everything he does," she relented a little because he had taken her severity so well.

Now this last remark nettled Robert Lovell. He did not want to be interesting because he was his father's son.

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"It's going to be a novel about New York—New York society, New York business, New York high life and low life and middle life. I intend to put it *all* in," he went on with the magnificent and impossible optimism of extreme youth in literature.

"That is a comprehensive plan, truly," said Miss Arden demurely, leaning her head on her hands, and for the first time he noticed what fine, white, well-kept hands they were.

She had a clearer insight into the possibilities of a single book than this blind beginning author, it appeared. At another time he might have noticed and resented the little touch of covert sarcasm, but by this time Robert Lovell had found himself and he went on grandly:

"I shall not make the mistake most young authors make by writing about things of which I know nothing. I was born in New York; I have lived here all my life except two years spent abroad. I have touched all sides of it and I love it. I love the magnificence and luxury of Fifth Avenue from its shops to its palaces. I love the lights, the laughter, the merri-ment, the brilliancy, and the madness of upper Broadway at night. I am deeply interested in the East Side. In various ways I have been brought in touch with the toughest and hardest gangs therein. My relation to my father has given me a view of the business side. As for the pleasure, so called, I know that best of all."

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"And that is the least important phase of it," said the girl.

"Exactly; and that is the least important part of my novel. And I know women, too," he went on, being in an unusually communicative mood.

"Ah," said the lady, and strange deductions might have been drawn from that monosyllable. "New York women?"

"All kinds. I have," he said a little shamefacedly, "made love to them all over the world, from the equator north and south, from the 180th meridian east and west."

"A comprehensive achievement for two short years of travel."

"Yes, but I did not lose any time," laughed the man.

"You know all languages, I suppose?"

"To make love it is only necessary to know one."

"And you found women—?"

"*Au fond*, just the same everywhere, and all willing and indeed anxious to try that universal speech."

"Your knowledge seems exhaustive."

He glanced at her sharply. Was there something covert or hidden in that remark also? But she was as bland and indifferent as ever.

"Now I have a good plot, I think, and with all this knowledge and local color if I cannot make a good story it is because it is not in me," he went on at last.

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"It may, perhaps, be my fault."

"Impossible," said the young man, proceeding to pay her back for some of her remarks. "All you have to do is to take down what I say and reproduce it exactly. I know your abilities well enough to be certain that you can do that without difficulty."

The shot hit the mark. Closing her lips firmly, Miss Arden, reduced to her proper station, seized the pencil again. Mr. Lovell took a quick step, opened his mouth, and the novel began. The dictation continued thereafter until Lovell was tired and Miss Arden had taken down enough for a day's work.

Without the preliminary conversation, which was thereafter limited to a brief exchange of greetings, the daily dictation went on and the story progressed rapidly. Mr. Lovell found that he had developed a double motive in his endeavors. He ardently desired to write a great novel, but he wanted almost more to warm the icy coldness, to break the seemingly uninterested detachment, and to rouse the latent enthusiasm of Miss Arden. Indeed, as the novel developed, the second of the two motives bade fair to swamp the other.

Miss Arden, too, sought to achieve a double end: to remain indifferent to Mr. Robert Lovell's novel, and to remain indifferent also to Mr. Robert Lovell himself; or, rather, not to allow her interest in him,

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which was older than this situation, to betray itself. The stimulus of this quadruple endeavor brought out the best in Mr. Lovell and the best in Miss Arden. The meetings were clashes of arms, and, as the young man really had talent, as the dictations progressed the novel grew better and better and its appeal stronger and stronger. And as Miss Arden had feeling both for the novel and the young man with whom she was thrown in such intimate relationship under such peculiar conditions, her own emotions became stronger and stronger until restraint became almost impossible.

They say there is nothing like a first love; perhaps there is nothing like a first novel. Practice, experience, ripening judgment, more careful observation, more profound philosophy, may characterize the later work, but nothing can equal the buoyant, boyish enthusiasm of youth in its first essay. Naturally into his first novel a man puts more of himself and more of the one woman he loves or thinks he loves. Afterwards he puts other people on the pages, but his first-born occupies a unique relationship to him. It was himself that Mr. Robert Lovell unconsciously portrayed, and the portrayal was good to see. Miss Arden both saw it and heard it.

Unconsciously the two drew closer together in spite of every effort on her part; and his unconscious recognition of her growing interest added the last stimulus necessary to great work. No matter how



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immersed he was in his theme he could not fail to notice her color come and go. Why has man never learned to control the flow of blood in the human cheek? He could detect the quickening of her pulse from the heave of her bosom. Once or twice she had to stop him; she found it so hard to attend to the mere mechanics, and when it came to the great climax of the novel, after six weeks of the most concentrated effort and the closest and most intimate association, Miss Arden was completely carried away.

She dropped her pencil, rose to her feet and, with eyes shining, burst forth into praise unstinted. He had been standing over the desk, leaning on his hands, bending close to her, pouring out the words white hot with passionate intensity and feeling. The sparkle in his eyes matched the shine in her own. The color came into his cheek also. Her action was so spontaneous, her admiration so complete an acknowledgment of his talent that the subtle and delicious flattery of it pervaded his being.

There is no book review that an author ever reads that gives him the same satisfaction as that he derives from the first one he sees, if it be favorable; just as there is no royalty check like the first check, though subsequent remittances may exceed it greatly. This was the first appreciation of his work that he had received; for, unlike most authors, he had not read a word of it to or talked it over with anyone.

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It was a secret, that book, between him and her; which fact also played its part in the denouement.

Now, although Mr. Robert Lovell's knowledge of women was catholic, as he had declared, when he came to describe his heroine he found it necessary to fix upon one, and the one whom he had portrayed in his book had been the one closest at hand; not so much physically, as mentally and spiritually. He had put Dorothy Arden, as he conceived her to be, in his book. And she suspected it and had been equally flattered by the fact and the method of it.

"You like it?" he asked eagerly.

"Like it," she said, throwing all reserve to the wind, "it's magnificent." When the dam breaks the torrent rushes more irresistibly abroad because of the long fight against the restraining wall. "I did not think you had it in you," she continued frankly.

"No?"

"No, certainly not; you have been a dilettante all your life. What could you be expected to know of a woman's heart, a woman's struggles, a woman's perils, a woman's love?"

"In the life of New York I divined it," said the man, bending toward her as she slowly drew away from him and then stepped around the corner of the desk to the other side until they stood opposite each other with nothing between.

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"Don't you know where I got it and how?" he asked. "Don't you know whose picture I have tried to draw in that novel?"

"No," she answered, although she did know, and her heart throbbed with the fearful and delightful knowledge.

"That girl is you," he said softly.

"And the man is you," she returned.

"I wish I could think so; he is a bigger, better, nobler man than I," went on Lovell. "But the woman doesn't begin to measure up to what—"

A large essay might be written on the point at which the necessary becomes the nuisance; the indispensable, the superfluous. At this critical juncture the telephone rang. With a muttered objurcation Robert Lovell turned to seize the instrument. He turned too quickly. He was standing on perhaps the rug of lightest texture in the room. It gave on the polished floor. He slipped. His feet shot out and struck Miss Arden on the ankle.

He caught himself on the desk, but Miss Arden went down like a tenpin. She fell in front of him. Her head struck the arm of a chair as she went down. She lay there at his feet, her arms spread out, her face upturned. It was as white as death, and a tiny trickle of blood ran down her temple—a climax in the dictation which the author had not arranged; a failure in the machinery which had put the machine out of commission!

## CHAPTER IV

### THE DOUBLE SHOCK

**R**OBERT LOVELL was a resourceful young man, accustomed to rely upon himself in an emergency. Although he was terribly shocked by what he saw, he did not hesitate an instant on that account. He crossed the room to the buffet, seized water and spirits, put one on her face and the other in the lips of the prostrate woman; then he wetted his handkerchief and wiped the blood from her temple. The cut was slight but the shock severe. He was so busy with his own ministrations that he never thought to call for help. Indeed, there was no one to summon unless he sought aid over the telephone; and, as it turned out, his treatment was adequate and no further assistance was necessary, for presently he had the great satisfaction of seeing the young woman open her beautiful eyes.

Miss Arden stared up into his face at first uncomprehendingly. She was still dazed and bewildered from the sudden shock. She did not realize the situation, which was fraught with peril. The arm of the young man, for instance, was about her shoul-

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ders; he was holding her tenderly and bathing her brow the while.

The tendency of returning consciousness is to begin where it left off. The last thing that Miss Arden remembered was the emotion that filled her being when she was stricken down. She was weak and shocked, although she found her present condition extremely comforting, but she was not too weak or too shocked to joy in the great emotions that filled her being. What she said was not particularly coherent or consequential but it was enough.

"Robert," she murmured—it being the first time she had thus addressed him, and that she did so was indicative of her lost self-control—"am I like that glorious girl?"

"Absolutely," answered Lovell, deeply moved in turn as he looked down into the depths of those erstwhile cool-visioned brown eyes, now swimming with tears and filled with sentiments he hardly dared to translate.

"You—you love that girl?" asked the girl, referring to the character in the book.

"Yes." And indeed Robert was now making love as much to the girl in the book as to the girl in his arms. He had drawn a glorious woman, and although he had fancied he had depicted Miss Arden, like other artists he had flattered the portrait. In her sober senses Miss Arden knew that; but she was not in her sober senses at this time.

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"Yes," continued Lovell, "I love her—and I love you!"

Unconsciously he had lifted her body higher as he knelt by her and her head now lay on his breast. She could feel the wild beating of his heart as she looked up waiting, expectant. There was that in her gaze that revealed the affection she had long cherished for him in secret which the association of the last few weeks had developed into the great passion. The physical and the spiritual are inextricably interwoven. The bodily shock, coming on the heels of the mental excitement of the great climax of the story, had deprived her of her self-control. In his arms she let herself go absolutely regardless of the consequences. A stronger man than Robert Lovell, one less likely to be carried away by the spirit of the moment or by the temptations of the situation, might have fallen as did he. Or did he rise?

He bent his head and kissed her. She was not nearly so imposing and majestic and forbidding as usual in the present situation. She was weak and helpless; her head throbbed painfully, but she managed to summon strength for the proper response. Her arms went up to his neck, and when he lifted his head she drew it down again and in sweet abandonment whispered that she loved him.

"The hero in the book," she said, when he allowed her to speak, "is splendid, of course, but he is only a pale imitation of you."

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Now, if she had been taken unawares, so also had Robert Lovell. There was not a doubt in his mind as to the genuineness of the confession into which she had been surprised and which had been precipitated by his clumsiness. He realized the instant he kissed her that his love for her did not match hers for him. That, as has been noted, it was partly impersonal, that he really loved the girl in the story and only incidentally Miss Arden, because he had unconsciously perhaps drawn her portrait as he fancied it; nor was he at all sure in the illumination of this situation that his portrait had been accurate.

But Mr. Robert Lovell was the very soul of honor. He realized that wittingly, or unwittingly, he had involved himself and compromised her; that he had no excuse for his action; that it was more due to him and blind fate than to her and so he resolved to go through with it to the end. This was the more easy since he suddenly found her so personally attractive. Fortunately he had no prior passion to act as—shall it be said?—a counter irritant. No other woman filled so large a part in his life as this one, and although this one did not fill a sufficiently large part to warrant him in making her his wife, perhaps, he felt in honor constrained to accept the situation and make the best of it.

After all that ought not to be difficult. The sudden submissiveness, her self-abandonment, the utter breaking down of the barrier of self-restraint gave

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a new attractiveness to her sometime reserved beauty. It added warmth and color to what had been so coldly characteristic. He, and he alone, had seen her off guard. Her femininity was the more bewitching because so unexpected; and that he only possessed the secret of it was a most charming thought.

The excitement of the great climax of the story was still on him. She had entered so fully into it that it had been upon her, too. The fact that this revelation had come as the result of his own story in which the hero in his person had made love to the heroine in hers, the further fact that her emotion was one of the most powerful tributes to his genius which humanity could give, the subtle flattery in it, the suddenness of the consciousness that she loved him, all moved him profoundly. And so, whispering words of love which were true enough when he uttered them, he bent and kissed her again and again.

It was the telephone that had precipitated the climax; it was the telephone that broke into the scene resulting again. It had rung several times unheeded by both of them.

"You must answer," said the girl, drawing away and raising herself upon her hand. "No, no more of the liquor; give me the wetted handkerchief. Someone will surprise us if you don't answer."

And there was added to the charm of the situation another secret shared, with instant realization of the

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danger that would result were the secret disclosed. Assisting her to rise and placing her carefully in a chair, Lovell at last answered the insistent call.

"Yes, father," he said, as he recognized the voice over the wire, "I didn't answer because we were just at the climax of the story and I couldn't be interrupted;" which was quite true, although in a different sense. "You want to see me? I'll be with you in a few minutes. Half an hour or less. Miss Arden? Oh, the story is about finished and you can have her back presently, all right." He hung up the receiver and turned to her. "Father wants to see me on a matter of great importance. He also asked when he could have his confidential secretary back again."

"And you told him?"

"When you had finished transcribing the last dictation."

"Will there be much more, now?"

"No, the rest is easy. I've just got to end it quietly and humanly; strike the tender completing note, as it were."

"And the copying after you have corrected it?"

"I can get some one else to do that."

"No," said the girl, "I would not have any other person touch that story. It is yours and mine."

"All right," he said, "another dictation or two, a few days longer, won't make any difference to him, but you are not in any condition to do any further

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work today. Indeed, that is a bad gash in the side of your head. I think I will take you to your home in my car, and we will have a doctor there to look at it."

"You are very good to me," said the girl in a manner quite different from that she had ever exhibited before. It was the very mixture of dependence and sweet deference that moved him strangely. He drew closer to her and took her by the hand, and then, reflecting that he might as well take advantage of all the opportunities presented to him, he bent and kissed her again. She could not know on which side the balance of feeling lay; his or hers. The kiss brought the unwonted color to her pale face once more. He took the wetted handkerchief and pressed it tenderly against her temple again.

"My poor girl," he said, "your head must ache frightfully."

"I suppose it does," she answered, "but my heart is so full of joy that I have not known it."

"Well, you will know it later," he said practically. "I have been banged over the head in a football game and I have not felt it at the time, but afterward—whew!"

"Are you making a football of my heart?" she asked, smiling faintly.

"God forbid; it is mine now, you know, and I shall take care of it," he returned. "You can retaliate on mine." Which again was not exactly true,

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but, like Mercutio's wound, it served. As he felt the less, he was more practical than she. "Here's your coat and hat," he went on, fetching them from the closet and helping her put them on.

She experienced almost for the first time the sense of intimate protection in the process. She had been so independent all these years, so accustomed to waiting on herself, so proud of her position, that it was delightful to her to be so compassed with sweet observances, even of the most ordinary kind.

"Now, what more?" he asked.

"Nothing. That you love me is more than enough to make me forget everything, endure everything."

She was so simple and unreserved and delightfully truthful and unaffected that the man was touched. He lifted her hand and kissed it tenderly.

"Now I'll put you in the car and go and tell father at once and then join—"

"Robert," interrupted the girl, suddenly terrified.

"Why not? I'm not ashamed of it."

"But your father has other plans."

"Other plans? I don't understand."

"I know."

"What are his plans and how do you know them?"

"He has been corresponding with Mr. Daniel Cassilis of Chicago."

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"Good Heavens, you don't mean Dorothy Cassilis?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe—"

"The two men have discussed it at length, and they both agreed that nothing could be better from every point of view than a match between you and that young lady."

"This is preposterous," said Robert Lovell hotly.

"Not so much the marriage with Miss Cassilis, for according to rumor any man might—"

"Robert, do you know her? Are you fond of her?" exclaimed the woman before him, rising in her agitation.

"I do not, and I am not," he answered instantly.

"But the idea of my father marrying me to anybody on earth without consulting me, making me the subject of barter and exchange with old man Cassilis, and putting his daughter in the same category, outrages my manhood. I won't stand—"

"I should not have told you this," interrupted the girl faintly; "you were not supposed to know anything about it until—"

"Of course not, but you were perfectly right in telling me. I wouldn't marry her now," and the young woman winced at the emphasized adverb, "if she were the last woman on earth." Would he have married her before? She could scarcely help asking herself. He came to a sudden resolution.



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It was a habit of his; prompt action, based on quick decision. "In fact, I am going to marry you, and I don't know but what it would be just as well to do it now," he said with sudden decisiveness.

He did not add "and get it over with," although that was in his thoughts! Fortunately or unfortunately Dorothy Arden could not read his thoughts, or if she could she was so overwhelmed by his declared intention that she lost sight of everything but the purport of his spoken words. She stared at him like one demented. Truly, she had been swept from all her bearings, dragged from all her anchorages.

"Marry me!" she faltered. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," he interposed in a manner singularly like his father's. "How far has that conspiracy gone?"

"I ought not to have told you, I ought not to tell you any more."

"Never mind that; you have told me, and you must tell me all; incidentally, you were perfectly right in doing so. We can't begin our life together by having secrets, even thoughts, apart."

"Well, then," said the girl, sitting down once more, "it has gone as far as it possibly can go without the active cooperation of you and Miss Cassilis. The one man on earth who can fight your father with any show of success is Daniel Cassilis. They

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have decided to pool their issues hereafter, although the world is not to know anything about that. To cement the bond, you and Miss Cassilis are to fall in love with each other and marry. Neither parent seems to have the least doubt as to the feasibility of the plan. Mr. Cassilis thinks that no one could withstand his daughter, and your father thinks that no one could withstand you."

"And you knew this all the time?"

"Certainly; that is why I—"

"That is why you were as cold to me as you were, although you knew you loved me?"

"And I should have remained so," said the girl, "I ought to have remained so, but all through the book I kept feeling that you were making love to me through the printed pages and—"

"I was," said Robert. Which again was only half true, and which was as dangerous as half-truths generally are. "But never mind that now; I was never so angry in my life."

The first pressure of the iron hand is always the hardest, and the young man had practically never felt it before. He resented it as he had never resented anything in his life. His father's dominant spirit he partook of in a large measure. "We are no royal house," he continued, "the heirs of which are disposed of for reasons of state and public policy. I think that Miss Cassilis will feel exactly as I do when she knows."

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"And how do you feel, Robert?"

"I told you how I felt; I am going to marry you now at once and then I am going to my father and tell him."

"You will ruin yourself if you do."

"Ruin myself?"

"Yes; I know your father, I think, better than you do."

"He has always indulged me in everything that was reasonable."

"He has indulged you because you never in all your life ran counter to his wishes, did you?"

"No, I believe I never have; though I don't think he has ever expressed any until recently about this career business."

"Well, when your father sets his heart upon anything, and when he arranges a match so eminently suitable, for Miss Cassilis is said to be beautiful and everything that a girl ought to be—"

"She may be all that," said Lovell; "not that it matters."

"He will, I am sure, insist on the carrying out of his plans."

"Let him insist."

"You have never encountered your father's resolution when he meets with obstinate resistance. He will be furiously angry. I know what that means, and it is more terrible because he is a man slow to

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wrath. He is capable of disowning you, cutting you off. He is a fearful man to cross."

"I should deprecate his anger, the withdrawal of his affections, but I am quite capable of earning my own living and taking care of my own wife," answered Robert Lovell with much of his father's resolute determination. "I think there is a fortune in that book, and with you I can write a million, and better ones, too."

"I believe you can."

"And you are going to be the heroine of every one. I am going to catch and immortalize every one of your varying moods."

"Nonsense," she said, laughing in spite of herself. "So you see you cannot resist or brave your father."

"I'll show you what I can do," he answered resolutely. "Come, we'll get the license, drive up to The Little Church Around the Corner, get married without delay, and then we'll drive back to father's office and tell him all about it."

"And then?"

"Well, whatever happens, I shall have you."

"I won't consent," she protested, in spite of her pleasure in this bold, determined wooing.

"Don't you love me?"

"You know that I do."

"Don't you want to be my wife?"

"You know that, too."

"Well that's all there is about it."

## THE DOUBLE SHOCK

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"I cannot do it. It wouldn't be right."

"Why not? We are both of age; we have the right to settle our own affairs, especially affairs of the heart, without interference from anyone."

He stepped nearer to her; he lifted her from the chair; he suddenly raised her high in the air and held her up, although she was no insubstantial ethereal woman. The sense of being seized and possessed, the consciousness of his superb strength, the feeling of uplift, brought out that little touch of the stone age, the cave man and woman, which is latent in us all. She thrilled with delight in being so mastered.

"I mean it," he cried, "splendid girl that you are. He gave her a little shake in the air as if to emphasize his words. "If you don't come willingly and gladly, I shall carry you." Her resistance but spurred his determination, and now he was as fully persuaded of the propriety of his action and of its inevitableness as he was of the fact that his passion seemed to match her own. "I had to knock you down and knock you senseless," he continued, setting her gently on her feet but still retaining his grasp upon her, "to get you to confess your love for me and to make it visible to us both. I am capable," he continued with well-assumed truculence, "of doing it again."

"Oh, Robert," said the woman, giving up completely, "it is wrong but—"

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Say no more," he continued, sweeping her to his breast, and then he half led, half carried her out into the hall, regretting that the room was so small that he must perforce release her in the passage where all might see.

As he closed the door behind him the telephone bell rang again.

"That is your father," said the woman, stopping.

"Probably," was the answer.

"You were to see him in half an hour."

"He'll have to wait a little longer, I'm afraid," said Robert resentfully; "when we do see him—well, perhaps we'll make him glad he waited."

"And perhaps we won't," she added ruefully.

## CHAPTER V

### A CRISIS UNEXPECTED

DOROTHY ARDEN'S hat and veil concealed the fact that her head was bandaged, but the clerk who issued the marriage license could not fail to notice her agitation. He looked at her curiously and even ventured to ask a tentative question, which, however, met with no response. The curate of the church, however, not being an officer of the law, required an explanation, and it was not until he had been fully assured that all was right that he consented to perform the ceremony. The whole transaction from the Terminal Building to the license bureau, to the church and back to the Terminal Building took not more than an hour. The two, one feeling horribly guilty but profoundly contented, the other less contented and perhaps more guilty, entered the elevator, ascended to the top floor, and entered the outer offices. Inside, the orderly and busy routine seemed suddenly to have been abandoned. An air of excitement and confusion pervaded the place.

"What is the matter?" asked Robert Lovell, approaching the door that led to his father's suite.

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Your father has been taken ill suddenly," said his secretary, coming out. "I have been telephoning everywhere for you for the last hour."

"How long ago?"

"About eleven forty-five," was the answer. "We called your office at once but you were not there."

"It was that call we didn't answer," said the awestricken woman by his side.

"Exactly," said Robert. He went through the office, followed by Miss Arden, Jenison, the chief clerk, and the private secretary. "Have you sent for a physician?" he asked.

"Dr. Schenck is with him now and —"

But Robert opened the door and found himself in the presence of his father, his physician, and two nurses, all hastily summoned.

"Robert," whispered his father, who was lying on the sofa, looking very pale and shocked.

There was something in the apparent helplessness of the older man which appealed to Robert Lovell profoundly. He had always seen his father so strong, so confident, so domineering, that he could scarcely conceive of him weak and helpless as he looked then.

"Father," exclaimed the son, bending over him.

"They sent for you, my boy, but you were not there. I thought you would never come."



## A CRISIS UNEXPECTED

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"I wish I had been there. I should not have left the office," said Robert Lovell, oblivious to everything but the stricken man.

Smothering a pang, Dorothy Arden wrung her hands not only at the sight of her helpless employer but because of the statement made by her husband of an hour. Love is generous in that it is the mightiest promoter of self-sacrifice in the world, but it is intensely selfish as well in that it sometimes exacts the sacrifice. She could not bear to think that he reproached himself for his absence because it cast a little doubt on his action in marrying her.

"What is it, Doctor?" asked the younger man.

The Doctor hesitated, looking meaningfully from father to son.

"No need to hesitate on my account, Schenck," said old Godfrey Lovell. "You might as well tell me what it is. You know I am the kind of a man that has got to be told the whole truth, even about myself."

"It is a heart lesion," said the Doctor, bowing to the determination of his patient.

"And that means?"

"Rest, complete withdrawal from business, freedom from all care and excitement."

"Freedom from all excitement! That means death to me," answered the old man.

"Possibly."

"Certainly."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Admitting the truth of what you say," continued the physician, "the situation resolves itself to this: You have the choice of ways to die.

"I don't understand," interposed Robert.

"I do," said the old man. "He means that if I go on I will kill myself, and if it be true that rest will kill me, I have the choice of these alternatives."

"Exactly," nodded Schenck.

"And if I take your prescription for rest, what then?"

"I see no reason why you should have a recurrence of the attack for a number of years, and perhaps you may live out your allotted span. You will be a better and happier man if you do as I tell you, but no excitement, no worry, no business, otherwise—"

There was no necessity to complete the sentence; the pause was significant enough.

"How can I get away from business and excitement? There is no place on earth I can go and be out of touch with my affairs."

Godfrey Lovell spoke more strongly. The heart stimulants which had been administered had taken effect. The sharpness of the attack had passed.

"This earth," said Doctor Schenck sententiously, "as I learned when a boy, is composed of one part land and three parts water."

"You mean I should go to sea?"

## A CRISIS UNEXPECTED

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"Certainly; you have the biggest and finest yacht in the world, so they say, and the thing for you to do is to get aboard her and get away."

"There is the wireless."

"Remove it from the ship before you start."

"I can't go."

"Father, you must," said Robert decisively.

The old man looked a long time into the face of his son and he saw there something of his own energy and decision. For the first time in his life he felt terribly tired and weak. For the first time in his life the idea of rest actually appealed to him.

"For the sake of mother, for my sake, and your own," urged the young man, "you will have to lay down your arms and proclaim a truce."

"No man could ever make me do that."

"But it is not the hand of man that has laid you low," said Robert instinctively.

"Now look here, young man," said old Doctor Schenck, "don't go attributing this thing to God."

"What do you mean?"

"It is your father's own hand that has struck the blow. He has lived under a self-imposed high pressure so long that it has beaten him at his own game. Physical man was not built for the omnipotence that your father has attempted, and he is simply paying the penalty for being human. It is a wonder he has lasted so long."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"You are right," said Robert. "Father, do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," answered the old man. "Well, for the first time in my life I yield. Have it your own way. Schenck's right, I guess. But there are some matters that I must attend to before—Oh, they're not exciting to me in the least, Doctor; some little affairs to wind up; the excitement will be for the other fellows," he added with a grim chuckle. "Well, my boy, are you ready to give up Miss Arden yonder?" he asked, nodding toward her.

"Never," answered Robert quickly, and then he caught himself. "What am I saying?" he laughed. "Of course, you shall have her back immediately.

"Tomorrow will do," said his father. "Will you come to the house about ten o'clock, Miss Arden? I presume I can safely be taken home, Doctor?"

"Quite safely."

"And Robert, you will attend to putting the yacht in commission by wire. She is still at San Francisco, where we left her last spring after our voyage through the canal. We will take a long cruise to the South Seas, a place where I have always wanted to go ever since you described your adventures there."

"Very good, sir."

"When I finish up these few little details with Miss Arden, it will be safe to leave everything else to Jenison here." He turned to his confidential man.

## A CRISIS UNEXPECTED

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"I will take you into partnership. You can carry on the business legitimately, and you have earned the position by faithful service. You know my plans."

"Thank you, sir," said Jenison. "I shall do my best."

"And I suppose that from time to time I can give him a word of advice, eh, Schenck?"

"Oh, yes," said the physician, "so long as you don't engage in any more of these battles in the stock exchange or elsewhere."

"We will just conserve and develop what we have, Jenison," said Lovell. "We will be content to acquire nothing else unless it may be necessary for our protection."

"Very good, sir," said Jenison, a solid, substantial, dependable man who had worked himself up from the bottom; who had been associated with Mr. Lovell all his life; and who knew all his plans so that he could be trusted to carry on all his work if no great initiative were asked of him.

"We will make this a corporation eventually, Jenison, and associate with us the managers of the several branches."

"And where do I come in, father?" asked Robert.

"Robert, we have not been much together and I want you to take this cruise with me. It may be our last opportunity to get to know each other and when

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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I am gone everything will be yours and your mother's."

"I will go with you gladly," said Robert, forgetful for the moment of his recent marriage, and again the words struck terror to the heart of the woman who loved him and to whom he had given his name.

"Before we start," continued his father more strongly, "there is that tremendous deal in the Rocky Mountain Railroad which Dan Cassilis and I are trying to get hold of, to rehabilitate it against the powerful gang of roadwreckers." The old man was not looking at his son and he did not see the swift look that passed between him and the young woman at the mention of Daniel Cassilis. "Jenison, have a power of attorney drawn up to enable Mr. Robert Lovell to act for me. Robert, you must take the limited for Chicago. What time is it?"

"One-fifteen," answered Jenison.

"Plenty of time," said Godfrey Lovell. "I was going out myself. The matter has to be settled in person by me or my representative."

"I have some important business to attend to tomorrow morning. Can't you do it by telegram, father?" asked Robert Lovell anxiously.

The old man looked at his son, his face flushed.

"There is not any affair of yours that can be so important as this, I take it. This is the last big deal I shall put through and you must do it." His voice

## A CRISIS UNEXPECTED

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rose and his eyes sparkled as he sat up. "You won't refuse?"

Dr. Schenck turned to young Lovell and raised his finger warningly.

"Of course not," said Robert promptly. "I will go at once.

"Good," said the old man, sinking back. "Doctor, I guess you are right, I can do very little now, but Robert can take up the work. Jenison, go and arrange for the power of attorney. You can go, too," he said to Miss Arden, "but come tomorrow."

Unable to speak, the girl went out into the outer office. Overcome by the strained intensity of the situation, she sank down into a chair and leaned her head in her hands, fighting against displaying her emotions. Neither of them had contemplated this turn to their affairs.

"What's the matter with Miss Arden?" asked Jenison, stopping and staring.

In an instant Robert Lovell was by her side.

"She had rather a bad fall this morning," he said, laying his hand upon her shaking shoulder, "and cut her head and this whole affair has been too much for her. Jenison, will you telephone my man to pack my things and to meet me at the station at two-thirty? Have him get tickets and a compartment for me and a berth for himself on the Century and wait for me at the entrance gate. I will take Miss Arden home in my car, run into the house to see

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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father, get his final instructions, and be at the station in time. You meet me with the necessary papers there. You will arrange it all for me, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Jenison, touching the bell and summoning his own confidential man.

"Father," said Robert, stepping back in the inner office, "you have your own car here?"

"Yes, the doctor and the nurses are getting me ready to go."

"Well, I'll take Miss Arden home in mine; she is a little overcome by all that has happened. I will be at home almost as soon as you get there to receive your final instructions. Jenison is telephoning my man and I'll catch the limited all right."

"Good boy," said Godfrey Lovell. "I hope Miss Arden is not seriously inconvenienced. Tell her never to mind about me; it is nothing."

Miss Arden lived in a charming little suite of rooms in a great big apartment on Washington Heights, overlooking the Hudson. Recklessly defying all speed laws, Robert Lovell finally got his new-made wife, now almost in a state of collapse, into her apartment, where, after passionate and hurried good-byes, he had to leave her at once.



## CHAPTER VI

### MISS ARDEN'S DISQUIETING DISAPPEARANCE

**I**T was well for Robert Lovell that he was plunged immediately into the perplexities and anxieties of great business transactions, for otherwise the reaction from the exciting events of the day on which he left New York for Chicago would have played havoc with his nerves. Indeed, for the first time in his life he realized that he had any. He did not count several periods of reaction after a hard fought football game when the whole team marched off the field weeping over a defeat which their best efforts had been powerless to prevent. That was different. He had gone through a tremendous day to which it was hard to say what could have been added to increase his anxiety unless it were death itself.

In the first place there was the climax of the novel. Robert Lovell put his whole soul into everything he did and the writing of the story involved a tremendous mental strain. Then there was the shocking accident to Miss Arden, her confession, his response, and his natural antagonism and resentment against his father's matrimonial plans, followed by the hasty and still unexplained marriage, his father's sudden

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and serious illness, the immediate parting from his new-made wife, whom he had left in great anguish of mind and no little of body.

He looked back on those strained moments when he had kissed her good-bye and torn himself away, hurried to his father's house, comforted his mother, received his father's instructions, and barely caught the train, as one looks back on the procession of wild events in a dream.

With all these things he was conscious that he had been precipitate, that he had been carried away by the excitement and the emotion of the moment; that, when he came to think it over calmly, was significant. Some doubt as to whether he loved the woman as he should and as she loved him was bound to obtrude itself. And the doubt indicated beyond peradventure that he did not. Had he done right? He could not answer that question with an unequivocal affirmative. Had he even done the best thing for the woman when he made her his wife? And again there was dubiety in his mind.

It was a good thing that he had important business undertakings committed to him. His father had of necessity been very brief, both because of the shortness of time and from a desire to comply with Dr. Schenck's orders that he do as little as possible, but there was no man on earth who could say more in fewer words than his father. And he had outlined the scheme in which young Lovell was to take part,

## MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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the battle he was to engage in, with extraordinary clarity and illumination. Details, of course, had to be left to Robert's own judgment. The magnitude of the scheme and the necessity for the application of all his abilities to it, unfamiliar as he was with business, engrossed him.

There was yet another object in his thoughts. His father had charged him at once to get in touch with Daniel Cassilis, who was working with Mr. Lovell in this great deal to prevent the wreck of the Rocky Mountain Railroad, and his counsel, advice, and information would be of the greatest service. No one had hitherto worked with Godfrey Lovell on terms of equality, and even so big a man as Daniel Cassilis must be made to understand that the determination of events rested in Robert Lovell taking his father's place, for old Godfrey Lovell was in no way minded to surrender his primacy or give up any advantage, even by proxy. Indeed, he charged his son explicitly by no means to do either of these things. His father's parting words rang in his ears:

"You are to settle the matter yourself; counsel with Dan Cassilis as much as you please, but follow his advice or not in accordance with your own judgment."

"It's a big responsibility," his son had answered.

"Yes, it is. Whether the Rocky Mountain is saved or wrecked doesn't very materially matter to

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our fortunes—” Robert remembered how he had thrilled a little at the joint possessive pronoun—

- “although it matters a great deal to the unfortunate people who have invested their money in the road. It has always been my pleasure to be constructive, especially when other people’s money is concerned. I’ve never fought against small investors. I like to help them. You understand?”

“Perfectly, sir. I shall do my best.”

“I know you will,” his father replied, “and let me tell you this: the possession of the road, as I say, is of little moment, but it is of great moment to me that you succeed.”

“If I am the son of my father I will.”

“Good,” said the old man, his eyes lighting with pride.

Robert thought of that over and over again. He did not think all the time of business, he did not think all the time of Miss Arden, for so she remained in his thoughts in spite of the marriage ceremony and the priestly benediction. He thought sometimes of Miss Cassilis. Again, had he been given to self-analysis, such as he would have attempted had he been writing another novel, the fact that he thought of Miss Cassilis at such a time would have been significant, for had he loved Dorothy Arden as he should and as she fancied he did, no other woman could have entered his mind. Miss Cassilis was in his mind more than casually. He had never met the

### MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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young lady, although he had heard about her, and indeed everybody in the United States had. She was a reigning belle in the great city of the Middle West and her fame was much more than local.

Now one is not picked out as the prospective husband of a toast and belle, known from ocean to ocean, who can count her triumphs by the score, even if one is not desirous of embracing the opportunity, only to view the possibility with indifference. With a resentment still keen and a determination still unchanged, Robert found himself wondering about Dorothy Cassilis. Had she been apprised of this plan the two old men had agreed upon? If so, was she in an acceptive or declining mood? If she knew or had found out, as he had done, how awkward would be the meeting! If she knew, would she exercise upon him those fascinations of which the world spoke so admiringly, or would she meet him with disdain?

He forgot at times that he was out of the running. It really did not make the least bit of difference in what mood she met him or what course she might elect to pursue. He overlooked the fact that he was no longer in the matrimonial market and that so far as he and she were concerned the affair had been settled before it had begun, and he really grew quite eager to see the young lady. Thus with a woman behind him in New York and a woman

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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before him in Chicago and a vast weight of business between, he did not lack food for thought and mental occupation.

Arrived in Chicago, in due course he took rooms at the Congress and after disposing of his luggage hurried to the office of Daniel Cassilis in the Monadnock Building. After answering a few preliminary inquiries as to his father's health, he plunged immediately into business. If Daniel Cassilis had thought that the illness of old Godfrey Lovell would throw the direction of events in his hands he was presently undeceived, for Robert Lovell displayed a grasp and ability which astonished and somewhat piqued him, but which filled him with a certain amount of admiration and pride. He reflected that it would be all in the family if the schemes of the two schemers developed. That such a combination as Lovell and Cassilis could fail, even in their endeavors matrimonial, never entered their heads.

It is all very well to bring a man or corporation to heel, but it is quite a different thing to coerce spiritually and mentally a single woman. Mr. Cassilis had met his first check the day before when he announced that Mr. Robert Lovell, representing his father, was to arrive in Chicago the next day, for without saying anything to her father, and taking advantage of his absence from his office, Miss Cassilis had taken an east-bound train to make a long deferred and promised visit to a school friend, telephoning her

## MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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father just before the train started that she was bound for Albany.

"I had expected to have you out at the house," Daniel Cassilis had said early in the conversation with Lovell, "but Mrs. Cassilis is not well and my daughter suddenly decided to go to Albany last night. It will take us a week or so to get the Rocky Mountain tangle straightened out and to get control of the road. She will surely be home by that time, when I hope to have the pleasure of presenting you to her."

Making a suitable acknowledgment of this proffer, Robert experienced a distinct feeling of disappointment and chagrin. Was it possible that the girl had learned of the proposed disposition of her hand and was this her way of showing that she did not like it? He adroitly directed the conversation until he found out from Mr. Cassilis that he had told his family the day before that Lovell had been expected. Yes, he decided in his mind, she must have heard and she was as resentful as he. He admired her for that in spite of his pride, and his desire to meet her increased.

The week that followed was one of intense excitement. The great battle for the control of the Rocky Mountain Railroad attracted national attention. The contest was waged with greatest skill and determination on both sides. Robert Lovell made mistakes, but they were his own mistakes and he man-

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aged to cover them before it was too late. He found no time at all for social life, although invitations poured in upon him. About his only diversion was reading long letters from Dorothy Arden which revealed new depths of mental brilliance and deep affection which somehow or other left him a little cold. He did his best in his briefer replies to these letters, but they were woefully inadequate and before the end of the week melancholy, anxiety, and reproach pervaded his wife's communications.

He sent a nightly letter by wire to his father, recounting the day's work and the situation, and receiving concise suggestions and comments by telegraph in return. Finally the day of settlement arrived. It would be determined then who had won, Lovell and Cassilis, or the opposition. With the day old Godfrey Lovell appeared on the scene.

"My boy," he said, "I am not here to interfere; you have done well so far and I think you are going to beat them. I told Schenck I must come and he said it was all wrong, but feeling as I did perhaps it would be better for me to go to Chicago, especially as we are to go on to San Francisco in a day or two, than to stay at home. No, don't bother to tell me any details. Your telegrams have given me the general situation. I could not have done better myself. Go in and win."

"Very well, father," said the son, "and how is everybody at home?"



## MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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"Your mother is very well and looks forward to our cruise. She would have come with me but for a few late seances with the dressmakers and Heaven knows who else."

"And Miss Arden?"

"She's not at home, she's at the office!"

"I know, of course, but—"

"She has not seemed herself lately. I rather think I made a mistake in lending her to you. You used her up, I am afraid. She seems to have lost some of the interest she had in my work, though perhaps it was that knock on the head. I had some thought of taking her with us on the cruise, but concluded not to do so, and yet—"

The conversation so deeply interesting to the young man was broken into by the entrance of Daniel Cassilis.

"Glad to see you looking so well, Lovell," he said. "The boy and I have had a great battle. We have got to hurry down to the exchange now, Robert. Have you any advice to give us?"

"None," said Godfrey Lovell as the two made ready to go. "I believe you are going to win."

"Of course we are. We've fought them to a standstill and they know they are licked. The boy's a chip of the old block; I feel like a mere tyro in his hands," laughed Mr. Cassilis. "Come on, young man."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"And your daughter, Miss Dorothy?" asked old Mr. Lovell as they turned away.

"Still in Albany, confound it," answered the other man. "I've wired her to come home, but you know what young people are; she'll stay till she finishes her visit. I would have had this youngster out to the house, but Mrs. Cassilis is not well. The doctor says she needs a change."

"Exactly," said Mr. Lovell, promptly. "You and your wife and daughter must join Mrs. Lovell and me and Bob here on a cruise to the South Seas when this deal is over; you know I wrote you about it."

"Yes, and I have been trying to arrange it. I can promise for Mrs. Cassilis and myself, but no man on earth could promise anything for that daughter of mine."

"Let us hope we can persuade her," said the old man, chuckling. "But go in and win."

Win they did. The business and financial world acclaimed Robert Lovell as a new star in the firmament, although there was a disposition to undervalue him and to insinuate that he had only carried out the orders of his father. That reputation would not serve his son badly in the future. The old man thought people would naturally undervalue him if he worked alone, and to despise an enemy is generally good—for the enemy. He was glad to see that Robert could hold his own in the business world

### MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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if he had to. That was a comfort when he thought of his son's literary enterprise.

Young Bob Dosner had written enthusiastically about the novel, the greater part of which had been copied and delivered to him by Miss Arden, and which Robert Lovell was trying to finish alone in Chicago. Dosner was preparing to have it illustrated by one of the best He-and-She artists, and planning to publish it sumptuously in the spring.

"Now, father," began the son the day after the great triumph, "I must go back to New York before we start on that cruise."

"Schenck says the sooner I get aboard the better. He wants me to go straight to San Francisco," said his father, "and I should like to start West tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Cassilis are ready and they are only waiting for a telegram from their daughter, which they expect to receive today, to get her here so that we can all go to the coast together in my private car."

"Well, it's possible, is it not, that Miss Cassilis, if she concludes to come—"

"Oh, she'll come all right," said the father.

"Perhaps may want a day or two for preparation. You know women."

"No, that is one thing I don't know," answered the old man, frankly, "but I will admit that you may be right."

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"While I myself want just one day. I will leave on the Century tomorrow afternoon; that will get me in New York Wednesday morning. I want to see Dosner about the book and make a few other arrangements. I will take the limited back on Wednesday afternoon; that will bring me in here Thursday and we can start west Friday."

"Can't you arrange your matters by telegraph or telephone? Really, I am loath to see you go," answered the old man, and there was something a little plaintive in his appeal. "I am certainly proud of you, and the way you handled that deal."

"Father, I simply must go, and—"

"Oh, very well, go ahead."

"My man can buy everything I need here in Chicago, and I give you my word I'll be back on Thursday morning."

"Very well, then, we'll start Thursday night. I'll arrange with Ripley, of the Santa Fé, to attach the car to the California Limited. I am sorry you have not met Miss Cassilis," continued the father in the most guileless manner possible.

"I'll have ample opportunity to make her acquaintance crossing the continent and on the yacht," returned his son, bidding him good-bye.

Just as soon as he reached the station in New York Robert Lovell dashed for the telephone booth and called up his father's office. He got Jenison and

### **MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE**

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after an exchange of greetings asked that Miss Arden be called to the 'phone under plea that he had an urgent message for her from his father.

"She wasn't here yesterday and she hasn't been down today," answered Jenison. "I telephoned out to her apartment this morning and she was not there. How long are you going to be in town?"

"Until this afternoon. I will be down to see you later," said Lovell, ringing off.

His wife not at the office and not at her residence! It was extraordinary and not a little alarming. She had not mentioned any prospective absence in her last letter. He called a taxi, directed the man to hurry, and was soon at her apartment. Loud ringings of the bell and knocks at the door of her rooms failed to arouse anyone. With growing anxiety the young man sought the proprietor of the apartment house. This happened to be a woman.

"Mrs. Gratage," he said, after getting into her private office, "I am Mr. Robert Lovell, son of Mr. Godfrey Lovell, whose private secretary is Miss Arden. I have just arrived from Chicago. I called up the office from the station and found she had not been there yesterday or today, and they told me that they had been unable to get her by telephone here. I have just been up to her apartment. I rang the bell and knocked on the door, but got no answer. Can you tell me where she is or where I can find her?"

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"I am sorry to say that I can't, Mr. Lovell," said Mrs. Gratage, scrutinizing him closely through her glasses. "All I know about her I learned from the hall man. He said that Miss Arden received two telegrams late night before last. He sent them up by one of the bell boys. She immediately telephoned to him to call a taxicab in one hour. When it came she had her trunk taken down, got into the cab, and drove away."

"And she left no message?"

"She asked to see me, but I was out at the time and did not return till later. She told the hall man to tell me to keep her apartment and she would write."

"And have you received any letter?"

"None."

"It's most extraordinary," said the young man after a moment's reflection. "It is so important for me to learn Miss Arden's whereabouts and communicate with her that I am about to prefer a strange request."

"And that is?"

"Will you come with me to her rooms? Perhaps there we may find some clue to her departure."

"I see no impropriety in that," said Mrs. Gratage, taking her master key.

The apartment was in some disorder, evidence of hasty packing in the shape of opened drawers and clothing lay about. So hurried appeared to have

### MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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been her departure that she had left things just as they were, and since she was known to be absent the maid had not been in to put the apartment to rights. On a table in front of a window lay his own telegram that he had sent so soon as he had got his father's acquiescence to his return. She had received it evidently the night before her departure. He picked it up and said,

"This is the telegram that I sent to announce my coming."

"Yes, sir," said the hall man, who had followed them up. "I remember giving it to her Monday night with the other."

"Did she seem—of course—?"

"She seemed very much agitated," said the hall man. He scented mystery. "That will be a part of the other telegram," he added, pointing to a few scattered pieces of yellow paper which lay on the table and on the floor.

The window before the table was open. There were not enough scraps of paper left to make a whole telegram. The wind had evidently carried some of them away, but on the pieces that remained, which he hastily gathered up and examined, Robert Lovell found these words:

"Can't do without—need you—take first train—meet me."

There was nothing else, although the three searched diligently. With emotion such as he would

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not have dreamed he could experience the young man stared at this disconnected message. Presently, finding Mrs. Gratage and the hall man looking at him curiously, he crushed the papers in his hand and thrust them into his pocket.

"These," he said, "convey nothing. I am afraid there is nothing further to be learned here. I thank you very much indeed for your kindness."

"I am surprised that I have not heard from Miss Arden about the rooms," said Mrs. Gratage, suspiciously.

"Keep them for her; the firm will be responsible for the rent and any other charges. I am sure you will hear from her soon and when you do I wish you would notify me at the Congress Hotel in Chicago at once. Here is my card. We have known Miss Arden for a long time. She is worthy of all confidence, and I am sure the matter will be explained to your and our entire satisfaction."

"Of course," said Mrs. Gratage. "Miss Arden was always most ladylike and reserved. In fact, she was the most distant with me and my other guests, especially so with the young gentlemen of the house."

"Did she — was she — ?"

And then Robert Lovell stopped. He could not bring himself to question this woman, estimable though she might be, about the private affairs of Miss Arden. He managed to get out of the house



## MISS ARDEN'S DISAPPEARANCE

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somehow and drove to the office. In spite of himself horrible doubts and hideous jealousies, quite compatible with a suspicion that he did not love her as he should, were growing rapidly in his heart. He realized then how very little he and his father knew of the private life of this woman whom he had so hastily made his wife. Save for one brief quarter of an hour before his departure he had never even been in her apartment. He and his father had only known Miss Arden in the office and as a business woman. What her social life had been, what friends she had, what attachments she might have formed, what relations she had sustained to other men and women—they knew absolutely nothing about them, nor had they cared. No one in the office knew her socially, he ascertained by judicious questions. Although many of the better grade of employees had sought her acquaintance, she had absolutely frowned upon every endeavor. Jenison could throw no light at all on the mystery.

It was with rapidly increasing resentment, suspicion, and indignation that Robert transacted his other business, left the completion of the novel with the publishers, and with a desperately angry and despairing heart boarded the limited again.

His wife was gone! Somebody could not do without her! Somebody had directed her to meet him somewhere! Somebody had wired her to take the first train! Who was that somebody? What were

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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his wife's relations to him? Where were they to meet?

As the train whirled up the river he regretted that he had not set detectives on her track. Well, the world was a small place. Whether his wife was worthy or unworthy, whether he loved her as he should or whether he did not, some day he would find that man. When he did, God help the weaker. Incidentally, Dorothy Arden had never appeared quite so desirable to him as she did when he fondly said he would put her out of his heart, have that absurd marriage annulled, and let her go her own gait.

**Part II**  
**The Book of Miss Cassilis**



## CHAPTER VII

### "NUMBER THREE"

THE anxious and angry Lovell had not spent any time at all in his section on the limited. The buffet and dining cars alone were honored by his presence. The first was sacred from the intrusion of women, but in the second his attention had been divided between his dinner and his opposite. He had gone into dinner rather late and had found but one seat vacant. This was at one of the tables for two. He was in no mood for feminine society, but the young lady who had the other seat was so extraordinarily pretty that he faced her with cheerful resignation at least.

Users of language deplore the fact that although there are five hundred thousand or more possibilities in the way of words in the latest dictionary there are so few that are really of value to the romancer. Prettiness does not express the gracious charm, the bewitching appeal, the undoubted fascination of the delightful lady of the dining car. But what other word is there to describe her? She was not beautiful. Taking feature by feature and analyzing them she fell far short of classic standards in every detail.

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Nothing was absolutely perfect about her, not even her nose, and yet there was a synthesis and harmony in the various features and qualities assembled that well nigh spelled perfection. The result defied analysis. Yet Robert Lovell thought he had rarely seen so engaging a young woman.

When details are asked for and blue eyes are mentioned and pink cheeks are referred to and red lips are included in the category and golden hair crowns the picture, the idea that is suggested in no sense resembles the original. These are purely conventional descriptive adjectives and perhaps the source of her charm was the unconventionality of the young lady. Now by that word there is pictured a girl who is so called because she departs from recognized standards, and another false impression is conveyed!

Without any adequate knowledge of details Robert Lovell was well able to estimate a whole. When he gave thought to the rest of the young person's anatomy and to the clothing thereof, he found it in exquisite taste; "unobtrusively elegant," was the fine phrase he used.

She was rather over than under the middle height, he decided as he respectfully scrutinized her over the menu card, and slenderly built with abundant indications of exquisite grace when in motion. He was vaguely conscious that while it was not in the least gaudy, in the words of Polonius her attire was

### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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as rich as anybody could properly wear on a train, and expressed as well in delightful fancy.

The forlorn and distraught Lovell would have been glad indeed of an opportunity to make the acquaintance of this delightful young person who sat opposite him so demurely eating her dinner. Lovely woman is not always lovely when she eats. When she is it bespeaks either a most exquisite refinement of manner and a like daintiness of appetite or an absolute infatuation on the part of the observer.

All Lovell could do was to watch her covertly, but this he did with much satisfaction. He had assayed a few pleasant and conventional civilities, such as gratifying an obvious need for the salt shaker, or the cream pitcher, or the sugar bowl, receiving in return gracious thanks in a voice singularly adjusted in its harmonies to the speaker. It was with genuine regret that he observed the lady finish her delicate and well-chosen meal and, with a slight conventional bow in acknowledgment of his courtesies, leave the table and her new admirer.

At first he intended to follow her into the sleeping car which she had entered, but upon reflection he decided not to do so. In the first place he recollected just in time that he was a married man, although he was fiercely resentful of that fact and intended to break the tie that bound at the earliest opportunity. Warned by the consequences of his precipitation on a previous occasion, he concluded that the conserva-

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tive course with regard to women was the one he ought to follow. Incidentally, although he was as opposed as ever to the attempt to dispose of his own fortune and person, he recognized some sort of a tie or bond connecting him with Miss Cassilis which further acted as a restraint.

When he had finished his own dinner he resolutely went back to the buffet car, lighted a cigar, and was soon plunged in deep thought in which the business deal, the approaching cruise, his runaway wife, his proposed bride, and this delightful stranger whom he whimsically called "number three," were curiously mixed. So preoccupied was he that he declined various invitations convivial and social from one or two friends or chance acquaintances on the train. He kept to himself and his thoughts until a late hour, when he determined to retire. Now such had been the hurry in which he had made arrangements that he had been unable to procure a compartment for himself. Indeed, the best thing available had been a section in the Boston sleeper. This had not been attached to the train until it reached Albany, which was one reason why he had repaired to the buffet car on leaving New York and had stayed there.

As it was verging upon midnight, the whole car was made up, the long green curtains hanging before the berths, and all the lights out except those at the extreme ends. He found it difficult to go to sleep, although he had waited till a late hour purposely.



### "NUMBER THREE"

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There were too many emotions running through his mind and, although he cursed himself for a fool, sleep did not come any more quickly than it would have to a wiser man. The more he thought of it, the more inexplicable and wrath provoking was the flight of his wife. If he had loved her as he should he would have been so filled with jealousy and anxiety that he could have thought of nothing else. But the emotions that overcame him were as much due to wounded pride and affronted *amour propre* as to regret and feeling. These, however, were sufficient to keep him in a white heat of angry passion whenever he thought about what he now definitely concluded was the only explanation of the torn telegram, namely, that she had gone off with some other man and had abandoned him.

That he did not think all the time of his wife, woman "number one," was proof of the quality of his sentiments. Imaginations of Dorothy Cassilis, woman "number two," and remembrance of the unknown young lady, "number three," would obtrude themselves. For another thing, he was resentful at being compelled to take that cruise to the South Seas. He decided that if it were possible he would shirk it. For one thing, he must find his wife and the man. Yet he knew there was little chance to effect his release without explanation which might kill his father, and he blamed himself for being unwilling to minister to his father's needs by going

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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with him. But how could he find his wife's lover and punish him if he had to leave the United States? And if Dorothy Cassilis went on the cruise how could he get along with her under the circumstances and what would be the result of their association?

Robert Lovell, since the unexplained departure of his wife, had taken a sudden cynical view of women, one that he had never entertained before, but he had sense enough to see the possibilities of that long cruise on that ship. He had been on ships with girls before. He knew it would be terribly annoying and embarrassing. If he could only have time to get a decree of annulment, since the marriage was that in name only! Perhaps he could delay his father's departure until—and then "number three" would obtrude her pretty face. Dorothy Arden, Dorothy Cassilis, and this unknown! He wondered what car she was in and cursed himself again for being a fool to think of any woman after the way he had been treated by one.

He saw himself in a very noble light, as having sacrificed everything on a point of honor to marry his father's stenographer—and that he now so characterized her was also important. He could not imagine Miss Cassilis as a stenographer, and he even chuckled aloud at the idea of "number three" undertaking such work. What havoc she would have played in an office! Then again his thoughts took another wandering turn. Miss Arden had been so

### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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absolutely cold. She had never shown, save to his kind, discerning old father and to himself, any human side. She had been "shut up in her own personality as in a prison," and only he had held the key; at least so he had fondly thought until that day. How was it possible she could have gone off with some one else, especially as she had seemed to love him? What was the clue to her disappearance? And did he love her or hate her, after all?

Well, by and by, with this jumble of confused thoughts in his mind and aching head, he fell into a troubled sleep. Late to sleep is generally early to wake, especially if anxiety has delayed the sweet oblivion of the night. When he lifted the curtain the next morning and saw the sun already risen he decided to get up. He had no mind to lie and think the same thoughts that had so perturbed him the day and night before. Accordingly he rose, washed and dressed himself, came back to his berth, which had not, of course, been made up, to leave his toilet case preparatory to going forward to the buffet car and to breakfast when it should be called.

As he passed through the long aisle there was no evidence of life behind any of the green curtains except in the section opposite his own. This was bulging in such a way as to indicate that the occupant of the section had left the berth and was standing in the aisle. Instinctively glancing downward, he saw the point of a tiny slipper. The curtain was

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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moving in various ways as if the person pushing it out in the aisle were putting on some sort of garment over her shoulders. The little slipper told him it was a woman. After a casual glance he reflected that he had enough of women, and turning to his own berth, before which the curtains were drawn back, he replaced the toilet case in his bag, locked it, and standing up was suddenly thrown violently forward. Then he was hurled back and about in the aisle, while he clutched madly at the curtains, as the car, its onward rush abruptly checked, began to sway violently.

Something had happened. The car which had been running at the usual high rate of speed necessitated by the short schedule of the limited, ground along the ties for a few seconds, apparently running on the wheels on the right side while the other rose in the air. And in no time, with a smashing crash it went over on the side on which he stood and stopped. Now this had not been done without a wild accompaniment of ejaculations, yells, and shrieks, immediately succeeded by groans and cries of pain.

There was no man on earth quicker to recover than Robert Lovell; moreover, he had been trained in many a game to keep his feet and, what was more important, to keep his head. Although he had been thrown forward and sideways, he would have been able to get to his feet again as the car came to a stop,

### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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without difficulty, but for one obstacle. That obstruction was a woman partially dressed, wrapped in a silken kimono, who had evidently been standing in the section opposite him and whom the wild bumping of the car had thrown through her berth curtains into his arms. It was fortunate for her that he had stooped just where he had, for she had been so suddenly hurled upon him that he had caught her as they both went down together and had thus broken her fall.

She lay in his arms, paralyzed with fear and absolutely helpless. She had not said a word. She had not even uttered a scream. As she fell he struggled from beneath her and laid her gently down on the side of the car which had now become its floor. He thought for a moment that she had fainted. He bent over her, regardless of the fact that his feet crashed through the window where he had stepped on the glass. He brushed the bright hair away from her face and discovered who she was. Her blue eyes were wide open; she had not fainted; she had been simply scared speechless. Recognizing her, he thoughtlessly exclaimed:

"Number three!" and then, "Are you hurt?"

"I don't know, I believe not," came the breathless answer.

"Well, then," he said, lifting her up, "I think we have nothing immediate to fear. This is a steel car, there is no danger of fire."

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But by this time pandemonium raged in the car. Scared men and women gathered themselves up and those who were not seriously hurt rushed frantically toward the exits. It was all he could do to keep himself and the woman from being trampled upon. As soon as he felt free to exert himself, however, he lifted her up, remarking that it was no time to stand on ceremony, as the car appeared to be on the bank of a river into which it might slide any minute.

He placed her on the arm of the berth from which she had just fallen. He seized his walking stick and broke the windows above her head on her side of the car, which was now the top. He cleared the sash of glass, after which it was not difficult for him to climb through it, although when he first started she had grasped him frantically and implored him not to leave her, and it was not much more of a task to reach down, take her by the shoulders, and lift her through also. To get her down to the ground which sloped above the car was quite easy. Still carrying her, although she protested she could walk, he went up the bank across the tracks from which the train had been thrown by a broken rail, set her down under a tree, and turned to go back.

"Where are you going? You must not leave me," the girl besought him.

"There are other people in the car," answered Lovell. "See how it is poised on the bank there.

### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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It may fall into the river at any moment. I must do what I can."

"You won't go into the car again, will you?" pleaded the girl, and there was that in her voice which caused him to look at her quickly.

"Don't worry about me; I'll be back safe and sound in a short time."

He broke away from her detaining grasp, looked back and saw that she had risen to her feet and was staring at him. He hurried back to the car and rendered valuable assistance to the trainmen in getting out the more desperately wounded. He was actually the last man to leave the car, which finally rolled down the bank and fell with a mighty splash into the river, which was deep enough to submerge it, even close to the shore. And not till then did he return to the girl under the tree.

Fortunately the air brakes had been quickly applied, the splendid steel cars had withstood the shock. There were but few badly injured, and one or two physicians who happened to be on the train were giving them adequate attention. No persons except the train crew and Lovell were fully clothed. Most of the women were even more thinly clad than the young girl he had rescued. She was at least shod and partially dressed.

"I thought you were never coming," she began. "You can't think what relief I experienced when I saw your head and shoulders out of that window."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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You have saved my life. I am sure I should have been killed had it not been for you."

"Nonsense," said Lovell; "it was nothing, but I am glad that I happened to be there."

"Didn't I hurt you when I plunged down upon you?"

"Not at all. I'm as right as I ever was. It was a flying tackle you made."

"Yes, wasn't it? I have seen them at the games, but I never expected to make one myself."

She blushed at the thought of the intimate relationship that had been established between them, at the recollection that she had been precipitated in his arms, that he had lifted her up, dragged her through the window, lowered her to the ground, and carried her like a helpless baby to the hill.

"I take it that you are not hurt," he said, "although I know some brave people who laugh even when they are suffering with pain."

She gathered her loose garments about her, almost for the first time conscious of their unconventionality under his direct if entirely respectful scrutiny.

"I don't feel very much shaken up," she answered. "Is anyone seriously wounded?"

"I believe not, fortunately," was the answer, "and it's a miracle, too, for that was a violent stop and three cars are off the track, two in the river."



### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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"Oh," said the girl, suddenly looking down at her kimono, which was of light colors and made of filmy, richly embroidered silk, "look at that."

"That's a blood stain," he said, following her gaze and then in deep anxiety, "You must be hurt."

"No, no; it's you," was the answer.

He inspected himself quickly. He had not taken time to think of himself before, and he observed for the first time that his coat sleeve was torn and covered with blood.

"Well, by Jove!" he exclaimed, lifting and turning his arm until he could see his elbow. "I'm awfully sorry I spoiled your wrapper."

"Spoiled my wrapper!" was the answer, "you are wounded!"

"It is nothing. I remember now that when I thrust my elbow through the window I did feel a cut, but it's only a scratch; don't bother about it."

"Let me see it."

She drew her kimono about her and stepped closer to him.

"Look here," said the man, as she seized his arm gently but firmly. "You'd better not. One of the doctors will fix it up presently."

But she would not be stopped. She slit the sleeve of his coat which was already torn and did the same with his shirt sleeve. She turned them both back and discovered an ugly looking gash in his arm.

"Oh," she said, "how horrible, and for me."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"I have been worse hurt in play," he said, not contradicting her, though how it was for her he could not see. "Just let it alone; it will be all right presently. I'm so sorry to have spoiled your pretty dress."

That did not bulk very large in the young lady's eyes apparently, for she immediately rent a long strip from it and approached the wounded arm again.

"I can at least bandage it," she said; "we learned how to apply first aid bandages at college. There," she said, as she suited action to word, "now you must go to one of the physicians and have him give it better treatment."

"Presently," returned the young man, after gratefully thanking her. "I met you last night in the diner," he continued. "Am I not to know to whom I am so much indebted for this gracious attention?"

"You are Mr. Robert Lovell, of New York, are you not?" she asked him suddenly.

"I am, although how you know it is—"

"I knew you would be on this train," said the girl, "and I recognized you from some pictures I have seen in the papers in connection with a big railroad enterprise you were conducting, and the initials on your bag confirmed my guess."

"You have, therefore," said he, "an advantage over me which I hope you will be willing to surrender."

"I will on one condition."

### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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"And what is that?"

"What did you mean when you said 'number three' when I fell into your arms in the aisle yonder?"

Now that was a question that he could hardly answer.

"Why, I—"

He stared at her in dismay so apparent that she laughed at him.

"It must have had some meaning," said the girl mischievously at last.

"Well," he stopped. "To tell the truth," he continued, and then stopped again.

"It is evident that is not what you intend to do," said the young lady, and thus challenged Mr. Lovell spoke boldly.

"Sometimes into the life of a man women come."

"So I have heard."

"And you are—"

He stopped again; he could not say it because it sounded so absurd and to an entire stranger, too.

"I am the third woman who has some relationship to you, am I not?" she pressed the question.

"You are at least a possibility after this morning," he answered gravely.

"And the other two?"

His face changed a little, but she went on without giving him time to answer.

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"I know that I have no right to ask you, and I know it is entirely improper for me to do so, but I am really interested for reasons which you may discover some day."

"Your interest is very flattering."

"And so I ask you to tell me."

The strangeness of their positions, the sudden intimacy which had arisen between them, the entire unconventionality of the situation perhaps warranted her in asking the explanation of his unconsidered remark, he thought.

"I will tell you," he began. "The first woman is some one who—who—wanted to marry me," he went on lamely, his face flushing with embarrassment both because his statement was only half true, and because his remark seemed so conceited.

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, her face flushing in turn with a singular look of haughty resentment in her gaze.

"The second woman is a girl other people wanted me to marry," he continued.

"Oh," breathed the girl, and even he could not fail to detect the relief in her voice.

"And number three is—"

"I presume I am she?"

"You have guessed rightly," answered the man, waiting with bowed head for a natural and to be expected outburst of wrathful rebuke.

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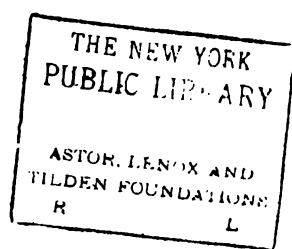
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### **"NUMBER THREE"**

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There was a long pause. Mr. Robert Lovell at last lifted his head and looked at her. She was smiling a little. He took heart and repeated his original question thus,

"Now having complied with your conditions may I not have the honor of your acquaintance?"

"Mr. Robert Lovell," she instantly responded, gathering her kimono about her and making a little bow as if acknowledging an introduction, "allow me to introduce you to Miss Dorothy Cassilis, of Chicago!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### MISS CASSILIS' MIND IS CHANGED

MISS DOROTHY CASSILIS was so delighted with the effect of her brilliant coup that she laughed aloud and the laugh completed the absolute discomfiture of Robert Lovell. He was a ready man ordinarily, but speech adequate to the situation utterly failed him. There had been a haunting suggestiveness about her face. He remembered now that he had seen pictures of her in various fashionable papers and he cursed himself for a fool that he had not recognized her. As it was he could only stare in astonishment. There was, however, a sufficient tribute to her quality, a sufficient meed of admiration in his bewildered regard, to flatter her pride and at last to make her take pity on him. Her next remark indicated the courage of her soul.

"You see," she began, demurely, "you have been mistaken in your numbering."

"Yes," answered Lovell, divining her meaning and at last finding his tongue. "You are the girl other people wanted me to marry."

"Number two, at your service," said Miss Cassilis.

### MISS CASSILIS' MIND IS CHANGED

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Instantly she realized the possible meaning of her idle phrase. She colored deeply and blushed becomingly. If it were not innate with the young lady, the practice had been acquired and cultivated, for he thought she had never looked so pretty as she did then. Forgetful of the past and putting aside that which had been, he struck boldly out.

"Am I to infer that you are willing to carry out your part of the bargain?" he asked mischievously.

This was too much. The girl's indignation flamed. He watched her, marked the struggle for self-control that went on in which she finally triumphed.

"I suppose," she replied, with cutting severity, at last, "that because you have just saved my life—"

"Pardon me, I only helped you out of the car," he interrupted.

But she went on, unheeding.

"You have the right to say anything to me."

"I beg your pardon."

"You may well do so."

"I spoke idly, thoughtlessly. Let me tell you I only learned this little plan of our worthy parents accidentally."

"And so did I. No one could have been more indignant. It was for that reason alone that I left Chicago last week. I didn't want to meet you."

"And now that you have—"

"Without in any way derogating from your obviously admirable qualities, Mr. Lovell, and with no

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reflection upon your availability as a husband, I am of the same opinion still," she said with merciless severity.

"Go on," he said mournfully, "I deserve it all."

"And further," she continued, "last night I telegraphed my father positively refusing to go on that absurd yachting cruise of which you were to be a part."

"Yet you were homeward bound on this train," he ventured mildly.

The young lady endeavored to stamp her little foot, but it was daintily slippered and the ground was muddy, so that the effort was unsuccessful, although the purport was unmistakable.

"It is like you to say that," she continued sarcastically. "I presume it does not occur to you that a girl might care enough for her father and her mother to wish to bid them good-bye before they go wandering off to the South Seas."

"I had not thought of that, I will admit," was the contrite reply. "You have beaten me in every way," he continued dejectedly. "I haven't a recourse save in your charity to the erring."

He looked so humble and so contrite that Miss Cassilis again took pity on him.

"It wasn't your fault, of course," she began, "that absurd proposition, I mean."

"Indeed, no," was the prompt and unexpected answer, "and I assure you I was just as resentful of

### MISS CASSILIS' MIND IS CHANGED

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it as you were." She flashed an indignant look at him; this was going a little too far, but he continued equably, "That is, until just now."

"Of course I know you had to say that," she continued, but with a rather pleased little laugh nevertheless. "Now that we have expressed ourselves as being thoroughly out of sympathy with the ideas of these fathers of ours let us dismiss the subject."

"There is still the yachting cruise," he urged mildly.

"Exactly. You can go and I will stay at home."

"I would gladly stay at home myself," he said craftily, "and let you go. I have been in the South Seas several times, but my poor old father has set his heart on my going with him. Well, I shall be very sorry, but of course you can't be expected to have any particular interest in the welfare of my father. You might, however, go on the cruise. You will be in no danger. I mean, I won't pursue you with unwelcome attentions, and then no one can say that you were afraid to put yourself in the way of — he hesitated — shall I say temptation?"

"You can say it if you wish, but there really is none."

"Exactly, and therefore there is no real reason why you should not make the cruise. It will be delightful altogether apart from me. The *Wanderer* is a beauty; she is really a six thousand-ton steamer, and it will be the voyage of a lifetime."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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He suddenly smiled up at her in the most inviting manner.

"I will think about it," said Miss Cassilis after a moment's hesitation, more moved by that ingratiating smile than by his appeal.

"Meanwhile, in order to give you leisure to reflect, I will hunt up the conductor and find out what I can about the situation."

Now the conductor of the train was a very anxious and busy man. He returned very curt answers to most of the passengers, the better sort of whom had sense enough to let him alone. But Robert Lovell was in a different class. His father was a director of the road and the conductor knew it very well.

"There is a farmhouse just around the cut yonder," he said. "I've telephoned division headquarters to send a special down to take the passengers on and clear the wreck. There will be two parlor cars and a new diner on the special. It will be late when we reach Chicago, of course, but we will get you there before night."

"I should like to do a little telephoning myself," said Lovell, "if there's time."

"Plenty. I've done all I want and if you hurry you can get to the house before anyone else knows anything about it."

"Good," said the young man.

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He sprinted up the track, stopped at the farmhouse, ingratiated himself with the farmer's wife, who was a young woman just about the size of Miss Cassilis. Mr. Lovell was especially fortunate in that he had saved his pocketbook. By a liberal expenditure of money he had the farmer hitch up a horse and buggy while he bought from the farmer's wife a dress, a coat, and a hat, her best, for which he paid a price far beyond their value.

When he finished his telephoning he jumped into the buggy, drove back by the road until he came to the scene of the accident, where he found Miss Cassilis standing forlorn and disconsolate under the tree where he left her. He took her to the farmhouse whence, after a satisfactory interview with the farmer's wife, she appeared clad in the fashion of—was it last year, or the year before last? It did not really matter, she looked charming to Lovell, although she declared emphatically that she was a perfect fright.

Lovell left her, drove back to the wreck again, offered the horse and buggy to the other passengers, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing most of the women comfortable at the farmhouse and dressed in such clothes as they could buy, while the farmer's wife was only too glad to serve them breakfast.

Five hours later the special drew into the big town by the lakeside where were the headquarters of the division. The train stopped long enough to

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enable sundry clerks from the biggest dry goods shop in the town to board it. These ladies, carrying big valises, had an interesting session with Miss Cassilis in the drawing-room of the car which Lovell had reserved for her. They had brought hats, shoes, underwear, dresses, in perfectly bewildering quantity and quality. It was a touch of imaginative forethought on the part of Lovell, who had arranged it all by telephone through his friend the division superintendent, which enchanted the girl. She bought what she wished, marveling how well the things fitted her and how well she looked; and when the train rolled into Chicago, six hours late, the two who had sworn that nothing could ever force them into marrying, were at least fast friends.

Daniel Cassilis met them at the train.

"Well, Dorothy," he began, "I am so glad you changed your mind at the last minute and decided to go with us."

"Changed my mind!" exclaimed the girl in astonishment.

"Yes, I got your telegram an hour after the wreck."

"My telegram?" she said, with a suspicious glance at her young companion.

"I sent it," said Lovell, blandly. "I wired your father that you had decided to go."

The girl stared at him, but, as she stared, in spite of herself she laughed.



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"So your maid packed your trunks," continued her father. "She is on the train. I had your man bring your things down, too, Lovell. We held the California limited for you. All we have to do is get your trunks, the baggage car was not wrecked, I understand, and we will go straight to the train."

"How is father?" asked Robert Lovell, secretly rejoiced that Miss Cassilis did not repudiate his assumption and rebuke him for his assurance.

"Not quite so well, I think. My physician, who has been in communication with Dr. Schenck, says we have got to get him aboard the yacht at once. Come, Dorothy, give me your trunk checks."

"I will punish you for that telegram," said the girl, as her father turned away.

"So long as you go with us you can punish me all you wish."

"I've a great mind to decline, even now."

"Are you afraid?"

"Of you?" asked the girl.

"Of yourself?"

"Of neither," was the prompt answer.

"Then go."

"I shall, if only to prove to you and everybody that I am afraid of nothing. And besides it will please father and mother so."

"Exactly," returned the young man with an innocent air that was most suspicious.

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"I've arranged to have them taken over at once," said Mr. Cassilis, returning. "Let us go ourselves."

"There is some important private business that I really must attend to in Chicago," said Lovell, greatly relieved, as Mr. Cassilis came back. "I must have two or three hours."

"I don't believe the Santa Fé will hold the limited another minute, not even for me or your father."

"Well," said Lovell, as they went toward the car, "if they won't do it you will have to go on without me. I will order a special and catch you at Kansas City. They ought to be able to make up the short time I will require without difficulty."

"You will see your father before you go, won't you?"

"Certainly."

With some difficulty he wrung a reluctant acquiescence from his father upon his solemn promise that he would join them at Kansas City.

"You see, father, there are some business matters connected with — er — that book of mine that I must see to. I told Bob Dosner I would take it up with their western agency. And there are one or two other important matters that I must clear up."

The old man looked keenly at his son, but there was no apparent cause for suspicion. He was so rejoiced at the fortunate meeting between the two young people and the evident good understanding

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they had arrived at, which he fancied was all that was necessary to the carrying out of his plans, that he was in a complaisant mood and he made no very decided objections.

The last thing that Robert Lovell saw as the train rolled out of the station was Dorothy Cassilis carefully not looking at him from the observation platform of the private car. She was scarcely able to realize that she was actually going in spite of her repeated refusals, but she was glad that she was, though not for the world would she have Mr. Robert Lovell know that.

Lovell's business was soon over. After calling at the Western agency of the Dosner firm he paid a visit to the leading private detective agency of Chicago. He laid before them the scraps of paper, the torn telegram, he had brought from Miss Arden's rooms, and without telling them for what purpose he wanted the information and without allowing them any inkling of the strange relationship between them he engaged the services of the agency to trace his wife. They were to telegraph him care of the yacht at San Francisco if they learned anything further, and at Honolulu, Samoa, Tahiti, and various other ports in the South Seas with which there were cable connections. Indeed, it would not be difficult to reach the *Wanderer* because Godfrey Lovell was so well known that his movements were matters of general concern.

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Having made arrangements for a special which was guaranteed to overtake the limited at Kansas City, Lovell next drove to the hotel on the chance that there might be some mail for him. Again he was a person of sufficient consequence to have everything connected with him noted. The mail clerk recollected that Lovell's man had called just before the departure of the limited and got what mail there was at that time. He also recalled that later in the evening another letter had come for him which the clerk had remailed to the yacht in San Francisco. Thinking it to be of importance as it had a special delivery stamp on it, he had sent the boy to put it on the fast Burlington train for the coast, since the Santa Fé limited had gone, and it would doubtless be waiting Mr. Lovell when he reached the *Wanderer*. The clerk could give him no information to enable him to identify the envelope and the young man dismissed it from his mind.

The next morning the Santa Fé had made good its promise, for he arrived in Kansas City in time to exchange from the car he had chartered to that of his father. He had great pleasure in renewing the acquaintance so auspiciously begun with Miss Cassilis. He found his father better as his anxiety about his son was relieved by his arrival, and as every hour they rolled across the green and fertile plains of Kansas brought him nearer to the *Wanderer* and the cruise which was to mean so much to all of them.

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The four old people indulged in bridge most of the time, the two young people played an older game. Robert Lovell, not without compunctions of conscience and heart, Miss Cassilis with no compunctions of conscience at all, and a delightful zest in the pastime. The pretense that had marked their first meeting, that neither desired to carry out the plans of the elders and that both were irrevocably committed to defeat those plans, was still maintained.

While in Miss Cassilis' presence Lovell could forget his wife, but she would obtrude herself when he was alone. This undecided young man found himself not quite so sure that there was no explanation of her sudden flight other than the damning one he had impulsively put upon it. He was not quite so sure that the decision to which he had so hastily come, to take steps to annul the marriage, was the one he wanted to arrive at after all. He almost regretted that he had put detectives on her trail, and yet he must have information as to her whereabouts. The uncertainty was maddening.

The first thing he did when he reached the car was to ask for the mail. He ran through it rapidly and had been more disappointed than he cared to admit to find nothing from her. Indeed, his mail was mostly second-class matter and decidedly uninteresting. He had not even troubled to examine it further and it lay unnoticed on his desk in his stateroom in the car.

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Truly, for a man who for all of his life had been free from care and anxiety he had become involved in the most perplexing and annoying problems since the fatal hour at which he arrived at the climax of his novel. He almost wished he had never written a book.

The limited was delayed by a washout and did not reach Oakland until late at night. The whole party, with the exception of Robert Lovell, boarded the yacht. He had some college friends in San Francisco who had learned of his arrival and who had claimed him for the evening. He promised to be aboard bright and early next morning as he left his fellow travelers to go aboard without him. The next morning was to be allowed for those final purchases which must always be made by far voyagers and the *Wanderer* was to sail in the afternoon. It was very late indeed when the symposium broke up, so late that it was early in the morning when Lovell went aboard the *Wanderer*. A young officer whom he had never seen before met him at the gangway.

"Yes, sir," he said in answer to a question, "Mr. Lovell and his party arrived safely last night. They went to their cabins immediately, being tired out from the long journey. Captain Gosset is also on board, but has gone below and turned in."

It was the first officer's watch. His name was Mattern. He had been recently signed on, as Mr. Terrill, the former first officer, had married and de-

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sented the sea. Young Mr. Lovell had been expected, his cabin was all ready for him, whereupon he decided to go below and turn in, leaving orders that since he had been up most of the night he was not to be disturbed until the spirit moved him to arise.

"I presume," he said, addressing the young man with whom he was much pleased, "that I have the same cabin that I always occupy?"

"The same one, sir," answered young Mattern, saluting and resuming his watch.

Mr. Lovell did not arise for breakfast with the family. They took that meal without him and thereafter left the yacht and went about their several purchasing errands. Even the two financiers went ashore, got into a car and motored away. Consequently when Lovell did get up just before luncheon time, to be exact, at one bell in the afternoon watch, he found the main cabin deserted.

The yacht was to sail at four o'clock with the tide, and the steward had been instructed not to serve luncheon until the party came aboard. But Lovell, being hungry and having had no breakfast, did not wait for them. He finished his luncheon alone, lighted his cigar, ran up the companion way, and went on deck.

The crew were busy getting various supplies aboard. Mr. Mattern, who had the watch again, nodded to him, but kept on with his work. Idly sur-

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veying the long stretch of white deck in front of him, Robert Lovell presently turned and started aft. He had taken but two steps when out from the lee of the mizzenmast stepped a tall white figure and he stood face to face with his wife!



## CHAPTER IX

### MR. LOVELL IS AGAIN SPEECHLESS

REFLECTING whimsically that fate was always bringing him face to face with some woman and then depriving him of speech, Mr. Robert Lovell could only exchange stares with his wife as he had exchanged stares with Miss Cassilis a few days before. After the first shock it was with a distinct sense of joy and relief, which ought to have evidenced to him his real anxiety and true affection for the woman before him, that he put out his hand, his lips broke into a smile, and he started toward her.

There could not be anything wrong. She was there. He saw it all in an instant. Godfrey Lovell had telegraphed her and she had gone instantly she had received the message. He had been jealous of his own father. He had misjudged her. There was, to be sure, her failure to notify him to be explained, but in his present mood he was certain that some satisfactory reason for that would be forthcoming and all would be well. For the moment this vacillating young man forgot Miss Cassilis, also his determination, the plan he had made, his purpose of annul-

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ment, the detectives he had put on her trail. He was prepared to receive the lady with open arms, as became a husband.

The lady, it appeared, was of another mind. She did not take pity on him as Miss Cassilis had done. She met his stare with level gaze. She overlooked his outstretched hands. She ignored his smile. She turned a deaf ear to the words with which he finally addressed her. In fact she drew herself up to her full height, and it seemed to him that he had never been so conscious of that perfect figure before, and without a word, a look, a gesture, she slowly and deliberately turned her back on him and not hesitating a moment walked away.

A broad-shouldered young man was hanging over the rail aft staring at the shore. As Mr. Robert Lovell stood rooted to the deck, more surprised, if possible, than he had been by the meeting, Miss Arden stopped by the side of the young man, who stood up promptly on her arrival and with whom she at once engaged in what might be characterized, without undue exaggeration, as an ardent conversation.

Mr. Lovell's feelings were well summarized by the following terse if inelegant remark.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

There was more truth than appeared in that remark, because Mr. Lovell bade fair to get into almost inextricable difficulties between the two women. If only he had not been so precipitate in

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sending that telegram and committing Dorothy Casilis to the cruise. He never imagined that Dorothy Arden would be aboard. For that matter if he had only not been so precipitate in marrying Dorothy Arden! Both conditions were beyond change now. The situation had to be faced somehow. But how? He could not see just yet.

Meanwhile there was the immediate present. Just why his wife should treat him as she had was not obvious. His suspicions had come back to him with a rush. Perhaps it had not been his father who had sent that telegram. He was determined to solve the mystery which was aggravated by the broad-shouldered young man to whom Miss Arden in her capacity of a married woman was much too close for strict propriety. It was quite characteristic of mere man for Mr. Lovell to imbue Miss Arden with all those responsibilities of married life, which sat so lightly upon him. In that particular he was not singular among his sex. Following the practice or habit of prompt decision which he loved and which had got him into so much trouble, he went directly aft where she stood.

"Good morning, Miss Arden," he said suavely.

In the presence of a third party she could do no less than acknowledge this salutation, but she did it with a most indifferent bow. She had fallen so easily into his hands before that he was unprepared for a rebuff like that. It piqued him not a little, although

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he confessed that he had never seen her look more alluring.

In the first place she had discarded the solemn black she wore in the office. She was clad in a yachting suit of spotless white trimmed with blue, which was exquisitely appropriate to her dark beauty. The fresh brisk air of the morning had brought rare touches of color to her cheeks. Her eyes had lost their wonted calm repose. Instead of cool shadows therein he saw lambent flames and sparkles of angry resentment.

He would have given much to have had her alone; although whether he would have taken her in his arms and kissed her in that event, or have given her a good shaking he could not be quite sure. But she was not alone, very much not so. The young gentleman whose broad shoulders and height almost matched Lovell's was very much there, decidedly so. Lovell looked at him inquiringly and not at all politely. Who was this distinguished young stranger who was so evidently impressed by Miss Arden's charms and to whom she spoke with such pleasant familiarity? As he looked from one to the other his wife's clear, exquisitely modulated voice, which she strove to render as passionless as ever and with sufficient success to deceive almost any one but a jealous husband, made the introduction.

"Mr. Lovell, this is Dr. Elverson, who has agreed to make the cruise with us to look after your

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father and any one else who may need his services."

"I am glad to meet you, Doctor," said Lovell in anything but an enthusiastic and happy voice.

"The pleasure is mine," returned the Doctor with equal fervor and joy.

"You are from San Francisco, I presume?"

"On the contrary, from New York. Dr. Schenck was kind enough to recommend me to your father and as I have not been feeling very fit lately I thought a sea voyage would be most agreeable."

"Yes," said Miss Arden coolly, "we came from New York together."

"Oh, you did?"

"I was so fortunate," interposed the doctor suavely.

"I should have been very lonely on the journey," continued Miss Arden, "had it not been for the kind offices of Dr. Elverson."

"It was most good of him," said Lovell with cutting emphasis, not looking at the doctor but directly at Miss Arden, "to take such care of Miss Arden; I am sure my father will be duly grateful."

"He so expressed himself this morning before he left," said Miss Arden composedly.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Lovell," young Mattern called out, "but the shore party is coming off now."

The *Wanderer* had drawn out in mid-stream and the power launch was fast approaching the side.

"Thank you."

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"I learned last night," continued the lady with an air of the most suspicious indifference, "about your meeting with Miss Cassilis under such peculiar and romantic circumstances and of your agreeable journey across the continent. Your father was quite full of it."

Was this an explanation of the lady's coldness, Lovell asked himself. He hoped so, for there was something soothing to his wounded pride if it were. Well, he decided that he would punish his wife for her coldness, for her lack of trust in him. He really felt very virtuous as he thought of the whole affair and was quite forgetful that he had been guilty of the same conduct, only worse. So with a slight bow and the cutting remark that since Dr. Elverson had proved himself so capable and acceptable an attendant he would leave her to his tender mercies, he proceeded to the gangway, where he received them all, especially Miss Cassilis, with great empressement.

The afternoon was still young. He had intended to go ashore for some final purchases, and on sudden impulse now postponed his departure until after the new-comers had eaten their luncheon. Miss Arden and the doctor, it seemed, had already partaken of their luncheon, for they did not appear at that table with the others, but she at least was well within ear-shot, he took care to observe, before he rather loudly invited Miss Cassilis to accompany him on

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this final run ashore. Not even the assiduous attentions of the doctor could quite drive away the frown from Miss Arden's brow as she saw them enter the motor launch and proceed rapidly to shore.

They evidently had a good time, for they just got back in time to allow the launch to be hoisted to its chocks amidships on the yacht before she weighed anchor and got under way at the appointed hour.

Not until they had passed out of the Golden Gate, which he and Miss Cassilis surveyed from one quarter, while the doctor and Miss Arden stared at it from another, did Mr. Lovell go below. As he entered his stateroom he found that the little pile of mail had been increased by a letter and a telegram put aboard at the last minute.

The letter was from his wife. At first he thought she had written it on the yacht, but it was post-marked St. Louis, had been addressed to Chicago and forwarded therefrom.

He opened the letter to find it full of reproaches because he had not written or telegraphed in answer to her previous communication. With this as a clue he searched the pile of letters again and found that in his hurry he had overlooked another letter in her handwriting which had become folded under an advertising circular and which told him what he had divined, that his father had summoned her to make the cruise and that she was going via St. Louis, as she could make a little quicker time and as she had

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some business to transact for Mr. Godfrey Lovell in that city.

That was the business part of the letter. The rest of it was full of rejoicing that they were not to be separated as they had expected and that they would be thrown together in the close association of the ship with every opportunity of frequent meeting. There were directions for him to write or telegraph her at various places and she dwelt upon how ardently she hoped to hear from him. These letters explained everything but Dr. Elverson.

Then he opened the telegram. It was from the detective agency. It read something like this: "Party for whom we were to search arrived in San Francisco day before yesterday and has boarded the yacht *Wanderer*, probably in some disguise. Wire further instructions." He laughed as he read the message. What a fool he had been, and yet, his sense of humor being in the ascendant, it struck him that the detective had spoken more truly than he knew. She was aboard the ship and certainly in a disguise, which, had it been known, would certainly have made trouble for everybody, which bade fair to do that anyway.

He promised himself an interesting interview with his wife, for the moment eliminating from his mind all thought of the other girl. And yet she had a place in his affairs and was no more lightly to be dismissed than the other woman.



## CHAPTER X

### BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

**I**T has been said that there was never a melodrama on the stage the climax and consequences of which could not be avoided by an explanation which could be written on a post card. The spectator always sees these possibilities, the players never. The play is like real life in that a half-hour of frank conversation would have put things right between Lovell and his wife. That opportunity was hard to make and when it did present itself it was not properly improved. Instead of growing better the situation grew worse. The marriage as yet in name only was not a tie that bound very tightly apparently. It was not yet an obligation that either of them recognized very definitely. A strong lashing may hold a strong man or a strong woman and both may bear it; a miserably tangled web, while it hampers and binds to a certain degree, really only irritates.

Although Godfrey Lovell had presented Miss Arden, not only as his secretary but also as his guest, the position she occupied on the ship was somewhat anomalous, and, like all indefinite things, difficult. Miss Cassilis was polite to her, exceptionally so, but

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there was no more warmth in her manner than if she had been made of ice and Miss Arden retorted in kind. Indeed, that had been her habitual manner toward the world prior to her marriage. She was only being paid back in her own coin. That did not make the payment agreeable to her.

Miss Cassilis thought Miss Arden entirely too good looking and too potentially attractive for a stenographer and secretary to the Lovells. Miss Cassilis had fallen wildly in love with Robert Lovell, and, with a woman's intuition, she had divined something between him and Miss Arden, in whom she saw a powerful and to be dreaded rival. A reason for Miss Arden's dislike for Miss Cassilis did not have to be sought. A wife and yet not a wife, loving and not loved, jealous and deliberately provoking jealousy, she resented every moment that Robert Lovell spent in Miss Cassilis' society, which was, in effect, most of the time.

Furthermore, although she was not only Godfrey Lovell's secretary, but also his guest, as he had said, Miss Arden felt her position to be one of social subordination. Godfrey Lovell had brought her along to work. He was engaged in desultory reminiscencing, giving her a daily dictation, drawing upon his vast fund of experience, grave and gay, his wide acquaintance with men and measures, which he illuminated by shrewd comment, apposite anecdote, and a racy humor that was incisive and

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delightful to everybody but those upon whom he commented.

He dictated these things very slowly and a large part of her day was spent in taking them down and transcribing them; a larger part, perhaps, than was fair, for Mr. Lovell was so entranced by his efforts, like many another beginning author and even ending one, that he kept her at it for unusual periods of time. Robert Lovell had resented this. When he found himself denied speech with his wife at all times he became very indignant, and, manlike, his indignation was most unjustly devoted to her.

Everything that pushed him away from one woman thrust him into the arms of another. There was not a dishonorable drop in the man's blood, but what was a mere man to do anyway between two such women as these, each remarkable in her own way; one persistently misunderstanding him, and the other understanding him a little too well for his peace of mind? After all, that marriage had been only a form; so he drifted along, miserable enough at times, wondering how he could cut the Gordian knot, wishing at one moment that neither was on the boat and again that one or the other had stayed away, and conducting himself just as any man would under such circumstances.

What inclined him to be less persistent in pursuit of his wife and more susceptible to the wiles, innocent enough and charming, if rather too obvious, of Miss

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Cassilis was the fact that Dorothy Arden spent so much of her spare time with Dr. Elverson. He was really a fine chap, and well worthy of any woman's companionship. The circumstances of their meeting on the train had been explained, and Lovell had explained to his wife his failure to communicate with her, but neither of the explanations was quite satisfactory to the person to whom it had been made.

If Dorothy Arden were jealous of Dorothy Cassilis, Robert Lovell was also jealous of Dorothy Arden, and, incidentally, the doctor was jealous of Robert Lovell. The young physician made a confidant of the first officer, to whom he said frequently he could not see why Lovell could not content himself with the woman who was obviously designed for him and leave him free to pay his attentions to Miss Arden.

When Lovell got jealous enough, which he did on an average of once a day, he naturally devoted himself more and more to Miss Cassilis, which certainly made his wife more jealous than ever and which certainly punished her sufficiently. This was a dangerous experiment, for it involved Lovell more and more deeply all the time.

The only people on the yacht who were perfectly happy were the four elder ones. They were friends of long standing, business rivals generally, but big enough not to be rivals socially. They saw, or

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thought they saw, their plans for the union of the two families progressing famously. The weather was fine, the big yacht, perfectly appointed and comfortable, carried them safely and swiftly from one beautiful and interesting harbor or sea to another, almost, it seemed, world without end. Mr. Lovell was regaining his health and all went as merry as the proverbial marriage bells, the jingling of which some could hear in fancy, while for others they only jangled!

After some weeks of sailing to the southwestward, having long since crossed the line, the yacht dropped anchor one evening off a nameless island, the most northerly of a little known, infrequently visited group between Timor and New Guinea. To the south could be seen numerous other islands rising dimly on the far horizon. The one directly under their lee was described as uninhabited. Several years before Robert Lovell had landed upon it in his first cruise to the South Seas. There were some exceedingly beautiful natural features connected with it, and some ancient ruins of prehistoric days, and he had suggested their going out of their course to pay a visit to it.

Some of the islands to the southward were inhabited by fierce, warlike native tribes, ostensibly Mohammedan in religion but Mohammedans of a debased and degraded sort. Arabs or Hindu converts had voyaged thither almost a thousand years

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before, and traces of the religion they had brought, which had supplanted the wild idolatries of the aborigines, still survived. This island, lying to the north of the group, was swept by tremendous storms, and for some reason had been uninhabited apparently for centuries.

The yacht dropped anchor near the encircling coral reef. By sounding, they found good holding ground some distance from the breakers and outlying rocks and islets, which extended beyond the main reef. Although the sea was calm, huge rollers coming down five hundred miles from the line fell with tremendous crash over the barrier reef.

The island itself as they surveyed it in the twilight was exceedingly beautiful. A rocky wall rose some distance inland from the sandy beach bordering the lagoon, which developed farther away into a lofty hill, one side of which ran down into a broad plateau more or less bare of vegetation, which abounded elsewhere in greater profusion. The face of the wall was masked generally by many tall palm trees, vines, and jungle-like undergrowth at its base. At one place a brook fell over the edge, its broad white expanse glistening in the light of the declining sun. Here and there darker spots indicated clefts in the wall, entrances to ravines. There was an opening in the reef which would make access to the land by a small boat easy and safe.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE INTERRUPTION

THE young people—that is, Mr. Lovell and Miss Cassilis—were for an immediate run ashore, but as darkness was about upon them it was decided to postpone the excursion until the next day. Captain Gosset intended to send a few casks ashore to fill up some of his empty water tanks from the beautiful stream that flowed so invitingly down the wall. They would have all day for their explorations, and it would be a pleasant break in their journey to New Guinea, Java, and Batavia, where they had planned to spend some time.

Most of the people of the yacht turned in early. Godfrey Lovell had been overdoing things lately and was not feeling quite so well as usual. Elverson, who was a very capable physician, felt a little alarmed. What a feather it would be in his hat if he could return with Mr. Lovell in restored health. He was a very careful young man, and he did not intend to take any chances with such an opportunity. He decided that if Mr. Lovell were no better in the morning he would remain on the ship with him. Mrs. Cassilis and Mrs. Lovell had no fancy for

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exploring a tropic island. They could see all they wanted of it from comfortable chairs on the deck. It was decided by these two ladies that Miss Arden, whom they had grown to look upon as a thoroughly conventional, entirely dependable machine, should accompany Mr. Lovell and Miss Cassilis as a chaperone. It was a pity the doctor could not go with them, but on the whole these wise ladies reflected that it was better because Miss Arden could devote her whole time to the duties of chaperonage.

Now it is not to be imagined that Miss Arden welcomed this position and task with any degree of joy. As a matter of fact, she hated, she loathed it, she raged against it. Yet she accepted it without a word, and for two reasons: In the first place, she had to; in the second place, she could not bear the idea that her husband and Miss Cassilis should spend a day alone wandering about that enchanted island which lay so close at hand and looked so inviting. Although she was fiercely angry at being sent as chaperone, she would have died had she been unable to go, and she had wit enough to perceive that on no other terms could she accompany the two whom she so earnestly wanted to keep under observation. She was glad, too, that the doctor announced his intention of remaining with Mr. Lovell. She did not really care a snap of her finger for him and she realized if he had gone along there would have been a separation and she would have fallen to the lot of



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poor' Elverson, for whom, having played his part, she had now no further use.

She had gone to her cabin after this arrangement had been decided upon, but she did not feel sleepy. She tried to read, she tried to think of pleasant things, but after a complete failure to do either she drew a cloak about her shoulders and went up on deck. Save for an anchor watch forward and an officer on the bridge, the deck was deserted, at least she thought so. She had come up the companionway very softly and had attracted no attention. She stepped over the hatchcombings and paused a moment, looking about her. She was afraid she might meet the doctor. She did not want to meet him for several reasons. One was the madness of his infatuation. She had allowed him certain small familiarities, innocent enough, but which might mean much to him and which certainly meant a great deal to Lovell, who had several times chanced to stumble upon them, and indeed for whose benefit they had been permitted. His black and furious looks had but incited her to further transgressions. If she had been sure of her husband's love she would never have thought of such actions.

The doctor had turned in with the rest, she decided, at any rate he was not about. With a sigh of relief she stepped softly aft.

It was a heavenly night. There was no moon, but she had never seen the stars so exquisitely brilliant

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and clear. There was a gentle pitch on the anchored ship, which was not unpleasant, since she was an exceedingly good sailor, and in her ears was the sound of the slow crashing of the waves on the distant reefs.

Robert Lovell, feeling particularly resentful of her treatment of him, had gone up on deck with Dorothy Cassilis at that lady's suggestion for a little chat before turning in. In his turn he had urged her not to retire so early when she would have gone below, but to enhance the joy and pleasure of the lovely night by sharing it with him a little longer. The young lady, nothing loath, had acceded to his request. The two, engrossed in conversation, had not heard the approach of Dorothy Arden.

Now Robert Lovell had never so far forgot himself as to propose to Dorothy Cassilis, but save for the actual words there was little that he could have said which had been left unsaid, and there was not much that he could have done that had been left undone, to show a devotion from which almost anything could have been inferred. So attentive had he been that Dorothy Cassilis, finished coquette that she was, had finally lost her head as well as her heart, and had so let herself go that he would have been a dumb fool indeed not to have seen that night that she loved him. He did not love her. He loved his wife, but did not know it, or did not recognize it, or forgot it in his resentment, in the presence of this

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delectable young woman who exercised upon him in earnest all of the fascinations she had been accustomed to employ with other men in play.

"I thought," said the girl, softly, "that I would be sure to hate you. When things are arranged for us," she went on, the night and the darkness giving her courage, "we generally rebel against them. At least I did, so that when they told me you were coming I fled."

"It is the old habit of women ever since their expulsion from the Garden of Eden."

"I suppose so. And even when I saw you," the girl went on, "I was still determined."

"That telegram I sent was a masterpiece, wasn't it?"

"It was the most audacious thing I ever heard of anyone doing," she returned.

"Why didn't you disavow it, then?"

"Because I—because—"

She stopped and turned her head away. Her hand lay on the rail near him. He covered it with his larger one. He even lifted it up and clasped it.

"And now," he urged.

The girl turned to him with a movement of exquisite abandonment.

"Robert," she said simply, "don't you know?"

Yes, then he knew. Flashed into his mind how entirely he was committed, did not flash into his mind how he should act or what he should say. For-

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tunately or unfortunately came a sharp interruption. It was Dorothy Arden's voice that caused him to drop Dorothy Cassilis' hand and step back. It came to them clear and cold, with the coldness that arises from fury.

"I see," she began, coming closer to them and comprehending them both in a furious gaze, "that my position tomorrow will not be a sinecure."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lovell angrily, yet secretly glad of the interruption, and as he spoke four couplets, midnight, rang out from the ship's bell forward.

"You need a chaperone evidently."

"I can dispense with your attendance tomorrow, Miss Arden," said Dorothy Cassilis, who had been boiling with indignation and resentment, "and I can dispense with it now."

"I suppose chaperones always are unwelcome if they prevent" — went on the other woman and then turning she paused just long enough to give the word proper or improper emphasis — "improprieties."

Dorothy Cassilis brought her foot down sharply on the deck.

"How dare you?" she said.

"Miss Arden," said Lovell, "you forget yourself."

"No," said the girl with a meaning look at him which made him wince inwardly, "it is not I who forget."

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"But since you have made the charge," broke in Dorothy Cassilis, "let me point out to you that what would be termed improper between you—" and no three letters that were ever assembled could express the contempt she infused in that monosyllable—"and Dr. Elverson or Mr. Mattern or any other of the employees of the ship, may be quite right between persons who sustain the relationship which exists between Mr. Lovell and myself."

"What relationship?" cried Dorothy Arden, and it was well that the mask of the night was on her cheek and they could not see its sudden pallor. She put her hand to her heart as she spoke.

"I will not be catechized further by any of the Lovell employees," said Dorothy Cassilis, who had quite reached the end of her patience.

"And you," said Miss Arden, turning to Lovell, "what relationship have you entered upon with this woman? Have you the right to enter upon any relationship?"

"Mr. Lovell," broke in Dorothy Cassilis, "I can't stand this any longer. Good-night."

"Nor can I," said Lovell, angrily. "Allow me."

He took her by the arm to steady her along the deck to the companionway. But Dorothy Arden would not be denied. She seized him by the other arm.

"You must answer me," she said.

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"Pardon me," he said with deadly courtesy, "you are in my way."

Which was apparently true in more senses than one. As he spoke he put her aside as gently as he could, but which was not too gently because for a moment she resisted, and then he passed along the deck with Dorothy Cassilis breathing indignant protests and remonstrances upon his arm.

What did it mean? What had happened? What relationship did or could Dorothy Cassilis bear to her husband? Dorothy Arden was a proud woman and a strong one, but she gave way. It was dark, there was none to see; she bowed her head on the rail where they had stood and her body shook with hard, dry, agonizing sobs. Presently she stopped and composed herself. Tomorrow on that island she would make opportunity to see him and demand that explanation she must have. Tomorrow on that island — she little dreamed what that island held for her, for all of them.

## CHAPTER XII

### A SLEEPLESS TRIO

MISS ARDEN had lost a point in the game. She was conscious that she had behaved abominably. That her feelings were so deeply engaged, her whole future at stake, did not justify her conduct even in her own eyes, although it excused it. Miss Cassilis, of course, knowing nothing of her relationship to Robert Lovell, could make no excuse whatsoever for her, and the more she thought of the episode the more indignant she grew. With a woman's intuition she had divined that Dorothy Arden was desperately in love with Robert Lovell, and from the events of the night she realized that she would have to wage a battle royal with the young secretary, whose qualities she by no means underrated, for the heart and hand of the man they both loved.

In the excitement of the moment no further opportunity had arisen for a continuance of the adorable conversation which had been so inopportunately interrupted. Lovell had kissed her hand with ardor as he bade her good-night, not because he was any more in love with her than before, but because he was so

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angry with Miss Arden for having made such a scene in which he occupied so difficult a position. As a matter of fact, he had only himself to blame for that situation. He had actually so far encouraged Miss Cassilis that she had deliberately intimated that she loved him and that she only awaited his word, that she was his for the asking. The girl would have died rather than have made such a confession otherwise. That his own petulant conduct, born of jealousy of his wife, had invited it was an appalling thought. He had never dreamed of this outcome of his trifling, and he raged against the falsity of the position. Manlike, he found everybody guilty except himself.

No man on earth could fail to be flattered by the obvious devotion of a girl like Dorothy Cassilis. The resentment and indignation of Dorothy Arden were equally flattering. At first he was illogically angry with Dorothy Arden, and then, with equal injustice, with Dorothy Cassilis. He passed a more or less sleepless night, for he saw himself involved in explanations which from any point of view would embarrass, not to say shame him in the eyes of both women. And what their feelings would be he could easily have imagined if his own dilemma had not bulked so large in his eyes. He had played the fool — almost the knave — in his jealousy, and was now only paying the price, paying it with an exceedingly bad grace, it must be admitted. He wondered how



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he should meet the opportunities which must certainly be afforded the women on the island, the enchanted island under their lee.

Dorothy Arden passed a sleepless night, too. All sorts of imaginings as to the exact meaning of Dorothy Cassilis' words filled her tortured brain. She fancied that she knew Robert Lovell's character, but did she? How far was he bound by that hasty marriage? How far did he regard it as binding? She had the vaguest ideas as to the legal conditions. Having fallen in love with the other woman, was he planning to annul his marriage to her? She recalled with fear vague but real, mysterious cablegrams that he had sent and received at several ports of call on this very cruise. What had they meant? Had Robert Lovell been carried away by the emotions of a moment when he married her? Could it be that he no longer loved her? Had he been fascinated by the charms of Dorothy Cassilis, which were sufficiently obvious to be admitted even by her rival?

Well, Dorothy Arden was a woman of intense and passionate nature. She loved her husband with a devotion she was sure the other woman could not feel for him. She regretted bitterly her foolish jealousies and her provoking conduct with the doctor; but it could not be too late to make amends, to show herself once more in the light in which he had admired and loved her. She was his wife, no one could change that. Opposition invariably spurred her to

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greater efforts and she determined by no means to resign her husband without a struggle. She would appeal to him first and if that failed she would fight. Woman-like, she put the blame upon Dorothy Cassilis. She was sure that if his affection had wavered she could fix it, if she had the chance, if Miss Cassilis would but keep out of the way. She decided upon her course of action. In the morning she would formally apologize to her rival for her hasty and decidedly improper conduct and later she would wring from fate an opportunity for a full explanation with her husband before it was too late. Perhaps the beautiful island which had beckoned them so alluringly would give her that chance.

The only one of the trio who slept at all was Dorothy Cassilis, and even her rest was broken. Her resentment against Miss Arden was in no wise abated, but it was forgot in the rush of delicious feeling at the thought of what might have happened had they not been interrupted by this jealous and aspiring woman. The wish being father to the thought, she was sure that she had won Robert Lovell's heart. Lacking that assurance, she would have been horrified at the remembrance of her own boldness; with it she thrilled at the sweet recollection. The interruption was annoying, but further opportunities for continuing the conversation and taking up the delightful affair where it had been left off would present themselves without doubt, perhaps

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tomorrow on the island; and at that thought the color flooded her cheeks, although there was none to see. Beneath the dainty lace and linen of the night her heart beat faster as she kissed the hand that he had taken, until at last she drifted off into unquiet sleep. On the island, that happy and fortunate island, she would learn her fate; yes, on the island!

And under the no less dainty lace and linen that covered her virginal bosom, Dorothy Arden's heart beat faster too as she lay craving sleep in her cabin. A fire glowed in her cheeks. The color came with strange, burning, yet delicious thoughts of the man she loved, to whom she had been wedded and yet not wedded; thoughts passionate, mysterious, which made her half ashamed. Her imaginings were far more definite and particular than those vague dreams which filled the other woman's breast, for was she not the lawful wedded wife?

Her apologies the next morning were coldly delivered and as coldly received. Dorothy Cassilis would have refused to go with her had there been any other way. But both matrons on the boat declined her plea, and the state of Mr. Godfrey Lovell's health kept the doctor to the ship, to his very great regret. Neither did Mr. Daniel Cassilis desire to ramble around a desolate island.

The motor launch towing a boat with some water casks in it put the three on shore. The day did not bid fair to be a very pleasant one. In the first place,

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Robert Lovell in the broad light of day found his embarrassment between the two women far greater even than he had imagined it the night before. The common constraint was fearful even when in the launch with the officer and the seamen. It was worse when they were alone. In the second place, there was no common ground on which the three could meet. Perhaps Dorothy Cassilis was a little ashamed also of her harsh references to Dorothy Arden the night before, which added to her constraint. However, more out of bravado because they had arranged to do it than from any pleasure they expected from it they entered upon the excursion.

Miss Arden indeed offered to efface herself in some quiet nook and leave the other two to spend the day by themselves—and no one but she could have known the effort she made in this proposition—but the suggestion had been promptly negatived, to her great relief, by the other two, and so the ill-assorted three wandered inland across the white stretch of beach, leaving the ship people to fill their casks at the waterfall.

**Part III**  
**The Book of the Island**



## CHAPTER XIII

### A QUESTION AND A FALL

NOW since Robert Lovell had explored this island before, he remembered perfectly the way that led to the upland. It was a narrow path, partly natural and partly artificial, apparently, although the artificers thereof had long since vanished from the memory of men. He led the way unhesitatingly through the fringe of palm trees to the foot of the wall, passing several clefts or ravines in the rock, through one of which a brook flowed, until, beyond a bold promontory, a larger way was opened before them. He recognized the wide rift at once. In the rainy season it was perhaps filled with water, but that season had passed and it was now dry and easily practicable. Up this ravine he went with his two companions. The rift turned and ran parallel to the cliff about a quarter of a mile from the entrance, gradually mounting all the time.

After a walk of perhaps a mile they came to the top. The path, for such it had become, ended in a very narrow rocky trail rising between inaccessible walls toward two huge boulders—whether placed

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there by nature or the hand of man did not appear — which made a sort of a natural gateway to the upland. Passing between these sentinel rocks and advancing a few steps through a thick undergrowth above which tall palms sprang, the three found themselves on a broad plateau, the shoulder of the huge high hill which formed the center of the island. The plateau was rocky and largely bare of vegetation, which only grew in hollows into which earth had sifted and where rain water sometimes collected. Its greatest diameter ran straight southward for a mile or more. On the edges the land fell away sheer to the lagoon, which was, as usual, bordered by a narrow strip of sand.

A fresh breeze blew gently across this rocky plateau and as they walked down it toward the edge a most enchanting picture was revealed them. To one side lay the yacht at anchor, thin trickles of smoke from her yellow funnels indicating low fires. Between her and the shore ran rocks and reefs. The sea was a deep and heavenly blue thrown into high relief by the clear whiteness of the spray as the waves rolled over rocks and islets and the great reef, the vast arch of which encircled the island as far as they could see it. The contrasting colors were as vivid as in a Della Robbia bas-relief. On the side opposite to the yacht on the far horizon other islands lay, faint and hazy in the dim distance. The powerful glasses that they had brought with them showed



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patches of green and glint's of white water about them.

It was yet early morning. The sun was not high and its heat not oppressive. In spite of the cross purposes at which they all played they all felt and enjoyed the ravishing beauty of the scene. No one with a soul could be insensible to it. They talked together, of course, but their conversation was strictly impersonal. They made desperate efforts to throw aside their constraint and relieve the restraint of their condition. Lovell exerted himself particularly to rescue the almost hopeless situation by relating some of his adventures when he had visited the island before. There was no one on it then and there was evidently no one on it now.

"But I have heard that it has been sometimes visited by the peoples of those islands yonder," he said. "If there had been any sign of life on this island I should not have dared to have brought you here."

"What kind of people are they?" asked Dorothy Cassilis.

"Savages, of course, of the lowest order."

"Cannibals?"

"No, although many islands in this archipelago, especially in New Guinea way below the horizon yonder, are tenanted by savage cannibals. These are a kind of Mohammedans. I don't think the prophet would be proud of them if he could see

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them, for they hold his tenets lightly, and practically they are his followers in name alone; just nominally Mohammedans, with a large remaining residuum of ghastly and horrible primitive cults. Hindus and Arabs made voyages throughout these islands centuries ago and the memory of them and of their religion lives to this day."

"Does anybody own them?" asked Dorothy Arden.

"The islands, you mean? Nominally each one is possessed by some civilized power; the Dutch claim most of all, but they are left mainly to themselves unless they get too obstreperous and invite a gun-boat on a punitive expedition. Well, we are in no danger from them now, thank Heaven, and as it is getting on toward noon and as I have an idea this plateau gets pretty hot at midday, perhaps we would better be moving."

"Back to the ship?" asked Miss Cassilis.

"By no means; we have not begun to see all there is to see. There are some curious prehistoric ruins on the other side of the hill."

"What kind of ruins?" questioned Miss Arden in turn.

"Great stone platforms, curious carved images, hideous and grotesque; and there are some wonderful coral caves in the rocks, to say nothing of groves of cocoanut and sago palms, a delightful place for us to eat our luncheon and then, if you feel able to,

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we will climb to the top of the hill. There is a big stone platform there and the view is magnificent. You see the hill cuts off half of the sea here. From there we can see the whole reef ringing the island and it is a wonderful picture."

"Is this altogether a coral island?"

"I have an idea that its origin is volcanic. At any rate, yonder is a coral reef and one of the most wonderful in the world."

Thus beguiling the time with elaborate efforts at pleasant conversation, which were really more successful than might be imagined, they wandered across the plateau, found the lovely grove, and, from the luncheon which Lovell had brought from the yacht, broke their fast by the side of the beautiful streamlet under the shade of the tall, splendid cocoanut palms which abounded everywhere, the fruit of which Lovell broke open for their delectation.

Leaving the two women to their own devices after luncheon, Lovell went to make sure of the direction in which the caves and platforms lay and to find the most practicable way of ascending the hill. After his withdrawal all thought of conversation between the two young ladies ended.

Dorothy Arden rose and deliberately walked to the edge of the cliff and stared seaward. Dorothy Cassilis remained comfortably under the trees. Each girl was engrossed in her own thoughts. Lovell was away for some time. It was Dorothy Arden

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who decided to break the silence. She turned at last and walked straight back to Dorothy Cassilis. The latter, leaning her head upon her arm against the trunk of a fallen palm, had fallen into a light sleep lulled by the silence, the peace, and calm of the enchanted spot.

Miss Arden looked down at her sternly and relentlessly, bitter hatred in her heart; yet she could not fail to mark the charm of the sleeping woman. The gentle air breathed softly over her. A vagrant wisp of golden hair lay upon her delicately flushed cheek like a tendril. She looked smaller, younger, more childlike, more helpless, more appealing than when awake. As for the other, had she been a blonde woman after the habit of the Northland she could have stood for one of the Norns of Odin, a Valkyr for a warrior! Striking the contrast between the two women! For a moment she hesitated whether or not to turn away and leave her to continue her sleep, but she had made up her mind as to the course to be taken and the opportunity was at hand. There was no room for consideration in her heart. She spoke sharply, decidedly, almost roughly.

"Miss Cassilis."

The sleep of the girl was scarcely more than a doze after all, for she was instantly awake. Dorothy Arden was half persuaded that she had assumed the pose rather than had fallen into it naturally. Dorothy Cassilis slowly opened her eyes, looked around a

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moment, saw the other woman standing over her, and rose slowly to her feet. Was the clash she had anticipated, and anticipated with eagerness, about to occur?

"Well," she said, boldly exchanging level glances.

She was a little shorter than Miss Arden, but she stood higher on a little rise of land.

"You, of course, do not know why I ask the question," began Miss Arden, "and it is not necessary for you to know."

"I can guess," was the prompt interruption as Miss Cassilis divined the question Miss Arden proposed to put.

"Doubtless," was the answer, "but I want to know what you meant by what you said last night."

"To what particular saying of mine last night do you refer? Was it my remark about you and the doctor?"

"You know very well to what I refer. I want to know exactly what is the relationship which you declared existed between you and Mr. Lovell."

"You acted outrageously last night, you apologized for it this morning, although it was evident your apology was dictated by nothing but a sense of duty. I was glad to see that you possessed such feeling, and I accepted your apology. I recognize no right in you to question me about my relations to anyone, much less to Mr. Lovell. I do not think that the duty of watching over the son is involved in your

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position as private secretary to the father and I decline once and for all to discuss the subject further with you. If we are to meet on any terms on the yacht, and I suppose being shut up in one small ship we shall have to, it can only be on the condition that you make no further reference to the affair. I felt humiliated that I vouchsafed you any explanation at all."

"You don't know what you are saying," burst out Dorothy Arden, scarcely able to contain herself till the other woman had finished her cool, cutting, exacerbating remarks. "You don't know what is involved in the question. As you say, I may have no right from your point of view, but if you knew you would understand and answer me."

But Dorothy Arden did not dare to vouchsafe that simple and natural explanation of her interest which would have accounted for everything. She could only look at the other woman with a mixture of appeal and resentment in her gaze.

"I suppose," continued Dorothy Cassilis, with ill-concealed disdain, "that you are counting on those ephemeral attentions which susceptible young men sometimes so far forget themselves as to pay to persons in your condition. I do not suppose that Mr. Lovell has been as discreet as he might have been, perhaps. I will admit," she went on with a note of detached and indifferent appraisal which fairly roused the other woman to fury, "that you are

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a very fascinating person, not in your present mood perhaps, but when you wish to be, and the more so because there is usually a certain amount of reserve about you."

"This is unbearable," cried Dorothy Arden, stepping a little closer as if she would fain do her rival bodily harm, to which indeed she was inclined. "I will have an answer. What is Robert Lovell to you and what are you to him? I can see that you love him. You have not made any concealment of that to me or anyone on the ship."

"Your insolence is beyond belief. If you want an answer to your question get it from some one else. Meanwhile don't presume to speak to me again."

"I will get an answer from him, then, and I will get it in your presence. Here he comes."

There was a crashing through the bushes far above them which indicated the approach of the object of this sharp contention. Indeed, they could see him plunging rapidly and recklessly down the hill toward them. He was excitedly waving his hand as a signal. The silence with which they awaited him was broken by the deep detonation of a cannon shot. The yacht was armed with several rapid fire guns. Cruising in those latitudes there might be occasions when they would be needed badly. Evidently one of them had just been fired. The next moment more faintly came to them the shrill scream of her siren. Something was happening. In vague terror they

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stared at the oncoming man. The questions that had been uppermost were in abeyance for the moment, although, gun or no gun, siren or no siren, Dorothy Arden was determined to put them at the first opportunity. The next moment Lovell descended to them. He was panting from his long run, and greatly agitated.

"Come," he said, extending a hand to each woman, "we must get back to the ship."

Neither of them started. They were reasonable beings and they wanted an explanation.

"What is it?" exclaimed Dorothy Cassilis.

"A great storm! I went around the shoulder of the mountain; the sky is black with clouds. It has come up with startling suddenness. You can't see from here for the hill. They could not see from the yacht either at first, but they have evidently discovered it now. We must get back to the ship if she can wait for us."

"Wait for us!" exclaimed both women. "What do you mean?"

"The wind will make this island and all the rest a lee shore. The *Wanderer* cannot stand against it. No ship could. She is anchored in the open. She would be wrecked. She must put to sea. There isn't another minute. We must get back."

"Won't they wait for us at all?"

"So long as they can, but they won't wreck the yacht for us."



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He took a girl by each hand and ran as rapidly as circumstances permitted through the trees toward the plateau they had visited in the morning.

"Is there no shorter way?" panted Dorothy Arden.

"I know of none."

Spurred on by the sharp shriek of the siren and an occasional gunshot, the three ran desperately across the level. Instead of following the wide detour which they had made previously in traversing the plateau, they ran straight toward the edge nearest the landing place. The way led them through thick undergrowth. The sprint was nothing for Robert Lovell, but it meant a good deal to the women. Finally he fairly had to drag them along, and at last they stopped.

"We must have a moment," said Dorothy Casilis, breathlessly.

"Well," he said, "sit down here while I see if there isn't a shorter cut to the beach."

He ran up a little hillock. He could see the yacht from where he stood. Black smoke was rolling out of her funnels. The launch was alongside. The anchor was hove short. The chain was up and down and as he stared seaward a tremendous gust of wind broke overhead, only to die away again. The sky was now black with driving clouds which had almost reached the zenith. The storm was about to break. It was at least two miles to the shore by the long

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road up which they had come. The edge of the cliff, however, was only a short distance away. He decided that the yacht could not wait longer than ten minutes with safety. The launch had left the side of the yacht and was now headed toward the lagoon, evidently hoping to get them.

There must be some other way down. It would save half an hour if he could get them to the edge of the cliff and somehow drop them down. The wall did not seem to be more than thirty or forty feet high, as near as he could judge from where he stood. He came back to the two girls.

"I am sorry," he said, "but you will have to summon your strength for a last effort. That storm will break in ten minutes. The edge of the cliff is only a hundred yards away. We must try to get down it. The launch has put off for us. I will help you all I can."

The tired, dishevelled women, in torn, bedraggled skirts, rose wearily for the last dash for the shore. The undergrowth was very thick here. He did not know what it might conceal, but he plunged through it recklessly, pulling them along with him. When he fancied he had almost reached the edge of the cliff he released the hands of the women and tore his way through the entangling bushes, shouting to them to come on. His progress was slower, but his body made a way for them and they pressed close after him.

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Suddenly they heard him break into a wild cry and saw him plunge forward and disappear. Such was their own momentum that they could not stop. Dorothy Cassilis tottered, Dorothy Arden caught her, and the next moment they were staggering on the brink of the cliff, there hidden by a coppice which grew to the very edge. Into the minds of each one flashed the reason for Lovell's disappearance. Running recklessly, he had plunged forward and fallen over. They sought desperately to save themselves, but in vain. They threw out their arms and in another moment they both plunged into the air and knew nothing.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TWO EVES IN THE EDEN

**T**WO women and a man on an island! Marooned, deserted, left behind! Three bodies in the forest primeval which before today seemed never to have been visited by man. In a cool, deep cleft in the coral wall, with thick verdure clad and masked by gigantic palms, the bodies lay silent, motionless. Dead? Asleep? The slow rise and fall of breasts answered no to the one question; pallid faces, distorted positions negatived the other. Unconscious? Yes. A sleeve had been rent from one woman's dress. There was a long, horrid gash from which the blood oozed in her round white arm. A shoe had been lost from the foot of the other woman and, like the arm of her sister, that out-thrust foot had been deeply cut and the delicate silk stocking was torn and darkly stained.

The man lying between the two women appeared to be in worse case than either of the others. He seemed to have pitched forward and to have struck on his head. He lay face downward, his head bent underneath his breast in a horribly unnatural position. He was a little in advance of the women and

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pointing seaward, as if he had fallen first from the top of the little cliff, the edge of which was masked with thick vegetation which met overhead in the narrow cleft a corresponding growth on the other side, which had completely concealed the opening.

The positions of the women were more natural; they lay almost supine, slightly turned sideways, their arms outstretched, looking upward, as if they had suddenly become aware of the danger and had sought, too late, to save themselves, which indeed was the case.

The cleft ran inward, narrowing sharply and turning abruptly a few yards back of these new tenants. The sound of falling water could be heard above the soft sigh of the gentle wind breathing over the tall, wide-spreading palm trees, and the chatter of wild birds, rudely disturbed by the fall of the trio. And a brook ran merrily through a narrow channel close to the unconscious group. It broadened after it passed the leafage of undergrowth and the sentinel trees of the tropics until it spread widely over golden sands, to lose itself in an azure sea.

Beyond the trees and on either side of the cliffs, which ran apparently interminably to the right and left, were basic expanses of gleaming yellow sand, widening and narrowing as they followed the coral wall of the island, at the edge of which the sea lapped caressingly in tiny wavelets. Across the softly pulsating blue of the surrounding lagoon, and

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perhaps a half-mile away, a barrier reef circled the shore. Over this reef surged mighty rolling waves breaking into lofty cascades of surf and spray with a tremendous diapason of crashing sound. The white water looked almost ghastly in the peculiar storm-cloud light as it shot high in the air.

Beyond the barrier reef rocks, islets, clustered or solitary, and other irregular reefs, dotted the heaving sea. Most of these obstructions were small, many of them only indicated by the white water where the rollers struck them, but one or two were large enough for a showing of greenery, a clump of trees, or a solitary palm. Yet each one, even though hidden, was big enough and formidable enough to wreck the mightiest ship that ever sought sea room and the freedom of great deeps.

'Twixt heaven and the main not even a seabird hung poised on wide, extended wing or swooped gracefully athwart the darkening sky. But the lonely ocean, eternal, extending to the far horizon, on this afternoon held a single tenant—a solitary ship. The sky to seaward was already black with the swift mounting clouds of the approaching storm. The brilliant but declining sun shone across the island full against the black background, throwing into high relief everything in the foreground—tree, rock, reef, spray, ship, and touching with a peculiar, almost unearthly color everything on which its rays fell.

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Outlined clearly against the lowering sky were the hull and spars of the rapidly seaward-moving ship, painted a glistening white, the typical color of vessels of pleasure. Black smoke was pouring from her yellow funnels. The white water rolled in broad waves from her sharp bow, behind her followed a bright wake churned into foam by her screw. From her after mast a string of brightly colored flags fluttered.

This great white steamer was dashing to sea for safety from the developing storm. Unless she could gain distance before the tempest broke she would be caught on that deadly lee shore to be helplessly bedded in the unshifting sand and battered to pieces, or crushed on some rocky islet, or torn asunder by some piercing reef stabbing at her vitals.

The uprushing storm had developed with startling suddenness and little warning, and there had been time for nothing except to up anchor and essay that race seaward which might even now be too late. The launch had got but a few cable lengths from the ship when she had to be recalled. The flags from the mizzenmast sent back a message of encouragement, a promise of speedy return, to those left perforce on the island, but they could not see it. Its story was told but to the tropic air.

Presently life, which had seemed in abeyance in the abandoned three, asserted itself. One of the women, the smaller of the two, Dorothy Cassilis,

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she of the unshod foot, who had lain rather more on her side than the other, turned slowly and painfully over. She opened her wide blue eyes and gazed stupidly upward. Presently she raised herself on one hand, passed the other across her brow and face as if to brush away some veil or mask that obscured the light. She noticed that her clothes were torn and soiled. It was damp in the narrow cleft and muddy where they had fallen close to the brook.

She sat upright, pushed back her unbound hair, which fell in golden masses about her shoulders, and gazed stupidly at her unshod foot, not yet conscious of the cut. Singularly enough, the loss of her shoe seemed the most unpleasant episode in her predicament. In a moment she sought to rise and, struggling to her feet, found herself badly bruised and shaken, but except for her wounded foot, the pain of which now made her wince, she was able to move at will. Resting her weight on the unhurt foot, she grasped the slender trunk of an adjacent palm and looked about her, bewildered. Full consciousness had not yet come to her, apparently, for at the moment she paid no attention to her companions close at hand.

Instinctively, as humanity always does on island shores, she looked toward the sea. Her eyes swept the segment of horizon comprehended between the opening walls of the cleft in the rock. She stared



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at first vaguely, but presently she caught sight of the fast-flying, far-off ship, the black smoke rolling out of her funnels, wake and bow waves gleaming whiter than her hull over the deep cobalt of the sea. Recollection came back with a rush; she woke to an instant comprehension and full realization of the situation. The yacht was leaving them behind. They were abandoned on this deserted, unknown island.

"She's gone!" she cried shrilly.

The narrow walls of the cleft caught up the sound and echoed it back and forth in wild concatenation. Perhaps it was the first time the rocks ever had a chance to throw back and forth a human voice. It was as if nature, even inanimate, thrilled to the call of man, the cry of woman. And the voice penetrated the dull ear of her prostrate sister as well. The head that had been lying backward, its dark hair flung behind it, moved, lifted, the dark eyes unclosed, the woman stretched out her hands. As the first had done, the second woman next rose on her arm and stared about her. The movement attracted the attention of the first woman. She cast a backward glance at her and cried hysterically:

"The yacht, it's gone. We are left behind."

But the second woman was not interested in the ship. She was not even aware of the blood dripping from her round white arm so roughly gashed and torn. Her eyes had caught a sight of the man and she saw nothing else.

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"Look here," she said, her deeper voice tense, shaking with emotion.

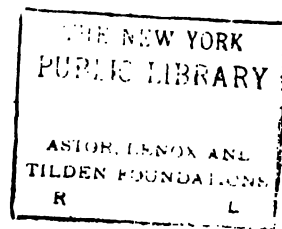
As she spoke she rose to her feet. She pointed ahead of her to the distorted figure of Robert Lovell. She stood unsteadily, not yet master of herself, her head whirling, and stared down at the bent, contorted body. The first woman instantly followed glance and word. In a moment the flying ship was erased from her consciousness. She also saw the man. With a low cry she sprang toward him and her wounded foot left a bloody track upon the ground—unheeded. She bent over the man, and although she was a small and slender woman she had strength to turn him over, to straighten him out. The second woman stood still until she saw the white face disclosed, when she put her hand to her heart and groaned in anguish.

"Water," said Dorothy Cassilis imperiously from her place beside Robert Lovell.

"And why do you not get it yourself?" asked Dorothy Arden, stopping after a step toward the brook.

"My foot," was the sharp answer, "it is cut and—"

The woman, accepting that as sufficient excuse, staggered down to the running water. She tore a piece from the white petticoat she wore. She dipped it into the water and making a cup of her hands, she came back, dashed the water into the face of her

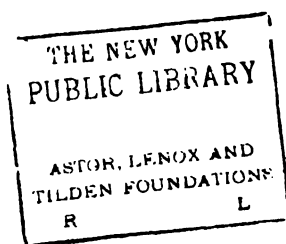




Dorothy Arden put her hand to  
Dorothy Cassilis imperiously from he



nd groaned in anguish. "Water," said  
de Lovell.



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husband and then, resentful of Dorothy Cassilis' position, apparently, she took from her the wetted cloth she had given her and knelt opposite her and bathed the man's head herself.

"Oh," asked the first woman in an agony of uncertainty, "is he dead, do you think?"

"Not yet," was the answer from lips that were white, not from the fall, but from anxiety unspeakable. "He lives, he breathes. Oh God, have mercy upon him and give him back to me," she continued.

"No, to me," promptly exclaimed Dorothy Cassilis, as she looked with instant recrudescence of hatred and rivalry at the other.

"Why to you?" questioned Dorothy Arden fiercely and with even more bitterness, taking up the quarrel, the struggle for possession, just where it had been left off before they fell.

In her darker eyes leapt the quick, determined challenge to the angry sparkle in the blue eyes that confronted her so disdainfully. The unconscious man himself interrupted the threatening clash of arms. He moved slightly and both women turned to him.

"He lives," said Dorothy Cassilis.

"Yes, thank God, his eyes are opening," exclaimed Dorothy Arden.

She was closer to him; she bent over him as if to speak, her dark hair falling in masses unbound about

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her face. The other woman reached out her hand and thrust her away.

"Let me see," she exclaimed with a fierceness her looks belied.

Retort trembled upon the lips of Dorothy Arden as she resisted the pressure of that extended arm, but now the voice of the man broke through their discords. He faltered an indistinguishable word or two. His eyes were wide open. He looked vastly surprised and eagerly wondering. He turned his head slowly from one to the other. Both warring women were on their knees bending over him, eager, frantic, to hear him speak, crazy for his message. But his voice died away. The slope of the ground enabled him to look beyond them without lifting his head. For a moment he stared through the trees down the ravine to the ocean, entirely uncomprehending; bewilderment, inquiry, expressed in his face. It was as if he had never seen the sea or shore before.

"Help me up," he whispered, looking at them again.

"You would better lie still," said Dorothy Arden.

"You have been hurt," said the other.

"Nonsense," said Lovell more strongly, "I must get up."

He put his hand behind him and tried to raise himself. The hands of both women instantly went



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out to him. One at his back and one at his head, they lifted him to a sitting position and then, in obedience to his gesture, they both drew away and looked at him with tragic intensity of vision. Supporting himself on one hand, Lovell passed his other hand across his brow as Dorothy Cassilis had done. He seemed to be thinking deeply, for he turned wondering from one to the other, putting out his hand for silence when one sought to speak.

"Wait a moment," he began falteringly. "Let me think."

And there was not a shadow of recognition of either woman in his glance; it was entirely obvious to both women that he recognized neither of them. There could be no mistake about that. He did not yet know them. What could it mean? questioned each woman in her heart. Yet neither woman interrupted him as they watched him breathlessly, recognizing that this was war and ready to seize an advantage instantly. It was he who broke the silence again. By chance or deliberately, who shall say, he turned toward Dorothy Arden on his left hand.

"But who—" he began with faltering voice, "who—are you?"

"Oh," said the woman in accents of surprised pain as if one had pierced her heart with a knife and then ruthlessly twisted the blade in the open wound, "don't you know me?" She did not wait for an answer to her question. "I am your wife," she added quickly.

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Robert Lovell stared at her open-mouthed, while Dorothy Cassilis' voice broke in sharply. She was horrified at what she thought was a false claim so suddenly made to take advantage of his mystification and to take from her the man she loved, and who, if he had been in his senses, she was sure would have repudiated the relationship because he loved her.

"No, no," she burst out impulsively as his face turned to her. "She is not your wife, but—"

"And how dare you question—" began Dorothy Arden hotly.

But Dorothy Cassilis did not wait for the completion of the sentence. Throwing everything to the winds to checkmate the other woman at any cost, she said with tremendous emphasis, looking directly at the distraught man with compelling gaze:

"I am your wife, not she."

She would fight fire with fire, meet claim with claim, go to any limit to keep her lover who was to be her husband.

"Speak," said Dorothy Arden with confident imperiousness. "Which of us is your wife?"

She spoke assuredly, as if certain of the answer. Of course she could see that Lovell was not in full possession of all his faculties yet, but she was sure that in so great a crisis he would remember and his answer must vindicate her and cover her rival, whom she now regarded with contempt, with the confusion her amazing and outrageous falsehood merited.

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"Tell the truth before God and the two of us," exclaimed Dorothy Cassilis, but with entreaty and anxiety and incertitude she sought desperately to disguise trembling in her voice. "Is she your wife or—"

"Answer," urged the other, while Dorothy Cassilis waited breathless, wondering at the daring of Dorothy Arden, and expecting her confutation the next moment.

Robert Lovell stared from one to the other again in a bewilderment that grew and grew. In her eagerness Dorothy Arden rose to her feet and stood confronting him; Dorothy Cassilis remained kneeling. The poor, distraught man looked up at the one, down at the other, for a little space unbroken by spoken word. They had made plea and counter plea, charge and counter charge; they could only wait the decision.

"I don't know what you mean," he said slowly and brokenly but very decisively at last. "As God is my judge—I never saw either of you—in my life—before—on my honor."

Silence while the three stared! Silence while the women looked at each other! Silence while both looked at the man! He smiled at last deprecatingly under their intent, devouring gaze. A low laugh broke weakly from his white lips.

"Forgive me, young—young ladies," he said, "but is it some huge—" his voice died away. He

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put his hand to the back of his head and brought it back before his face stained with blood. He held it up in front of him and studied it with impersonal gravity—"I don't understand," he continued vaguely, withdrawing his gaze from his hand and looking at the two women again, "my wife, you say—wives," he made a great effort to finish his words, "is it a huge—joke?"

His speech ended suddenly and then he collapsed absolutely again. Both women bent quickly over him. The one on her knees was nearer and closer.

"My place," said Dorothy Cassilis, reaching out her hands, but before she could touch Robert Lovell, Dorothy Arden caught her swiftly by the shoulder.

"No, mine!" she cried, fairly lifting her rival to her feet in her mad and jealous passion.

The two women stood confronting each other over the senseless body of the man they both claimed as a husband and who had just emphatically declared that he knew neither. Forest primeval and passions primeval to match; blazing eyes, heaving breasts, clenched hands—jealousy, hatred, disdain, determination in every clashing glance of flaming eyes that met and would not yield.

Over their heads the storm broke suddenly. A terrific peal of thunder rolled athwart the heavens and ere it died away upon them fell the first drops of rain, precursors of the tempest.

## CHAPTER XV

### BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

**T**HERE is nothing like the outward application of cold water to moderate angry passions inwardly. And yet it may be doubted whether a cloud burst could have prevented a bitter encounter, even a physical one, between these two women in their present mood. Still the rain did serve that purpose, for, as the first drops blew into their faces as they confronted each other under the trees, they instantly and instinctively remembered the helpless man at their feet. In his need they forthwith intermitted their sharp contention. And it was with a mingling of horror and shame, shared alike, that they turned to succor him.

It was Dorothy Arden who spoke first, perhaps because of her training in the practical and every day duties of life which had developed her efficiency and stimulated her natural disposition to lead. Dorothy Cassilis' education had rather tended to make her receive gracefully the services of others; Dorothy Arden's development, to do first for others and only incidentally for herself. In such situations as that in which they found themselves character is

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promptly disclosed by action and, indeed, artificialities and conventionalities were thereafter to be put aside on that island.

"We must get him to some better place of shelter than this," began Dorothy Arden.

"Yes, but where?"

"Watch him until I find out," was the answer with which the taller woman turned away. "There must be some cave or niche in this rock wall. Keep the rain from him as best you can."

Unheeding the torrent which fell heavily upon her when she left the shelter of the trees, she ran out on the beach and surveyed the expanse of cliff that rose on either hand and seemed to extend around the Island. The wall, or rampart, of rock was seamed and worn and eroded by centuries of exposure to wind and weather. A few steps to her right the base of the wall had been torn away, perhaps by some mighty tidal wave of the past. The result was not so much a cave as a deep niche that ran inward in a huge concave. Further along the wall made a sudden turn so that in one corner, unless the wind shifted at least a hundred and eighty degrees, they would be free from its force and protected from the rain, drive it never so fiercely. She ran to it and inspected it quickly. The bottom or floor of the recess was thickly covered with fine, dry sand, warm and yielding. Deciding at once that it would do for a temporary shelter and indeed thank-

## BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

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ful that it was as good as it was, Dorothy Arden quickly retraced her steps and soon rejoined the other two.

"I have found a place," she said; "we must take him there at once."

"We can't carry him," was the troubled response. "What shall we do?"

"Dorothy Arden looked a little contemptuously at her slighter, weaker, younger sister. She could have perhaps managed her portion of the burden, but Dorothy Cassilis never. The latter recognized the disdain in the glance, and the reason for it. She flushed under it, but she made no protest; she said nothing because there was nothing she could say then, although she bitterly resented the other woman's attitude.

"We'll have to drag him then," said Dorothy Arden. "Fortunately, it is not far. Perhaps I can do it alone."

"You shall not. I claim the right to help."

"Very well, together we can do it quicker."

They realized that their bitter rivalry for the time must be subordinated to Lovell's present needs. He had partially returned to consciousness apparently, although there was little intelligence in his half-open eyes. He was rolling his head uneasily as if it pained him and the ground beneath it was dark and stained. The two women, each taking him

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by an arm and shoulder, lifted him up. He was a large, powerful man and it was only by great effort they managed to drag him through the undergrowth, here growing very sparsely fortunately, and out from under the trees to the beach where it was not so hard to move him. In the open they sheltered him as best they could from the rain until they got him into the recess. The thick carpet of sand was still dry in the niche and warm. Indeed, in that tropic island it was not unbearably cold even though it rained. And they were delighted to find that the projection of the side, the heavy overhang, and the depth of the recess protected them perfectly. While Dorothy Cassilis held his head, Dorothy Arden with her hands scooped out a place in the sand nearest the back where Lovell could lie comfortably.

"Now," said she, after he was safely bestowed, "we must do something with that cut on his head."

"What can we do?" asked Dorothy Cassilis helplessly, looking jealously at the other.

Dorothy Arden made a rapid examination of the wound in the man's head. She knew little about medicine and less about surgery, but she was naturally deft-fingered and capable.

"It's a bad gash," she said, "I don't know whether the skull is fractured or not. If I only had a pair of scissors."

At Dorothy Cassilis' waist belt hung a fantastic little bag of leather, a sort of vanity case.



## BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

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"I have a tiny pair of scissors here," she said, opening it and extracting them.

"Give them to me," cried the other girl.

She cut away the hair for a closer inspection, and as she did so directed Dorothy Cassilis to tear enough strips from her underskirt for bandages, and to wet one of them in the rain. With this material, which she supplemented with strips from her own petticoat, she soon washed from the wound the sand that had been ground into it by the fall, applied a wet bandage to it and then bound it up tightly, remarking that the flow of blood seemed to have stopped. Lovell, it appeared, was not unconscious of her ministrations, for when she had finished he whispered vaguely but distinctly a faint "thank you."

Her efforts were not yet complete, however, for in the hope that he might have brought some whiskey with him she felt in his hip pocket and discovered a leather-covered silver flask, fortunately unbroken. Diluting the whiskey with water, she gave him a little to drink, and on second thought she poured a few drops on the bandages, just why she could not tell. Both girls were wearing tunic overskirts in accordance with the then prevailing fashion, and had also put on strong serge garments for the ramble. With scissors and fingers Dorothy Arden cut and tore the tunic from her dress, folded it up and slipped it under Lovell's head and back as a pillow

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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to keep him from the sand. Dorothy Cassilis helped her in every way possible. Then the two women rose to their feet and stood looking down at the man. After a time Dorothy Arden raised her arms with a gesture of impotence that was almost despairing.

"It is all that we can do," she said, more to herself than to her companion. "I don't know how seriously he is hurt; I don't know how he will get along, whether he will ever recover or not. It is all in God's hands."

She glanced at the other woman as she spoke and was horrified to see her face deadly white, her eyes closed. Dorothy Cassilis took a step, reeled, staggered and would have fallen had not Dorothy Arden caught her quickly and eased her down on the sand, marvelling as she did so at the strange working of fate which made her the support and protector of the woman she so bitterly hated. And she who would have done her bodily harm a moment since bent over her now with a certain womanly tenderness and an anxiety entirely spontaneous.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with a deep note of alarm in her voice.

Was she to have two helpless people on her hands?

"It's my foot," said Dorothy Cassilis faintly.

And, realizing the situation, for an instant Dorothy Arden could not withhold from the slighter,

## BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

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weaker girl a tribute of admiration for a heroism and endurance for which she had by no means given her credit. She had actually walked on that badly torn foot. Without a murmur she had done her part in bringing Lovell to shelter and caring for him, although every step had been anguish to her. She had not faltered or given way until she had done everything that she could. Marvelling not a little at this evidence of courage and determination, and grudging the acknowledging of its character, Dorothy Arden turned toward the wounded foot of her half-fainting companion. Her stocking was badly torn and the thin silk of the sole had been worn to rags by her walk across the sands. Dorothy Arden turned it back and bared the foot. The cut ran right across the sole. It was filled with sand and in horrible shape. No wonder Dorothy Cassilis had come so near fainting.

Dorothy Arden did not give utterance to any expression of sympathy for, or appreciation of, the other woman—there was too much between them for that—but she went about the work of dressing the raw ragged wound with businesslike promptitude and care. Other strips from the now sadly depleted overskirts sufficed to wash it and bind it up. Dorothy Cassilis faintly protested and endeavored in vain to stop her.

"I don't do it from any other motive than common humanity," said Dorothy Arden at last, harshly,

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almost cruelly. "Hating you as I do for your conduct, I ought to let you die."

"And I'd rather die than be beholden to you."

"Doubtless, but we have got to live here on the island for a time at least and we have another life to watch over. The sooner you are in shape to do your share the better. I don't want two helpless invalids on my hands," she explained bluntly. "Now I have done everything I can for you. You are perfectly safe here. I do not think there is anything on the island to harm us. All you have to do is to sit quietly and watch over my husband."

"Mine," came the prompt answer.

"Mr. Lovell, if that pleases you better, while I—"

"Where are you going?" asked Dorothy Cassilis, as the other woman rose.

"I am going to search the place where we fell to see if I can find the field glasses and your missing shoe, and then I am going back to where we ate our luncheon to get what we left behind. It was in a waterproof basket and there was much left uneaten."

"But you will be drenched."

Dorothy Arden laughed.

"What of it? I expect we will be forced to submit to all the vicissitudes of nature before the *Wanderer* gets back, and we need food badly enough for me to risk a wetting."

## BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

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By that time the rain was coming down in torrents, although the expected gale of wind had not yet materialized. Dorothy Arden remembered a sailor's rhyme she had heard aboard the yacht which ran:

With the rain before the wind,  
Your tops'l halliards you must mind.

It had not yet come on to blow, but it would soon, and when it did it would be terrific. She had no idea how long it would be before the wind rose or what her position would be out in the open under such conditions. But that was a risk she had to take. Without wasting any more words she set forth. She was drenched to the skin in a moment, but gathering her skirts about her so as to free her legs for easy movement, she ran rapidly to the place of the fall. It was not difficult to discover the field glasses unbroken in their leather case and, after a more careful search, she also found Dorothy Cassilis' shoe.

Grasping them tightly, she ran down the beach until she came to the cleft which gave entrance to the plateau. It was already filling with water flowing from the upland. She splashed through it and up it, fighting the drive of the rain and the increasing torrent until she passed through the narrow entrance and gained the plateau. Across this she ran until she reached the trees under which they had partaken of their noonday meal. She stopped a moment to

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survey the rain-beaten ocean. The yacht had been completely lost to sight in the torrential downpour. The steward of the yacht had packed a bounteous supply of lunch, including a thermos bottle of coffee and one of bouillon, in a water-proof basket. Into an empty compartment she thrust shoe and binoculars, strapped the basket tightly to preserve the contents from the water, and then started on her return journey.

As she got out in the open from the shelter of the trees the wind, which had come at last, struck her with terrific force. She had to fight desperately to keep her feet. Bending her head and locking her teeth, she struggled across the open, clinging resolutely to her treasure trove. Fortunately, just as she got to the most exposed portion of the plateau, there was a slight lull in the hurricane. She found that she could stand upright and run.

With a speed which she did not dream she could make she tore across the uneven rock, reaching the narrow entrance of the ravine just as the wind rose with redoubled violence. Thanking God for the respite she had enjoyed, she plunged recklessly through the rocks and down the narrow broken trail. The rain had not stopped with the wind. On the contrary it was as if the very heavens themselves had opened and the fountains of the great deep had broken forth.

The rain beat upon her so heavily that she stag-

## BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

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gered under it as if supporting a vast burden. The narrow ravine was bank full, and as it grew deeper the waters rushed down in torrents. It was with difficulty that she could keep her feet, and finally it was only by clinging to vines and undergrowth that sprang from crannies in the wall on either side that she finally gained the lower reaches where it broadened and opened out. The water grew shallower then until it spread thinly on the open beach before her. She had still a long way to go but her progress now was child's play compared to what it had been. Finally she staggered into the niche where the other two were safe, dry, and as comfortable as could be under the circumstances.

"You have been gone over two hours," said Dorothy Cassilis, looking at her watch.

"I am thankful to have got here at all," was the curt reply. "I have brought back the lunch basket, the field glasses, and your shoe. We did not drink half the coffee or half the bouillon, and there is enough bread and meat for two or three meals, she said, setting the basket in the furthest corner of the recess. "The waterproof cover has kept everything dry, too," she added after brief examination, then she sank down on the sand, a wet, sodden, exhausted mass of humanity.

"That coffee and that bouillon will still be hot. You had better take some of it," urged Dorothy Cassilis.

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"No," was the prompt answer, "we must save it for him. That is all he can eat."

"But you will catch your death of cold."

"I burn inside," said Dorothy Arden, "with such a fire that the rain is nothing to me. Where is that whiskey flask?"

"Here."

"Hand it to me."

The soaked, half-drowned, worn-out, bruised, and torn woman poured herself out a liberal draught, such as under other circumstances she would not have dared to take, reached the cup out into the rain, soon had it full of water, and sipped of the drink. After that she slipped off what remained of her dress and wrung the water as well as she could out of the skirt. She was about to put it on again when Dorothy Cassilis ripped the tunic from her own skirt and handed the dry garment to her sister. Dorothy Arden did not wish to take it, but Dorothy Cassilis remarked:

"It is not because I have changed my opinion about you, but because I am in a helpless state and your health is necessary to him, that I make the offer."

Therefore Dorothy Arden accepted it. It was a complete overskirt and it covered her very well. So far as her waist was concerned that had to go wet. She sat down on the sand, opened the basket and handed a sandwich to Dorothy Cassilis.



## BY THE WIND-TORN SEA

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"We must eat," she said, "to keep up our strength."

"And when this is gone?"

"We shall find something else."

She helped herself as well, and there the two sat, the man between them. He had fallen into some kind of sleep, it seemed, for he lay quietly. They stared out from the shadow cast by the overhanging wall at the torrent of rain driven fiercely athwart their vision by the most terrific gusts of wind they had ever experienced. They could not see beyond the edge of the lagoon, but mingled with the shriek of the wind they heard the awful crash of the gale-driven waves, the wind-whipped seas, on the barrier reef which was here nearer the shore than any other point in that vast circle.

Conversation was difficult at best, and under the situation neither cared to indulge in it. Before darkness enveloped them Lovell moved. He opened his eyes a moment, and looked about him. They bent to look and listen. He uttered just one word, a name.

"Dorothy," he said, quietly, closing his eyes again.

"My name, you see," said Dorothy Arden triumphantly.

"And mine," said Dorothy Cassilis with equal joy.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE TREASURE ON THE SAND

**I**NEVITABLY, the two women passed a miserable night. Dorothy Cassilis' foot pained her extremely, in spite of the dressing. The harsh usage to which she had subjected it in her self-sacrificing efforts to help Lovell had to be paid for. Dorothy Arden was wet and cold and weary, and that neglected gash on her arm was sufficiently evident to have kept her awake had there been nothing else. To all these physical disabilities were added the terribly exhaustive mental strains to which they had been subjected.

Robert Lovell appeared to be the most comfortable of them all. Some fever had developed, but that was to be expected. He, too, was uneasy and wakeful, sometimes babbling incoherently, but at times dwelling upon incidents which had evidently happened on his first visit to the island, and for longer periods lying quiet and still. Twice he repeated the name "Dorothy," but without adding any surname, which might mean anything or nothing to one or the other of the women. There was little they could do for him except bathe his head from

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## THE TREASURE ON THE SAND

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time to time and administer spoonfuls of the broth which the Thermos bottle still kept helpfully hot, and for which in their present state they were profoundly thankful.

The storm raged violently throughout the night, but the wind, although it changed, did not blow into the niche, so that they were comparatively sheltered and safe from the rain, which was a good thing for them. They were without any protection from the heavy downpour save that afforded by the rock, and Dorothy Arden, at least, knew what it was to be drenched to the skin. If her mind had not been so occupied and if she had not possessed such courage and determination she would probably have suffered severely from exposure.

When a tropic island lives up to its name and reputation it is the most delightful spot on earth; when it is rainy and chilly and stormy, even under the equator, it becomes a most disagreeable place, especially to those unprepared for the unwonted conditions. The morning broke gray and sodden. The rain had finally ceased and the wind was appreciably dying down, but the sky was still heavily overcast. The two haggard, tired women, nevertheless, greeted the returning dawn with alacrity and even joy. There was still enough substantial food left in the capacious lunch basket for the day, provided they partook of it sparingly, which they were resolved to do. After it was eaten they would have to shift

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for themselves, but they never doubted they could manage in that fertile island to find all they needed. They would have given worlds for a cup of the coffee or even a taste of the bouillon, but both were rigorously reserved for the sick man, who seemed to be progressing finely. As was lucky, he was rather warmly clad in white flannels, though now woefully soiled.

The heat of her strong, healthy, young body had at last dried her clothing, and after breakfast Dorothy Arden, bedraggled, dilapidated but resolute, sallied forth to see what she could see and to find what she could find. She was loath indeed to leave Dorothy Cassilis alone with Lovell, but there was no help for that. The two women agreed to let their claims to him rest for the present, or until the man got well again. The other woman could take little or no advantage of her absence anyway, for Lovell gave no sign of knowing any more than he did when he had first awakened from his fall. He was evidently suffering from a terrible shock, the consequences of which seemed to the two women out of proportion to the injury he had sustained. The worst feature of his condition was his total loss of memory for recent happenings. He was conscious and could answer questions rationally, if weakly, though no extended conversation was possible.

Conversation between the two women had been and continued to be limited to the absolutely neces-

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sary exchanges of speech, so that although Dorothy Arden had some very definite plans, she vouchsafed no explanation of them to Dorothy Cassilis. Before she went she carefully bathed and redressed the girl's wounded foot. Again she did this in a grim, almost cynical, stoical way which made it entirely evident that as before it was purely a matter of humanity and duty, nothing but that, and then she left her.

Which had the happier morning was another undetermined question. At least Dorothy Cassilis could forget the uncertainties and perils of the situation in contemplation of the helpless man whom she loved more than ever before because he was for the time being in a measure committed to her charge alone. She was utterly at a loss to understand the amazing assurance and duplicity of Dorothy Arden, for so, never doubting, she characterized her conduct. She hated the woman and yet in her calmer mood she was forced to admit that she neither looked nor behaved like a liar. Her claims and her actions were alike inexplicable. She could not account for either except on the principle that as misery makes strange bedfellows, so, perhaps, love makes women mad.

Naturally, wavering doubts of Robert Lovell would insinuate themselves in her mind, although she generally succeeded in dismissing them. Could he actually have gone through some sort of marriage ceremony? Had he, beguiled by Dorothy Arden,

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who had doubtless shamelessly thrown herself at him, made some vague promises to her which the ambitious and aspiring woman regarded as equivalent to a marriage ceremony? Had he so far forgotten himself as to have given the woman a physical claim? Dorothy Cassilis stared long at Lovell as if to read the answer to these doubts and questions in his prostrate figure. But she could make out nothing.

In the end she put these doubts resolutely out of her mind. It could not be. It was unthinkable that he had taken any advantage of Dorothy Arden's obvious devotion in any such way. It was only a bold attempt to win Lovell away from her. Well, if he lived he would doubtless be able to explain all. She did not regret that sudden assertion of wifehood into which she had been surprised by the other woman's audacity and assurance, which she had made on the spur of the moment to prevent the establishment of Dorothy Arden's claim. The words had almost been spoken between Lovell and herself by which their troth had been plighted.

She justified herself for her course without any difficulty. Everything pointed to Robert Lovell as her future husband, and, as she believed, his inclination and hers, together with the wishes of the heads of both families, ran parallel. The alliance was eminently suitable in social standing, fortune, character, and characteristics.

She resolved again that she would never give him

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up without a battle royal. In New York or Chicago it would have been different, but this was a desert island upon which they were marooned, separated by leagues of seas from places and peoples who stood for conventions. The island was like the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve and the addition of Lilith. Conventions were like the garments they wore. Their clothes had not been calculated for such hard usage, and Dorothy Cassilis found herself ruefully wondering wherewith they should dress themselves if their stay should be unduly prolonged. She did not think that would be the case, of course. The waves still rolled mightily over that storm-tossed sea, but the tempest had stilled and the yacht would surely return shortly, perhaps that very day, and certainly within a few days.

Dorothy Arden seemed to have taken command of the situation on the island. Let them once get back on the ship and she would be thrust back into her proper subordinate station, thought Dorothy Cassilis; and yet, strange as it may seem, there was a certain amount of liking and even admiration for the other woman in her heart. She could hardly look at her bandaged foot without that. She hung over Lovell, changing and cleansing the bandages, observing that the flow of blood had ceased entirely and the cut in the head looked healthy, and finally lost herself in dreams of a future in which the other woman played no part.

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Dorothy Arden went around the shoulder of the wall, where she had a full view of the beach until it was lost in the curving of the island on either hand. The blue beauty had gone out of the sea. Although the wind was dying down, the waves ran more terrifically than ever. Their spray shot into the air for thirty feet as the huge combers fell savagely on the barrier. Upon it and over it the long rollers swept with tremendous force. The ordinarily still waters of the lagoon were violently agitated by the assault of the breakers which rolled over the broad expanse of sandy beach at her feet, which was almost submerged in the height of the flood tide.

There was not a thing to be seen on the gray horizon. She had half expected to see the yacht, but a moment's recollection told her that even under the most favorable conditions the *Wanderer* could not possibly return before the next day in such a wind and sea as she had met in her mad dash seaward for safety. That she would return within a few days she doubted no more than Dorothy Cassilis. Therefore, after a momentary scanning of the horizon, she turned her gaze to the shore.

Far down to her left she saw a dark object embedded in the sand. She did not think it had been there the day before. She was possessed of unusual clearness of vision, and after a little study she made it out to be a small boat, the yacht's dinghy without a doubt, which they had used for carrying the water



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casks. How it came to be there, what particular use was made of it, she could not at that time determine, but it was sufficiently interesting to cause her to drop all her plans and go immediately toward it.

The wind was chill, and as much to warm herself as because she was in a hurry, she ran over the sand and soon reached it. It had been driven ashore by the wind or the waves, or both, and was lying on its beam ends firmly embedded in the sand. It was partially full of water. Lashed to the thwarts was a long dark bundle of tarred canvas. What it contained did not appear. She clambered into the boat and with her fingers fumbled at the wet lashing. She noted that the tightly wrapped bundle was apparently composed of several thicknesses of heavy tarpaulin. Whatever was inside would probably be dry.

She regretted that she had not brought Lovell's knife with her as she nervously worked at the lashing. However, the lashings had been passed and tied by a seaman. She had never before appreciated the beauty of a sailor's knot, which holds like iron and yet can be undone in a hurry and without too great an effort. Presently she succeeded in getting it loose and laying it on the sand, where she quickly rolled back the thicknesses of tarpaulin, to discover inside of it a repeating rifle, a revolver, a short-handled axe, or a heavy hatchet rather, and a little canvas bag. She was familiar with firearms, and a brief examination told her that the rifle was an up-to-

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date Winchester and that it was loaded. The revolver, a Colt automatic, was also charged. There were no other cartridges. The tarpaulin was a large one, perhaps six by eight feet in size, and like everything else on the yacht, it was new and in perfect condition. She glanced in the bag and found it was a sailor's ditty bag. She examined the contents quickly and discovered a needle and palm, or sailor's thimble, a packet of heavy needles used for sewing canvas, together with spools of thread, a knife, scissors and a number of small articles usually to be found in such receptacles. The axe was new and sharp.

After a moment's thought Dorothy Arden decided that Mr. Mattern, who had charge of the boat party, thinking of their possible need, had put these things, which happened to be in the launch, into the dinghy which the launch had been towing, and had cast it adrift as he was called back to the yacht, in the hope that it might be blown ashore, where it would certainly be useful. If they were compelled to an extended sojourn on the island these articles would be priceless.

Rummaging further in the boat, in a locker forward she found a beaker of fresh water and in the corresponding place aft a bag of hard bread very sodden with sea and rain water. Leaving the boat after observing that it was so firmly wedged in the sand that it would not drift out to sea, Miss Arden

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put the other things in the tarpaulin and carried them back to the niche in the wall, where she briefly accounted for them to Dorothy Cassilis, and after a careful inspection of the patient she set forth again.

This time she went along the wall of the rock to the right of the cliff which gave entrance to the upland which she had already traversed so many times. The rift was filled with debris. Several huge palms had been uprooted by the wind, but she managed to climb over them and at last reached the upland. The storm had been a devastating one and the island gave evidence of it. Tall cocoanut palms had been blown down by the wind and plenty of nuts lay on the ground. Several broken trunks of others showed that they were sago palms, but she passed these by with but little notice, not understanding their value. She was seeking dry wood. Here and there she found dead branches which were only superficially wetted. She gathered a great armful of them, bound them together with creepers which she cut with the axe and these she brought back to the camp. She spread her wood out on the dry sand and sturdily went forth again. This time she came back loaded with cocoanuts, pineapples, and other tropic fruits, of some of which she did not know either the names or the qualities.

They broke their fast together at noon by Dorothy Cassilis' watch, which she carefully kept wound, and were rejoiced in the afternoon to see the sun

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come forth. Dorothy Arden was exhausted by her sleepless night and by her efforts. After the noon meal she threw herself down on the sand and went to sleep, leaving Dorothy Cassilis again to keep watch.

The brilliant sun soon dried the island, and the second night they passed much more comfortably than the first. Lovell appeared to be holding his own, and the next morning he was conscious, although very weak. By the agreement they had entered upon, neither of the women troubled him with questions or demands of any sort. Indeed, they even refused to let him talk at all. He lay silent most of the time, accepting their ministrations, obeying their commands, and surveying them with wondering eyes which indicated deep thought and vast uncertainty.

By nightfall of the second day, what they had saved for him from the lunch basket was gone. In a pool in a hollow of a rock near the beach Dorothy Arden found a live fish washed up by the storm. She caught it with her hands and cleaned it with a sheath knife which she found was in the ditty bag. If they only had a fire she could have made a nourishing broth of the fish for the invalid and cooked a portion of it for themselves. They were sick of the fruit diet which had supplemented the remaining scraps from the lunch basket, and were hungry. Dorothy Arden remembered that she had seen Lovell

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using a match box to light a cigarette. She examined his vest pocket and found it. It was almost empty. There were only two or three matches left in it and she did not dare use them that night. She looked at her dry wood mournfully enough. Could she make a fire by rubbing sticks like a savage, or a Boy Scout? She knew she could not. She had almost decided to use the matches. Lovell had watched her carefully and by more effort at concentration he had apparently divined what she would be at. The women were surprised to hear him say quite clearly, if slowly and brokenly:

"If you want to make a fire — why don't you use — the field glasses?"

For a moment neither of them guessed the purport of his words, and this time it was Dorothy Cassilis who was the quicker.

"He means to use the lens as a burning glass."

"Certainly," said Dorothy Arden, resentful that the other should have anticipated her even for a moment. "We will have to wait for the morning and bright sunlight to try that," she continued. "Meanwhile there is a little of the coffee which I will dilute with some of the milk of the cocoanut, which will serve for him during the night, and perhaps the *Wanderer* will return tomorrow."

But at daybreak no *Wanderer* appeared, nor did she come back as one day succeeded another while the long weeks ran swiftly by.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE LAST PROOF IS OFFERED

"**I** CERTAINLY must have an explanation now," said Lovell several weeks later. "I will not be put off any longer on the plea of weakness. You have both attended me beautifully, and I am deeply grateful to both of you. I don't know what happened to me and I am sure that I could not have pulled through without you. I have been content to wait your further pleasure when I have asked for an explanation before, but I can wait no longer."

Dorothy Arden looked at Dorothy Cassilis. They had succeeded in putting off the inevitable day so long, but they recognized that they could postpone it no longer. There was justice in Robert Lovell's demand.

It was evening. Out of the circle of the sea the full moon rose. It bade fair to be a tropic night of surpassing splendor. Lovell was half reclining on the sand, his back comfortably supported by a pile of rounded weather-worn coral over which the tarpaulin had been spread. The two women sat a little distance away, one on each side of him. It was characteristic of the two that Dorothy Arden was

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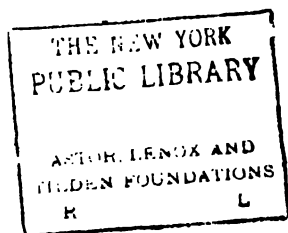


"I certainly must have an explanation  
longer on the plea of weakness."





' said Lovell. "I will not be put off any



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busy with the sailor's palm and needle which she had found in the ditty bag, while Dorothy Cassilis sat with her hands clasped around her drawn up knees, doing nothing but staring seaward. Before them a low fire burned in a rude fireplace made of blocks of coral. In a huge sea shell over the fire some sort of savory broth of green turtle was steaming. They had made some progress toward securing the material comforts of life, it was evident.

Lovell was still clothed in his once trim, beautiful white flannels, now soiled and dilapidated to the last degree. A thick growth of curly brown beard covered his gaunt, haggard face and in part at least hid its emaciation and pallor, the result of his long illness. But that he was recovering was evident not only from the words he had so emphatically spoken, but from his looks as well. There was a light in his eyes and a growing touch of color in his lips which the women loved to see.

The two women were dressed in garments which they had improvised for themselves out of a sort of cloth which they had made by plaiting and weaving certain long rushes which grew abundantly on the island into a rude but serviceable fabric. These tunics, if so they may be called, were sleeveless, and the arms of the wearers were bare. The nondescript garment fell from the neck to the knees and was tied about the waist by pieces of small line, or rope,

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which had been carefully saved from the fittings of the dinghy.

What remained of their civilized clothing had been carefully mended and piled in a recess of the niche against the day, that longed-for day, when it would be in demand again. After a short period of hard usage the two women had become convinced that these fragile draperies of civilization must be laid away and preserved for that great occasion, the return of the yacht, or the visit of some other ship to the island.

With great ingenuity Dorothy Cassilis, who proved herself much more adept in accomplishments feminine than Dorothy Arden, had woven and plaited these shapeless bags, which, somehow or other, were not unbecoming to their wearers. The silk stockings they had worn had been torn to pieces, and the shoes, not designed for rough usage, were almost useless when they discarded them. Dorothy Arden had fashioned for each of them, out of pieces of the heavy canvas tarpaulin, rude moccasins which protected their tender feet perfectly on the sand and well enough on the rocky upland, to which they had hitherto only resorted to get fruit and sago for food. She had also improvised a sort of a leggin, something like a puttee, which reached to their knees and was held in place by crisscross lashings of braided palm fibre. This attire would have been absurd on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard, but

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on this tropic island it was picturesquely appropriate, almost beautiful.

The two women had profited by the free, unrestrained life of the delightful island. They were in superb health, and but for their anxiety about Lovell's condition and their natural alarm over the failure of the yacht to return for them, with the consequent uncertainty as to the length of their sojourn, and, above all, for this deadly rivalry, which grew rather than abated, they would have been happy in their unique adventure and would have enjoyed it to the limit of its entrancing possibilities.

They made full use of all the opportunities of life presented by that tropic paradise. They swam in the warm, pellucid waters of the lagoon; they refreshed themselves with shower baths in the cooler fresh water of the brook that fell over the cliff hard by.

For food they gathered the luscious fruits of the island, which were many and abundant. They made flour from the sago palm, and bread from the fruit of the famous tree. They diversified their diet with fish caught in rocky pools along the shore after high tide, with mussels and other shellfish, and even managed a small green turtle, finding the daily fare amazingly agreeable and nourishing. They actually thrived upon it. The lens from the binoculars enabled them to have a fire whenever they would.

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And in all this association of work and play, in all their labors jointly and severally undertaken, they spoke no unnecessary words to each other. They perforce ate and slept at the same time and in the same place; otherwise they lived apart, each jealously watchful of the other as they in turn or jointly ministered to Lovell, and each waiting for the deciding time, which was now upon them by the action of the man himself.

It was characteristic of the two women that Dorothy Arden's beautiful chestnut hair had been combed with the invaluable little comb in the vanity bag and braided and severely coiled above her classic head, which was devoid of other adornments than those of nature. Dorothy Cassilis' waving golden hair, no less beautiful than her sister's darker locks, fell in long braids down her breast. In the crown she had thrust a gorgeous scarlet flower, like an hibiscus, which grew profusely among many radiant blossoms in this south sea Eden. Over her shoulder a wreath of leaves and blossoms had been carefully draped and pinned on by long thorns, for which they found a variety of uses. Dorothy Arden, in her severe simplicity, looked with contempt on these feminine touches of adornment, but when she saw Lovell's eyes sometimes rest approvingly on the lovely flowers, she wished that she had thought of the practice herself. Now, she was too proud to imitate the other woman.

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Dorothy Cassilis wore but one moccasin. Her foot was still bound up. The wound had been slow in healing. It had been difficult, indeed at first impossible, for Dorothy Arden to get out all the particles that had been ground into it and it had festered and been the cause of great anxiety as well as pain. It was much better now, but the bandages were still on. Both white skirts had been reduced to ribbons, by the way, but there was no longer any occasion for bandages, even for Lovell's head, which was quite healed.

Dorothy Arden was trying to make a pair of moccasins for Robert when he delivered himself of that momentous demand. They had been over three long weeks on the island. It was not until ten days had elapsed since her departure that they gave over the hope of immediate rescue by the *Wanderer*. Where the yacht had gone, why she did not come for them or send for them, or what her fate had been—whether she had survived the gale or met with some accident—they could only speculate upon. Two facts alone stood out boldly: She had gone; she had not returned.

When they came to realize that their stay on the island bade fair to be an indefinite one, they had decided on a temporary mode of life, waiting Lovell's recovery for a final decision. The niche in the rock, in the nature of things, could only be a transitory abiding place—the rainy season would

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compel them to seek other quarters. Meanwhile they had made some arrangements the better to fit it for their present needs. For instance, by three wattled partitions which ran from the rock outwardly a sufficient distance, with corresponding cross partitions, they had divided it into three small rooms. The center one, where the niche had the greatest depth and was best protected, they had allotted to Lovell. Those on either side they had taken themselves, securing a certain degree of privacy for each occupant, and at the same time bringing themselves equally in touch with the man they both claimed and from whom neither would be parted.

The overhang of the niche was sufficiently broad, and it was deep enough, to allow them a sort of porch, as it were, in front of the transverse wattled partition which had been made by thrusting sticks in the sand and weaving rushes about them. Dorothy Arden had cut the sticks and rushes with that invaluable axe, for which she blessed Mattern's forethought daily, and Dorothy Cassilis, as usual, had done the weaving. The two women had fallen naturally into these several positions. In spite of all the opportunities and their overpowering loneliness and longing for human society, there was, as has been seen, little save the most absolutely necessary conversation between them. This was due more to Dorothy Arden's stronger, sterner disposition than anything else, for Dorothy Cassilis, less self-con-



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tained and less accustomed to depend upon herself, would fain have discussed matters with her more independent sister, but the other sternly and peremptorily refused. By a tacit agreement they had both pledged themselves to refrain from pressing any claims upon Lovell or seeking to establish themselves in their asserted rights until he should be more completely recovered from his illness. They did not even allow him to talk much, and he had in his weakness respected their wishes, perhaps more because he had to than because he wished to.

The simple ministrations which were all they could offer him had resulted in his recovery, and they were hopeful that when he was completely his physical self the strange hiatus which seemed to have come about mentally would also be mended. However, they had both recognized that all explanations could be but a little longer postponed, and they were not surprised at Robert Lovell's demand.

"I think," continued Lovell after a long pause, "that I am fully able to shift for myself now, and indeed to take upon myself every day more and more of the burdens of you two. All sorts of confused remembrances are running through my head, things so incredible that I am forced to believe that they are hallucinations. You must tell me everything, truthfully, now."

As usual, it was Dorothy Arden who answered Lovell's question.

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"First, tell us how much you know," she began.

"I know that I am Robert Lovell, that I graduated last year from Harvard, went on a cruise around the world in my father's yacht, *Wanderer*, and landed on this island with Allison, Roberts, Tenny and other fellows of my class who were my guests. I have heard you call each other Miss Arden and Miss Cassilis, which I assume to be your surnames, but how you got here and who you are and where the yacht is, and where my friends are, I haven't the least idea."

"How old were you when you graduated from Harvard?"

"Twenty-two."

"And in what year did you graduate?"

"I told you last year."

"What year was last year?"

"What a foolish question," said Lovell, a little impatiently. "Nineteen eight."

"Well, this year," returned the girl, looking up from her sewing, "is nineteen-fourteen."

"What?"

"Nineteen-fourteen. Ask Miss Cassilis."

Lovell raised himself to a sitting position and looked at the other girl, who had hitherto remained a silent, if jealous and watchful, listener.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "Tell me, is the young lady dreaming or—"

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"She is telling the simple truth, now," answered Dorothy Cassilis, with a perceptible pause and emphasis on the adverb which the other did not let pass unnoted. "This is the year nineteen hundred and fourteen."

"Have I lost six years somewhere?" asked the amazed man. "Where are Allison, Roberts, and Tenny?"

"Do you mean Billy Allison?" asked Dorothy Cassilis.

"Certainly—who else?"

"He is a broker in Chicago and doing very well."

"And I have heard of Mr. Roberts as a promising young engineer in Central America," said Dorothy Arden.

"Good God!" exclaimed Lovell, with utter incredulity in word and bearing. "You can't be joking. What has happened?"

"It seems to me," said Dorothy Arden, gravely, and with deep disappointment her companion shared, "that you have lost six years out of your life, incredible as it may appear."

"But how? I don't understand."

"I'll try to tell you. We landed from the *Wanderer* about a month ago."

"I was right about the yacht then?"

"Yes, only this is another cruise. Many things have happened since you came here first with your friends. You had a bad fall the day we landed. We

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all did. And when you came to yourself you had forgotten the immediate past. You don't seem to remember it yet."

Lovell passed his hand across his brow in utter bewilderment. He looked again at the other woman. She nodded her head in confirmation.

"That is exactly what happened," she said.

"You two are mad, or I am," said the young man, who could not bring himself to believe this extraordinary statement. And as he spoke his glance took in their decidedly nondescript garments.

"You might think only mad women would dress like this," observed Dorothy Cassilis, with a melancholy smile, following his glance and surveying herself.

"I didn't say so," he answered in polite deprecation.

"Well, for your information, there is nothing else we can do," she explained, Dorothy Arden remaining silent as if uninterested in such trivialities. "The clothes with which we came ashore were torn into rags, and our linen has been used for bandages for your head and my foot. We had to make these things we are wearing for decency's sake if for no other reason."

"It seems impossible that both of you could be mad," said Lovell tactfully.

"We are entirely sane and absolutely at one on that subject, at least," said Dorothy Arden in turn.

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"But on no other subject are we at one," said Dorothy Cassilis, with a direct look at the other woman.

"This is quite beyond me," said Lovell, his mystification greatly increased by this verbal thrust and parry. He could feel the mutual antagonism of the two women, although he could not realize why each one regarded the other with hatred and suspicion. "Won't one of you tell me simply and briefly what I have been doing in the six years that I seem to have lost, and how we came to be here. There is, in my mind, an incredible statement or claim with which you are concerned which I must have dreamed, it is so mad and so fantastic," he said, slowly, reluctantly voicing that absurd thought that would not down.

"Will you tell him, Miss Cassilis?" asked Miss Arden.

"No, as you are his father's stenographer," Miss Cassilis answered meaningly, emphasizing the word as if to establish a difference in the relative positions of the two women, "you probably know more about the family history than I. I will take it up where you leave off."

"As you will," said Dorothy Arden coldly.

Clearly and succinctly she narrated in broad outline Robert Lovell's gay and rather useless life. Rapidly she brought the chronicle down to the writing of the novel. Lovell had not the faintest remem-

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brance of any single fact which she set forth, although he listened with the closest attention, without interrupting or asking any questions. Indeed, there was no opportunity for any interruption. If he sought details he realized that he could learn them later. The broad general statements were definitely and adequately put before him. When she came to the completion of the novel, instinctively she paused in her rapid narration. Dorothy Cassilis realized that here was the climax of the story. Her hands unclasped themselves, she turned, and, resting on one hand, she looked intently at the speaker, as did Robert Lovell himself. Both hearts, indeed, all three, were beating rapidly with the excitement of the moment and its revelation.

"And so I wrote a novel, did I?" asked Lovell in the pause. He was, of course, the most unsuspecting, if the most interested, of the group.

"Yes."

"Was it a good novel?"

"Splendid," answered the girl. "And at the climax something happened."

"What was that?"

"You married me."

"What?"

"You married me. You see, I had taken the novel down at your dictation. You had put yourself and me in the story. Don't you remember? You made love to me that way. You slipped and fell.

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Your foot struck mine and I cut my head against a chair as I went down and lay senseless at your feet."

And then she stopped again. She had been telling the story in a detached, impersonal sort of way, but now she turned and looked straight into Robert Lovell's eyes, fairly enveloping him with her intent and almost tremendous gaze, as if she had concentrated every bit of force in her body and soul in the look to summon back, to awaken, his dormant recollection. And she was completely oblivious to the other woman, who bit her lips and clenched her hands to control her doubt, her indignation, her resentment as she waited for the man's answer.

Lovell shook his head uncomprehending, unremembering still.

"And then?" he asked.

"I came to life in your arms. You said you loved me. Your father had other plans for you. You were angry at the idea of marrying Miss Cassilis here."

Lovell turned his head and critically regarded Dorothy Cassilis, now on her knees, her hands clenched, her eyes sparkling, her bosom heaving, her lip quivering. Then he looked again to the other woman who appeared equally excited.

"And so I married you!"

"You did; at The Little Church Around the Corner, the Church of the Transfiguration, in New York City."

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"Are you sure," burst out Dorothy Cassilis, unable longer to control herself, "that you didn't write that novel yourself, Miss Arden? It seems to me you have qualities which would enable you to shine in romance. You are trying to take my place."

"Are you my wife also?"

"I am."

"I was not mistaken then," said Lovell. "I didn't dream that you both claimed to be my wife."

"No, you didn't dream it," said Dorothy Cassilis quickly. "Be silent and let me speak."

Dorothy Arden made an angry movement as if to interrupt, but Robert Lovell put up his hand.

"Turn about is fair play," he said. "She heard you without interruption. After I—er—married Miss Arden, what happened?"

"I don't know anything about your marrying Miss Arden. I don't believe you ever did. I think her statement is a deliberate lie, made simply to get you from me," answered Dorothy Cassilis.

"And you, how did you enter the story?" asked Lovell, silencing Dorothy Arden with uplifted hand.

"Your father became suddenly ill. The doctor told him to give up business. There was some great scheme in which he was interested with my father. He sent you to Chicago to represent him. You were successful, I believe. At any rate I met you on a train which was wrecked in northern Ohio. You saved my life. You must remember that," she



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continued, as Lovell shook his head. "I was not going on the yachting cruise which had been arranged by your father and for which he invited my father and mother and me to be his guests, but you persuaded me to go. My father and your father planned that you and I should marry."

"And did we?" asked Lovell.

"We did," said the girl firmly, quite convinced that by this means only could she prevent the establishment of a claim upon Lovell by her rival which would for ever take him from her, and not at that time realizing all the possibilities of the course she had adventured upon.

"Impossible," interrupted Dorothy Arden, who had thrown aside her work and, as was her custom, had risen to her feet and stood looking down on the reclining man and the kneeling woman by his side. "Will you say when and where?" continued Miss Arden.

"Not to you."

"But if I ask it?" said Lovell, gently but with great eagerness, for he was fain to arrive at a solution of the terrific problem.

"After we joined the yachting party we went ashore on the day she sailed," answered the woman.

She had rehearsed this answer in her mind until she had become letter perfect in her part. And her belief in her justification gave her words all the emphasis of the truth.

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"And was that when we were married?"

"Yes," said the girl, forcing herself to speak the definite word.

"Where?"

"At Trinity Church, San Francisco."

"It's false," said Dorothy Arden furiously, "a willful, deliberate lie. I swear before God that you married me, that I am your wife, that I have told you the whole truth and nothing but it."

"Were you with us ashore that day at San Francisco?" asked Lovell, who did not quite like her manner, "when this lady claims that we were married?"

"I was not."

"How came you to be on the yacht at all?"

"Your father sent for me. He needed my services."

"And we went ashore that afternoon?" continued Lovell, turning to the other.

"Absolutely."

"How, then," he asked, turning to Dorothy Arden, "can you be sure that this lady is not telling the truth?"

"Because I know you, because I love you," was the bold answer.

"And knowing me?"

"I know you could not be guilty of so despicable and illegal an action."

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This was a deft and appealing reply. Lovell turned to the other woman. Dorothy Arden's dark cheek was flushed. Dorothy Cassilis' fair one was pale.

"And because I know—because I know—your love for me," she said promptly in her turn. "I know that what she says is a lie. I am your wife. It was I you loved."

"The opinion in which you both hold me," said Lovell after a long pause, "would be highly flattering to me and deeply gratifying were it not evident that if both of you are telling the truth I must be a bigamist and a blackguard. I don't know how I may have deteriorated, since I remember myself—"

"No, no," protested Dorothy Arden.

"Impossible," said Dorothy Cassilis.

But Lovell waved them to silence.

"I don't know how I may have deteriorated in the six years that are a blank to me, but I dare affirm that were I in my senses I should never have put myself, to say nothing of you, in such a position."

"You never were clearer-headed in your life than the day you married me," said Dorothy Arden.

"And did you notice any mental or moral deterioration in him that day we left San Francisco?" queried Dorothy Cassilis.

The question went unanswered.

"Can't you remember anything at all?" urged Dorothy Arden, passionately pleading with him.

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"Don't you recall that day in your office? Have you forgotten absolutely?"

"Or that night on the ship?" cried Dorothy Cassilis with equal urgency and devotion in her appeal.

"There is but one thing that is vaguely in my memory," answered Lovell, sitting up.

"And what is that?" asked one.

"It may throw some light on the situation," said the other.

"I don't know; perhaps it will only complicate it."

"What is it?" cried Dorothy Cassilis.

"Tell us," urged Dorothy Arden.

"It is a woman's name."

"What name?"

"Dorothy."

"My name," said Miss Arden triumphantly.

"And mine," was the instant response.

"Is it possible?" said Lovell, looking from one to the other.

"Each one of us can testify in this instance that the other speaks the truth," said Miss Arden impatiently. "You surely can recall something else. Think, think."

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, on my honor as a man," said Lovell.

"Try, you must remember," urged Dorothy Cassilis.

"I have thought while you two have ministered to me, while you bound me to silence. I have watched

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you. There is something familiar to me about both of you, but as to what you both claim, I swear on my honor I know nothing about it."

Dorothy Arden suddenly bent over him. She knelt beside him. She took his hand in hers and laid it on her heart. She drew him close to her in spite of Dorothy Cassilis' movement to prevent.

"Wait," she said; "your turn next."

She pressed his head against her bosom and bent it back. He was weak still and surprised. He made no resistance until finally he lay in her arms close against her heart. She looked down upon him, her soul in her eyes.

"Now," she said tremulously, "surely you can feel the truth in the beating of my heart."

But Lovell drew himself away.

"It is ineffably condescending of you," he said gently, almost pityingly, "and I suppose I feel just what any man might feel who—"

Dorothy Arden drew away and fell back with a gesture almost despairing.

Dorothy Cassilis suddenly bent over the man and boldly kissed him full upon the lips.

"Does not that awaken your heart?" she murmured, her face close to his own.

"I have never been kissed by a sweeter woman, I swear," said Lovell gravely and kindly, but his meaning was obvious, and in turn Dorothy Cassilis drew back, hid her face in her hands and wept.

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Dorothy Arden, whose tears were rarer, looked on in contemptuous disdain at this exhibition.

"You are both in earnest then?" thoughtfully said Lovell, at last unable even yet to bring himself to a comprehension of the reality of the claims of these women.

"In earnest," cried Dorothy Arden. Here I stand, a woman who loves you with her whole heart and soul and body, a wife by the laws of God and the laws of man, yet a woman who has never assumed the responsibilities of her position. Do you understand?"

Lovell nodded. He could scarcely trust himself to speak.

"I am ready now, here on this Island, to give myself to you absolutely, completely, entirely, without reserve. I am your wife. I would fain show you, give you the last proof of my sincerity and my devotion before this woman, before the whole world. I confess that I love you, that I have loved you ever since I first saw you, that to be your wife is the realization of my fondest dream. Will you take me now into your arms, Robert Lovell, and—and—is this the proof that you lack?"

She dropped on her knees beside him and stretched out her hands to him, forgetful for the moment of everything but of him and the words that she had said. It was her last appeal, her final offer. No woman could say or do more than that. Robert

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Lovell looked at her a long time. If ever a woman spoke the truth, if ever a genuine passion throbbed in a human voice, if ever word and look and gesture carried out speech and proffer they were there.

"You love me? Great God," he said, "it is impossible."

"And I," cried Dorothy Cassilis, swept away from her bearings and deeply moved, almost to desperation, by what she believed the other woman's offer to be, a complete and utter sacrifice of herself to establish and enforce her preposterous claim, "and I," she repeated, her face whiter than ever, but her shining eyes betraying her resolve to rise to the same measure. "And does anyone dream that I shall fail now? Here am I. Take me."

She bowed her head across his knees and knelt there, shaking and ashamed.

"But if you take me you give up the other, you understand?" cried Dorothy Arden, whereat the other girl nodded her confirmation.

Now Dorothy Cassilis had not uttered the broken words which in themselves meant nothing, but which were susceptible of one inference, and one only, before she repented them. She had been carried away by a tempest of passionate feeling. With dazzling suddenness she had become involved in a terribly compromising situation, the ramifications and consequences of which she could by no means have foreseen when she so recklessly and thoughtlessly

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entered upon it. That being unwedded in spite of her claim she could enter into any more intimate relation with Lovell than that she now sustained was indeed unthinkable. The words had scarcely fallen from her lips when she realized to what they committed her.

At the same time she was acute enough, especially after Dorothy Arden's declaration, to realize that no necessity for immediate decision would be forced upon her—at least she believed so. Which would be most fortunate, for although she loved the man with all her heart and soul and body she was *au fond*, too pure and sweet a woman to give herself up to him in the last analysis without the sanction of God or man. Now before making her impetuous offer, if she had had time to reflect, she might have found a way out of the dilemma. She might have taken the dignified position that in view of the obvious uncertainty in his bewildered mind such an offer was an insult to Lovell's manhood, that if he knew his wife he could claim her and that if he did not no such offer should be made by either claimant.

Dorothy Arden might have taken that position too, but neither of the women was capable of thinking clearly. That they were both overwhelmingly in love, that they were both bitterly disappointed, that they were both madly jealous, and that they were both on an absolutely deserted island with one man, far removed from any of the restraints of law,



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society, and civilization, were the reasons that they did not think clearly, at least they had not thought clearly before.

The offer of themselves into which each had been betrayed, gave them each a mental shock so soon as it had been made. When it was too late they both saw things differently. At least Dorothy Cassilis did because she certainly had no ground for her action.

Dorothy Arden, knowing herself the wife and being confident that Dorothy Cassilis was not, yet had her eyes suddenly opened to the power and intensity of Dorothy Cassilis' passion. She viewed her with contempt for her offer, but there was something dignified in the greatness of the love that prompted it, that she could at least understand and respect. Dorothy Cassilis, on the contrary, had already realized Dorothy Arden's devotion to Lovell, yet she felt the same sort of contempt for her after her offer because she thought it was only a part of an effort to win from her the man she loved, who had been destined for her by the two families and by, as she believed, his own desires.

In one moment Dorothy Cassilis regretted the frightful indiscretion into which she had been betrayed and in another she gloried in it. So long as the offer was merely in words—and words which were susceptible of another meaning, words which she could disavow if pushed to the wall—so long as

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no demand was made upon her to comply, she decided to let them stand. If such a demand were made she would know what to do. In the last resort she could even give him up to Dorothy Arden. She believed that when he came to his senses, if he ever did, the very fact of any unlawful relationship into which he might enter with Dorothy Arden would cause a revulsion of feeling and he would turn to her. So she sobbed over his knees, her face flaming and burning under her tears; and although in the first moment she would have withdrawn them, she let her words stand just as she had uttered them.

It was a brave bluff, to use the language of the day. If she were called upon to make good it would be time enough to back down then. She could feel Dorothy Arden's contempt. She realized that it matched her own, but she did not greatly care for that. What Lovell thought of her was the only thing that mattered. Knowing herself guilty, she waited the more desperately for his answer. What would it be? What would it mean to her? Never had a woman passed moments so tense and pregnant with sorrow and disaster.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE DECISION OF A GENTLEMAN

**A**FTER these extraordinary proposals and demonstrations by the two women Lovell gently drew himself away from Dorothy Cassilis and refusing Dorothy Arden's quickly proffered assistance slowly rose to his feet. He stood leaning against one of the huge rocks that had become detached from the wall and strove to steady himself. He felt that he could better meet the problem which confronted him in a standing position, and, although he was not yet sure of himself physically, the excitement lent him a fictitious strength that would serve for the present. He spoke slowly, but more carefully and more decisively than he had done heretofore.

"It is impossible," he said, drawing back against the supporting rock so that he could comprehend with his gaze at one and the same time both the standing and the kneeling woman, "for me to doubt the sincerity of either of you, whatever may be the explanation of this most extraordinary situation. While it is inconceivable that I could have married both of you, and I have no recollection, as I have said, of marrying either of you, it is also inconceivable

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that either of you should be telling a falsehood to establish a claim upon me. Forgive me if I speak in a way which seems vain or conceited."

"Speak as you feel, without hesitation," said Dorothy Arden promptly.

"Yes, let there be no concealment," assented Dorothy Cassilis, looking up at him.

"That you have both offered yourselves—" he paused—"your souls and bodies to prove the sincerity of your belief in the claimed relationship establishes it, and yet I would not be human if I were not convinced that there is some strange mistake."

"There is," said Dorothy Arden, "but not made by me."

"Nor by me," said Dorothy Cassilis.

"Any man on earth might be glad to call either of you his wife," continued Lovell. "I suppose no man ever had such a proffer made him as you have each made"—the color came into his face a little as he spoke, softly—"and I am not different from other men. It has touched me and appealed to me. If what you say be true, and there is no mistake and no way of accounting for it, I must have played the scoundrel's part. Let me now redeem myself as far as may be."

"You are to me," said Dorothy Cassilis, "the perfect man."

"I can't hear you disparage yourself," said Dorothy Arden with more reserve.

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"It's the facts, if they are the facts, that do that," was the quick return. "At any rate, let me now be the gentleman."

"You mean—" interrupted the standing woman, stepping near, while the other on her knees still continued to look up at him from her place at his feet.

"It is impossible in my present state of being, especially since my total loss of memory, that I should accept either one of you," he said with a finality that closed the case against both petitioners.

Dorothy Arden clenched her hands in an unconscious gesture of disappointment and enforced renunciation. Dorothy Cassilis bowed her head and hid her face, glad of the shelter of her hands, with a natural feeling of relief in her heart.

"You can both see, can you not, that while the matter is still unsettled it would be a crime in me to—it is very hard to say—to avail myself—to—surely you understand?" he went on anxiously.

"Yes, we understand," said Dorothy Arden, speaking for both without hesitation. "And so I am to be deprived of my position as your wife through the intrigues and—"

"I think," said Lovell, lifting his thin hand, and as it trembled before her Dorothy Arden was not insensible to the appeal of its very weakness, "that we would better not resort to recrimination. Let me point out to you that I have no more reason to

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believe or disbelieve you than I have to believe or disbelieve Miss Cassilis."

The latter would have spoken, but when she heard the trend of Lovell's remarks she was quite willing to leave her case in the hands of so able an advocate. She realized that fate somehow always seemed to be putting her rival in the position of accusing her, whereat Lovell came to her defense. And Dorothy Arden realized this and raged against it too.

"But I offered to give—to do—to take—" she said, clinging to her last hope. "I spoke first, you remember."

"But would any woman such as Miss Cassilis seems to be have repeated your—your—willingness on her own part if she had not been speaking the truth or what she believed to be the truth?" he answered.

It was magnificent of him thus to interpose in her behalf, thought Dorothy Cassilis, although her conscience smote her at his words. Believing Dorothy Arden to be what she thought, was she not descending to her level?

"And so the conclusion of the whole matter is this: I will be to both of you a true and faithful friend and comrade," he went on. "I will serve you loyally to the best of my ability. When I have learned all that has happened in the past I shall be better fitted to deal with the situation, to plan our life on the island, to make it comfortable for you, to

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relieve you of care and anxiety, and protect you, and finally to devise some means of getting away. Please God, the curtain that falls before my mind and covers those years of which you tell me may some day be rolled up. Then I shall know the truth and know what to do, but tonight there is nothing more that I can say or hear."

They noticed that the tenseness suddenly left his body. He leaned heavily upon the rock. He was unutterably weary evidently. They had forgotten his condition. They both moved toward him with a simultaneous expression of regret, but he waved them aside.

"We shall continue," he said softly, gathering his strength for the final effort, "this conversation in the morning. No more, I beg of you. I can't bear another word."

He looked from one to the other a few moments, bowed to them, drew aside the screen that masked the cubicle which was his, and with a murmured good-night, he went within.

Without noticing the other woman any more than the sand under her feet, Dorothy Arden in turn went to her place of rest. Dorothy Cassilis sat a little longer before the dying fire before she followed the example of the other two.

And there they lay that night, two women with the man they loved between, separated materially the one from the other by flimsy partitions which the

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feeblest hand could have torn away. Yet around them rose barriers of honor, Lovell's honor, which a giant might not have battered down, which indeed no one could do away with unless it were Lovell himself.

Of the three, the conscience of one was entirely clear. However foolish she might have been on the ship, on the island Dorothy Arden had followed the honorable, truthful, devoted course toward the other two. The conscience of Dorothy Cassilis grew more and more insistent every hour. Suppose Dorothy Arden had spoken the truth, suppose Robert Lovell had married her and thereafter had fallen in love with herself? Suppose, further, that he had sought to avail himself of the opportunity extended to him in that madly emulous proffer of submission, of that expressed willingness to enter into a relationship which, however it might have been in accord with her heart and his, as she fondly believed, had upon it no blessing of God, no sanction of man? What then? She shuddered in the contemplation of the possibility, yet it repented her not that she had made the offer; after the other woman had done so, she had to do it or give him up! Rather anything than that.

Yet now that the issue had become so joined and had come to such a point, she saw things a little differently from the way in which they had first presented themselves. She quaked with fear as she thought of into what she had been so nearly betrayed



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by her jealousy, yet afraid or not she would persist. It was not the warmth of the tropic night that caused the hot blood to rise in her face, while mingled with her fear, her trembling, her nervousness, and anxiety were emotions almost too sacred to translate. She loved him and he loved her. Whatever had happened to him before, he had made her believe that in the days gone by. And even now she persuaded herself that he looked more kindly upon her than upon the other woman. He was her champion, her defender. How noble and how splendid he had been when he refused them both. There were many men who might not have risen to that point of sacrifice. It confirmed her in the belief that he could not have done anything underhand or secret.

Lovell had indeed done much to redeem his faults, but no man could ever rightfully occupy so high a position as she placed him in that night. She would win him away from the other woman, the stronger, larger, abler woman—unconsciously she admitted that—yet a woman possibly lacking in some of those sweet and tender characteristics she knew men loved. She stretched out her hands toward the wattled partition as she lay on the yielding sand and in her movement there was longing, entreaty, and passionate caress.

And on the other side the hands of Dorothy Arden were stretched out in exactly the same way to the man who lay between them. How splendidly he had

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acted in the complication caused by what she believed to be the shameless and utterly immoral willingness of Dorothy Cassilis. She could not believe that Lovell had gone through any marriage ceremony with the girl. She shrewdly suspected that Dorothy Cassilis had at first and impulsively only made that claim to wifehood to counter her own; and loving the man as she did, she could have forgiven that, but she could not forgive the offer into which Dorothy Cassilis had been betrayed by the situation. She did not make any excuse for her or condone it. She saw the offer in its naked horror. There was a touch of the Puritan about Dorothy Arden.

Of course if Lovell had married Dorothy Cassilis—but that was impossible; no man in his senses could have done such a thing as that, with the other marriage so recently solemnized. And yet she had to think some one base and low; inevitably that must be the other woman.

Well, some day the eyes of Lovell would be opened and he would see. Some day the truth would be told. Meanwhile they were just two women alone on an island with one man. She had the advantage in beauty if not in charm. She felt herself the abler, stronger woman, not perhaps in things feminine, but surely a better match for this splendid man. If he never remembered, she could win him again; her chance was as good as—and yet her heart throbbed painfully when she thought of Dorothy Cassilis'

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indefinable and subtle charm, so unmistakable that even she recognized it. She remembered too how her blunt accusations had placed Dorothy Cassilis in the rôle of the persecuted and condemned and that Lovell had been in a measure forced to defend her. She admired Lovell and the courtesy he had shown, while she raged against it.

Dorothy Cassilis had lived in that world of women and men where the one had little to do but lead while the other followed. She was adept in all of the arts, fascinations, and the graces of society, while Dorothy Arden had been learning life lessons and conduct in the hard school in which daily bread is earned and prized. She was at some disadvantage. Well, she would put her pride aside. She would take a leaf from her rival's book. She, too, would deck herself with blossoms and make herself beautiful for the man she loved, and so she stretched out her hands to him as her weaker rival had done, passionately wistful that he might soon see and believe.

And what of Lovell, who lay between the two women, his head whirling with the immensity of the problem? On either side of that thin partition lay a woman who had offered herself to him. He did not even have to ask to receive, but simply to take. He was as honorable and clean-hearted a man as ever lived. He could not understand the situation. He could not bring himself to believe that he had been so great a scoundrel as the facts predicated, if

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they were facts. He could not see any room for mistake, and yet mistake there must be.

He racked his brain for recollection, and uselessly. The immediate past was a blank to him. He saw nothing and recalled nothing. These two women stood before him, the one tall and dark, nobly planned, commanding, splendid; the other smaller, softer, sweeter, more appealing. Was she more appealing? And either was his for the taking. But now that he had acted, he knew that in honor he could have taken no other course. If he had been the blackguard before, he was determined to be so no longer; and yet the man's hands went out toward the partitions on either side.

There came no sleep to those upon the sand of life. Across the niche the moon poured its light. Over the island the stars hung silently. Into their ears came the low crash of the distant waves upon the reef. Gentle breezes stole in and out—to cool fevered brows and moistened lips and burning cheeks. It was as if the heavens themselves had made sweet the environment in which the passions of man had planted the hell of jealousy and hate and envy and disappointment, and perhaps in the man's heart a touch of baser passion. Did he recognize it when he turned over on his face and buried his head in his hands and prayed voicelessly that he might remain the gentleman?

**Part IV**  
**The Book of the Stone Age**



## CHAPTER XIX

### CAVE DWELLERS

THE month that had elapsed since the momentous decision of Lovell had put him in first-class physical condition once more. His health had been completely restored, and the natural vigor of his being had come back in fullest measure. The return to health had brought about no restoration of memory. The conclusion as to whose husband he was still remained entirely unsettled. After a time, at his own request, the matter ceased to be discussed between them. His mental condition was not all that it should be. It seemed to the two women who watched him, and more especially to Dorothy Arden, who had the keener insight, that there was something lacking, sometimes at any rate. Something more than memory had gone. Not that he was insane or even unbalanced. His mind was as acute as it had ever been, his speech as rational, his thought as brilliant, his conversation as agreeable as in his best days; but he was changeable as he had never been aforesaid. His sunny disposition was subject to sudden reversals. His brow was sometimes knit with care, even pain. Some-

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times he had to force himself to cheerfulness and courtesy.

Was there some subtle and hidden relationship between the inward man and that physical blow or shock which had deprived him of his recollection? Had he indeed lost something else besides his memory? They watched him anxiously and could not tell. Sometimes he left them in one of his black moods and wandered away to the other side of the island to spend the day alone, and to come back to them at nightfall weary, but at peace again. Sometimes they were a little afraid of him. But generally he was what he had been, and they could love him in their hearts without fear and without restraint. These sudden, melancholy moods happily were rare.

They had all been very busy for one thing, and usually when night came they were thoroughly tired out. Lovell had wanted to do all the work, but the women had pointed out to him that it would be cruel to compel them to idleness, and they had also called his attention to the fact that the rainy season might be upon them at any time and certainly would be in a few weeks, and unless they were ready for it their condition would be a miserable one. To prepare for it would require the united efforts of all of them.

They had, perforce, decided that some mishap must have befallen the yacht; indeed they could come to no other conclusion. Lovell thought that she might have been cast away on some other island.



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If she had still floated and had been under command nothing would have kept her from returning for the party left behind. Her non-arrival gave them food for thought and greatly increased their anxieties, for in her fate were involved the lives of those they loved.

This was not a case where no news was good news, but there were so many possibilities of escape, even if the yacht had been wrecked, that they were not utterly cast down as to her fate. As Lovell pointed out, she was extraordinarily well built, in the best of condition, ably officered, and most efficiently manned. It was a certainty that if any of the people of the yacht reached any civilized port that they would without fail either come themselves or send some one back to the island. Their stay, therefore, would in all probability not be prolonged indefinitely. Yet the safest plan was to make every preparation for a long sojourn. If they were rescued no harm would be done and in any event it offered them pleasant occupation.

As soon as he felt strong enough after the explanation of their affairs, which incidentally did not explain anything, Lovell and the two women went on an excursion to the upland. Lovell had only casually explored the caves on the other side of the island on his previous visit, but he remembered enough to be sure that they would afford them much better abiding places than the niche which had hith-

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erto given them shelter. When the rainy season arrived they could not always count on the direction of the wind and if it should blow from seaward the niche would be flooded to its farthest corner. Besides, something more substantial and permanent was needed than the wattled partitions and dried grass.

Things looked differently to Lovell in full health and strength and vigor than they did at the beginning of his convalescence, and for his own protection as well as for the protection of the women he wanted more substantial divisions between them, and more privacy. One could not turn on the sand in the niche without the others being aware of the movement, did they chance to be awake.

The caves were like all coral caves, rugged, irregular, opening one from the other in the most confused way; but by searching they found one with an entrance on the plateau. This entrance was in the face of a little cliff near the edge of a grove of palms which rose with the hill from the inward side of the plateau. The entrance was narrow and it turned after running inward a few feet. That it would be an easy place to defend had flashed into the man's mind when they stumbled upon it. That, however, was not the greatest advantage. It did not occur to him that there would be any need for defense on the island. They were satisfied beyond doubt that there were no fierce predatory animals to be provided

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against. To be sure, savages from the south might come there, but they came upon no evidence that any had been there for a long time and Lovell hoped, indeed felt certain, they would be rescued before any came again, if indeed any such visitation ever were made. Nevertheless, the man, with the instincts of a fighting animal, had seen that it would be a good place for defense and rejoiced thereat.

The interior of the cave was what decided him. The back of it was divided roughly into three small arched niches, about eight feet high, which reminded him and Dorothy Cassilis, who had also seen it, of a miniature of the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine in the Roman Forum. Each one of these could easily be made into an appropriate sleeping chamber by continuing the rock partitions and closing the ends. But this arrangement again did not exhaust the delightful possibilities of that particular hole in the wall. Centuries before, a gigantic palm had grown from a projection in the face of the cliff about twenty feet above the entrance. The recent storm had overthrown it. Its roots had penetrated through crevices well into the interior of the cave and in falling it had dragged away portions of the rock, leaving an irregular opening about four feet square back of the shelf, which gave abundant light and air and which was yet high enough above the ground to keep anyone from getting in unless by the use of some sort of a scaling ladder.

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Outside, the perpendicular face of the rock was fairly smooth. Inside, Lovell found he could climb up to this natural window without difficulty. The floor of the cave was of the native rock of the island, covered with a sort of fine dry sand, the dust of centuries, doubtless. These advantages he pointed out to the women; indeed, they could see them for themselves, and they decided at once that they would there make their permanent abode. They still dwelt in the niche on the beach while they labored hard to turn this cave into a fit habitation. He would have put the two girls side by side, but they forestalled him, as each selected one of the end recesses. The center niche, which was smaller, Lovell therefore took for himself.

The storm had thrown down a good many trees, the smaller of which Lovell cut to shape with the invaluable axe, and with these he built up stout log partitions. He built two sides of a log house, as it were, for each end, the back and walls of the cave forming the other sides of the two enclosed rooms. In each front he cut a low door. There was no clay on the island with which to chink the interspaces, but small branches driven between the logs made tight partitions. On each girl's side the rough log surfaces were covered with rush mats which they wove, and they made thick beds of rushes to sleep upon.

The dinghy had been badly stove up, he discovered after careful inspection, and he knew that he

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could not make her seaworthy. Out of her planking and with nails drawn from her he made two light but strong doors which could be lifted into place and secured within by bars and sockets. Hinges were beyond him and they were not necessary. As the result of his labors each woman had a sleeping room into which she could retire and which she could close by a door that was strong enough to give her absolute privacy and security.

Lovell wasted no time in making a front wall for his room. A wattled screen for privacy was all that was required in his case.

In the front of these rooms the cave extended perhaps for twenty feet each way so that there would be abundant space for common use if they should be confined to the cave by the rains. They were not quite sure when the rainy season began, but there was as yet no immediate promise of it in the skies. Indeed, the untimely storm which had caused their abandonment was the only one that had visited the island since they landed upon it. The cave was thoroughly dry except for a spring in one corner.

As the weather was so delightful they lived and worked in the open air, only retiring to the cave at night. On a shelf in the rock of his own room Lovell had carefully placed the rifle and the pistol. He had not fired a single shot from either. There was no necessity to do so in the first place. There were birds on the island, but the shots might be more

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valuable than the poor meal which the bird would afford. He had some vague thoughts at least in that direction, so he kept them with the utmost care. Both weapons had been well oiled and in that dry atmosphere they did not rust. The man had tried to extract some fat from the fish that they caught, improvising hooks from hairpins, but had not been very successful. He wondered what the rainy season would do to the arms. He hoped before that time to have arrived at some process for getting some fat or natural oil. The cocoanuts contained oil, but how to try it out he did not know.

Following the example of the women, he had laid away his civilized clothing, if the soiled remains of his flannel suit could be so described, and was now dressed as they in a tunic of woven reed fabric. It was cool and comfortable, and although it was not very lasting all the cloth they wanted was theirs for the making. By doubling pieces of the tarpaulin over for soles, he had made excellent moccasins for all of them, proving himself a better cobbler than Dorothy Arden.

The man would have given worlds for a razor, but that was not to be thought of. His short and curly beard had to remain, and when his hair grew long he had to let it grow. The scissors and knife of the ditty bag had become dull from cutting the hard tarpaulin, and although he could sharpen the knife after a fashion, he could do nothing with the

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scissors. The dainty little gold mounted pair from Dorothy Cassilis' vanity bag had scarcely survived their use during his illness.

Two months had transformed these three people, products of the highest civilization, mold of fashion, and glass of form, who could scarcely have appeared anywhere in the world out of which they had come without attracting attention, into the outward and visible aspect of savages. Except for their fair skins, a casual glance might have identified them with the lighter aborigines of the South Seas.

This primitive raiment on Dorothy Arden was quite in keeping with her dark hair, her olive complexion, her dark arms and shoulders. It was less suited to Dorothy Cassilis, although even in her case it was not an unbecoming dress. The sun, of course, had left its mark upon both of them. Dorothy Arden seemed to imbibe some glorious touch of golden color from its rays. Dorothy Cassilis was devoutly thankful that she was a blonde who did not burn crimson, and, as with Dorothy Arden, the sun only served to enrich the brilliance of her color. They protected their heads when they went abroad in the heat of the day with conical hats that Dorothy Cassilis had woven out of the rushes.

They sought carefully to preserve all the amenities of civilized life, although there were certain freedoms of intimacy and intercourse into which they naturally fell in their untrammelled, unconventional

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life; but they were all self-respecting, high-bred persons, so they sedulously tried never to forget for a moment to live up to the part.

At Lovell's suggestion conventional titles had been discarded. At first he had thought that it would be well for them to use their Christian names in conversation, but as both women had been called Dorothy he saw that would not answer. Finally by agreement they addressed each other by their surnames. It was "Lovell" and "Cassilis" and "Arden" on the island.

Some sort of a *modus vivendi* of necessity had arisen between the two women. In the first place they had to be thrown together in their work. In the second place Lovell himself effected it by forcing them to enter into the general conversation of which he was the pivot. It was not so difficult to bring this about while they had so much work to do to occupy their hands and brains, but when all that they had planned had been completed and they had little occupation save that they might find in the enjoyments of life, conditions speedily changed. They were willing enough to go together when there was any work to be done, but simply to stroll about the island side by side, to explore it for pleasure together, was another matter.

Each woman was deeply jealous of the other, and the jealousy increased rather than diminished. Yet the hatred in which they mutually shared finally



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operated to bring about a state of affairs in which Lovell was left in turn to one or the other. If he walked in the morning with Dorothy Arden, Dorothy Cassilis remained at the camp, and in the afternoon the positions would be reversed. The constraint which had been somewhat broken had developed again. They had to take their meals together, but they spent no pleasant evening hours in conversation. As soon as night fell they went to rest. Of necessity they had acquired the habit of rising with the dawn.

The proverbial possibilities of idleness speedily developed. The day's work was soon done. To catch fish, to gather fruit, to prepare some sago flour, to add a few sticks to the huge pyre Lovell had built as a signal on the very edge of the promontory at the far end of the plateau—these completed the round of daily duties. The preparation of the meals, which was a simple matter indeed, was attended to by the women in turn. In such idyllic idleness the firmer fibres relaxed.

The man at first found himself growing more interested in one of the women and that the woman received his advances with delight. She acknowledged them and even returned them with a frankness begot alike by the conditions and her claims. The other woman, at first vaguely aware and finally almost convinced, watched the development with an angry and bitter resentment, intensified the more by the environment

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and the conditions. And yet in spite of this interest in Dorothy Cassilis, the man could not regard Dorothy Arden with indifference. When she was with him he had to pay tribute to her ability and personality. Away from both he thought oftener of the less dominant one of the pair. In his tenderer, saner, sweeter moods it was Dorothy Cassilis; in his black and savage hours Dorothy Arden who was most appealing; and sometimes so tossed about was he in his heart that he almost hated them both.

## CHAPTER XX

### LOVELL KISSES HIS WIFE

**D**OROTHY ARDEN, mistakenly or otherwise, became persuaded that her husband inclined toward Dorothy Cassilis. Although filled with dismay, she was not a woman to give up. During the first days of their cave sojourn, she had held rather disdainfully aloof, watching the other woman's coquetries with scorn. That this was an error in judgment was soon evident. When she saw the effect upon the man she bestirred herself.

Lovell soon began to see that Dorothy Arden could be as fascinating as Dorothy Cassilis. She had a more richly stored mind, she could talk brilliantly on subjects about which Dorothy Cassilis knew and cared nothing. She exhibited an almost masculine grasp on affairs. Not that she was in the least degree unwomanly, although perhaps she was slightly under-sexed. Dorothy Cassilis, on the contrary, was slightly over-sexed. Yet Dorothy Arden was intensely feminine at times and Dorothy Cassilis could rise to rugged heights on occasion. Dorothy Cassilis found the sailing not quite so easy when Dorothy Arden entered the lists.

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Robert Lovell must not be written down as a vacillating weakling, so infirm of purpose that he was incapable of constancy and without persistence. Allowance must be made for a man with two unusual and extraordinary women each of whom had declared herself his wife. Apparently it had been easy for him to reject them both at first, but now the situation was quite different. He had cared nothing for either of them before, now he was in love with one or the other, or both of them. And especially was it hard for him to follow the path he had marked out when his head throbbed with pain and he fell into one of his dark, tempestuous moods. For in such periods of depression it was with great difficulty that he could retain his self-command and think clearly. Usually he sought safety in flight.

His days were days of happiness mainly with one or the other of the lovers. Whichever woman was nearer to him seemed at the time the more desirable. He half wished he could have them both. And as civilization, society, religion faded farther away, the strange moods in which he seemed another man overwhelmed him more often.

Jealousy blinds as well as love. The two women did not realize that they were playing with fire, or if they did the warmth of the blaze stimulated their inclination to continue the play. To sit beneath the shade of the palms on some headland high-upraised, overlooking the dreamy sea, with the man she loved

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was heaven itself to Dorothy Arden. And that was equally true of Dorothy Cassilis. Save for the possibilities of the future, which she strove to forget, she also was entirely happy.

Some rudimentary feelings of fair play had operated to keep each woman from spying on the other; and neither ever mentioned the other to Lovell, or knew what happened in those hours in which her rival was alone with him.

Because of her consciousness of the reality of the tie that bound her, Dorothy Arden allowed herself a little greater freedom with her husband, and as like begets like, especially in such conditions, Lovell gradually came into more intimate personal touch with the woman who was really his wife than with the woman who loved him and hoped some day she might be what she declared she was.

The torn, bewildered man really put strong constraint upon himself. If he had been let alone he might have pursued the impartial and indifferent course he had marked out for himself; but he was not let alone either by one or by the other. Indeed, before many days had passed the innocent coqueties in which they had indulged became something deeper and warmer and at last the two women in turn openly made love to him as opportunities presented.

He fought hard against any betrayal of preference, but in vain. Indeed he strove valiantly for polite indifference to both of them; and that, too, with

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no success. The witchery of each woman was indisputable. They exercised over him a peculiar charm on account of the very difference between them. If he could only have decided which one he loved, to his own satisfaction, he thought he would be content to pass the rest of his days in the idyllic life of this unvisited Eden. But there was always the other!

Thus it fell out upon a morning soft and gentle, with Dorothy Arden by his side under the refreshing shade of the tall palms, when her hand strayed to his as it lay on the grass, that he suddenly turned and swept her to his breast. She had been half reclining and he had bent over her. For a moment in her surprise she had put out her hand to turn him away, whereat he had risen to his feet. Somehow the throbbing exaltation of his heart forced him upward. As he reached a standing position he lifted her up with him and then he fairly crushed her to his heart.

She drew her head back and looked up into his face. There was love in the man's eyes, undoubtedly that, but was there recognition? Could it be that he had at last remembered she was his wife? She had time for no more thoughts, for he bent and kissed her again and again with a passionate tenderness that brought the blood to her cheeks, that took her breath away. She struggled a moment, and then she gave him kiss for kiss, her arms went around him and they stood heart to heart under the trees. The golden sun

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of midday reflected from the calm, blue sea beyond them flooded the island with heat and pulsating light. It was very still in the dusky shadow of the great palms. The perfumed breeze touched them as with a faint caress. There was scarcely power enough in it to stir the gorgeous petals on the fragrant blossoms which grew on every hand.

They were alone. Man called voicelessly to woman and woman heeded the unspoken call as the first two might have done under the eyes of God in Eden's garden in the world's first morning. The delicious contact, the sense of triumph, the satisfaction of success at last, dazzled the woman. Finally she found voice, drawing away from him a little, yet still within his arms, and putting her hand against his mouth to check him until she had spoken.

"You know that I am your wife, that I told you the truth, that I belong to you and you to me?"

"Yes, yes," answered the man through her fingers that pressed his lips. "You are my wife and I love you."

"Thank God," exclaimed the girl. "I have waited for this acknowledgment—"

She bowed her head until it lay on his breast. He bent and kissed that glorious head, marveling that he had won such love.

"Come," she said at last, drawing herself away, "we shall go and tell that other woman that you know the truth at last." Her eyes searched his face

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eagerly and as she looked her own filled with swiftly rising apprehension. "You do remember, do you not?" she asked.

Yes, of course he remembered, but there was something lacking in his answer. The girl's face whitened. She put her hand against her heart. It had beaten so fiercely before, it almost stopped now.

"Lovell," she cried, "Robert, I can't believe—oh, my God!"

"Believe nothing but that I love you," he protested.

"Do you, indeed, recall?" she implored him, hoping against hope.

He sought to draw her to him again, but she held him off.

"I seem to recall it, to understand," said Lovell slowly, fighting down his accusing conscience; for such was the respect as well as the love she inspired in him that he felt utterly unable flatly to deceive her, however much he would fain do so.

"What did you say to me when you held me in your arms in your office that day we were married?" she asked suddenly putting him to the test.

If he could tell her she would know that he remembered and that he knew that she was his wife. But she did not give the man time to answer, for she saw in the swift alteration of his face that he could not tell her, and he realized that no lie would serve. She stepped back from him and drew herself away.



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"I will be no plaything," she burst out in bitter grief. "What a fool I have been. I thought you took me into your arms as your wife, not as a wild woman on a desert island without law, or love, or God."

"But I do love you," persisted the man, coming closer. "You mistake, you wrong me there. I will be honest with you. I can't lie to you, even for your love. But what difference does that make? I love you and you love me; we cannot doubt it with the sweetness of those kisses still on our lips and in our hearts. I ask nothing but your love. I will wait. I only want to be loved. I—"

"And will you tell all that to her?" she broke in. "No, you cannot," she continued, watching his changing face, "and I will not be anything to you, now or ever, until you know."

"Don't say that," he pleaded. "What if I don't know, what if I never know? I love you with all my heart. Won't you kiss me again?"

He stepped closer toward her, his eyes pleading. She had never loved him so much perhaps as at that moment, yet she did not give back or give way an inch.

As with outstretched arms he drew near to her she suddenly pushed him away. She miscalculated the force of her thrust. It caught him with one foot in the air. He reeled, staggered, and with difficulty kept himself from falling. When he steadied himself

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again she was gone. He could see her running out from under the trees and across the open toward the rude cave they had come to call home.

Woman running from man toward her cave as it might have been in the stone age! He took a step in her direction, then stopped, ashamed and yet not hopeless. The island was small, she was a woman. He was a man and his love was strong. There would be another day. He would have another opportunity to plead his love. Perhaps he had been wrong to tell her of it under the circumstances, yet as he thought of those delicious moments he was as glad as he was ashamed of himself and repentant that he had aroused her indignation and awakened any resentment. When and how had he failed? He racked his brain. Was it only in not remembering.

Dorothy Arden, her face white and drawn, her look one of anguish, brushed by Dorothy Cassilis busy with the fire at the cave mouth. Dorothy Cassilis had risen to her feet as she saw Dorothy Arden coming toward her on flying feet. She caught at her garment as she endeavored to pass. It parted, and Dorothy Arden turned in a passion, almost glad of the interruption.

"What has happened?" cried Dorothy Cassilis. "Why do you run and look so? Where is Lovell?"

"Go and find out," was the rude answer. "Let go of me. I don't want you to touch me—or him either."

## CHAPTER XXI

### NOR TRUTH NOR LIE WILL SERVE

DOROTHY CASSILIS had marked the direction whence Dorothy Arden had come. She knew the spot. It was one of the most beautiful on the island and she recognized, what she had already suspected, that it was not sacred to Lovell and herself, and that even as she had passed happy hours there with the man, so also had Dorothy Arden. Well, what of that? Something had happened, something of a serious nature. What it was she could not say. She had no clue except in Dorothy Arden's angry yet heart-broken look. Instantly she had jumped to the conclusion that her rival had received a rebuff. She could not refrain from joying in that triumphant assumption as she walked rapidly toward the man, whom she could now see in the distance.

As if to shut out the sight of things external so that he might have more freedom of consideration, Lovell had sat down, drawn up his knees, and rested his arms upon them and buried his face.

Dorothy Arden had unmistakably resented any affectionate demonstrations not based on a pre-acknowledgment that she was his wife. In his soul

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he admired her the more on that account, yet as he thought longer in the silence a good deal of human resentment entered his heart. For the moment he half wished that he had said that he did recall the marriage. And yet he knew that would have involved him in a maze of contradictions and fruitless mis-statements.

Habitually he contrasted the two women, and particularly did he do so on this day in his disappointment. He wondered whether Dorothy Cassilis would have displayed the same characteristics in the same situation. He was now perhaps not so fond of Dorothy Cassilis as of Dorothy Arden, because he knew that Dorothy Arden was the nobler woman. Yet she had rejected him by imposing impossible conditions—and this after she had kissed him, after she had lain in his arms and clung to him. It was maddening. His resentment grew. At last he deliberately made up his mind to apply to Dorothy Cassilis the same test that Dorothy Arden had passed so successfully and brilliantly. He would show Dorothy Arden that he could not be so trifled with. He would make her more jealous than she had ever been before, which would be saying a great deal.

And this plan was the more easy and agreeable because of Dorothy Cassilis' undisputed loveliness and charm. His heart throbbed at the thought. Let us deal gently with the erring. Perhaps the blow on his head and the shock he sustained had

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affected his moral nature as well as his physical being.

If he succeeded with Dorothy Cassilis what would his course be, what would his future be? He did not go that far. His first thoughts were simply to test her as he had proved the other woman. And if she proved unequal to the test, what then? Was there back in his consciousness a desire which even he did not recognize, to learn which was the better woman in order that in his saner moments he might choose which one might be his wife? Or were his subconscious purposes of a baser sort?

The sea, driven by the wind, was not more torn that he in heart and soul and it is proof that he was really *au fond* a gentleman, that he had to fight his conscience all the time, that he knew that he was doing wrong while he did it.

What would the other woman do? He heard her come through the leaves in the stillness. He did not even lift his head. He waited. Her soft, sweet hand fell gently on his shoulder. He slowly lifted his head and looked at her. His face was haggard and drawn. The sight of her determined him.

Dorothy Cassilis was less subtle, less penetrating than Dorothy Arden, less given to analysis. She was more simply woman. Her being went out to him. She forgot or overlooked everything but that he was in trouble and that she loved him and pitied him. His face appealed to her profoundly and his

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look influenced her, swept her away, suspended her judgment, as it roused her heart.

"What has she done to you?" she asked, woman-like investing her rival with all the blame.

"What did she tell you?" returned the man.

"Nothing. She rushed by me, her face full of anger and disappointment."

"Sit here by my side," said Lovell.

Was there anything indicative in the fact that when he spoke to Dorothy Arden he rose to his feet, that while he talked to Dorothy Cassilis he had her sit down by his side? Tremulously, almost shyly, she complied with his command.

"Not there," he said, leaning toward her and stretching out his arm and drawing her closer to him.

"You won't hurt me?" said the girl tremulously.

"Hurt you! I love you; is not that enough?"

"But love sometimes hurts," was the answer.

And Dorothy Cassilis, just as her sister had done, laid her hand upon her heart, as if she already experienced the pang.

"It may be, but is there any pleasure to compare with the pain of this?"

It was the second time that day that he had taken a woman to his heart. It was the second time he had felt the beat of a woman's heart upon his breast. Yet it was the other who flashed into his mind then!

"You said," he continued, holding her close, as if to stifle his conscience, "that you were my wife."

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"Yes," murmured the girl.

He tried to lift up her head as she bent lower and turned it away. Dorothy Cassilis was suddenly appalled. He had no right to kiss her as a wife. Yet to draw back now would be to confess the truth, to give up everything. She found herself enmeshed, innocently enough, but nevertheless actually, in the toils of her own deceit; and that her deceit had been — to her at least — for a worthy end did not make the situation any easier. And that she loved this man and would have died for him, that the strength went out of her at his touch, at his words, was not enough to quiet her conscience.

Lovell put his hand to her face gently but firmly and turned it toward him. What he saw there startled him. There was something so sweet, so timid, so innocent, and yet so fearful that it should have given him pause. She loved him beyond doubt, yet she was afraid.

Lovell did not know why she was so much more terrified than Dorothy Arden had been. He did not dream that her claim was less firmly based on fact and truth than that of the other woman.

With the kisses of Dorothy Arden still warm upon his lips he bent to this girl, and kissed her, pressed her close. Giving way at last, as her rival had done, she lay on his breast unresisting, murmuring words of endearment to match his own. And then at last, just as the other woman had done, — she said to him:

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"I am your wife. I am your own before God and the world"—and the world to her again as to her sister was only the other woman—"Let us go to her and tell her that you have decided between us."

How could the man look Dorothy Arden, that clear-eyed, outraged goddess, in the face, that woman who but half an hour before he had clasped in his arms, and tell her that he had changed his mind and loved another? What would she, what could she, think of love like that?

"Why say anything to her at all?" he said at last, hating himself, yet madly persistent and resolved, come what might. "She is nothing to me. Let her make her claims as much as she pleases while you and I laugh in secret and—"

She shook her head.

"I cannot," she answered, bewildered, but also without the resentment she should have felt. As yet she was only surprised and amazed as well as disappointed.

"And why? You are my wife. You recall the day—"

Lovell stopped suddenly as he realized that she had not yet asked him, as had the other, if he recalled that day in San Francisco when the yacht went away. He did not remember, of course, but this time he would make no mistake. He would not hesitate now.



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"You mean that afternoon—in—in San Francisco when—I said—we—were—married?" she faltered, fighting against the realization of his duplicity.

"Yes," was the prompt answer, "I remember it all now, at last."

She looked at him, sick at heart.

"You remember!" she exclaimed.

"Everything," he answered with reckless indifference to truth and consequence alike.

Her eyes grew dark with fear and suspicion. Did he know at last that she had lied, and was he seeking deliberately to take advantage of her? She would lead him on.

"Yes?" she began again, carefully averting her face lest he should read her thoughts. "Tell me just what happened."

"I have forgotten much, I confess," said Lovell, glibly, "but my love for you has brought the essentials back to me. I remember that we went ashore after lunch that day"—he had learned by judicious questioning that much—"then we took a taxi"—in his turn he too looked carefully away, because he was not a good liar and he feared as much as she that she might see the truth; and he was so absorbed in preventing her from realizing his gross deceit that he did not observe her edging away from him—"then we drove to the license bureau, got a license—"

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"Yes, yes, go on," said the girl—and if he had not been so preoccupied he would have seen that she knew he was lying.

"Then we went to the church and were married, just as you said," he added triumphantly, glad to get it over, at any rate.

"Oh, my God!" cried Dorothy Cassilis, completely disillusioned, as he faced her at last.

The same appeal it was that had fallen from Dorothy Arden's lips. She flung herself down on the grass on her face. Her body shook and quivered. Her throat was choked with sobs.

"And so," continued Lovell, blundering into his well deserved doom, "I recognize that you are my wife and that Dorothy Arden is not." He rose to his feet and stepped over to her. "I cannot bear to see you suffer so. I don't know why you feel this way. You have gained your end. I acknowledge your claim."

He sought to lift her up, but she would not permit and from where she lay she asked him:

"Will you tell the other woman this?"

"I shall never speak to her about it as long as I live," he said evasively, for somehow he could not bring himself to comply with that request.

And this time she did suffer him to lift her up until she stood erect before him.

"And you remember all that?" she asked.

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She was willing, anxious to give him one more chance to clear himself, realizing now that he remembered nothing. She was a weaker woman than Dorothy Arden, and Lovell had fallen low in her esteem; she could not respect him as she had; and yet she loved him, although she despised herself for it. Lovell was bewildered by these sudden changes, but for answer he swept her to his breast again in sudden madness of passion.

"Let me go," she cried, frantically struggling; "you don't understand. I almost hate you."

But he would not be denied. The madness to which he was liable and which had been slowly developing was now in full possession of him. He scarcely knew now what he was doing or why, but he persisted. He got his arms about her arms and forced them against her side. Finally he held her absolutely helpless, at his mercy. Her clothing was torn, her hair unbound, her face pale, her eyes wild with terror. Then she screamed.

"Help!" she cried.

She shrieked out broken words, appeals, still writhing desperately in his grasp. She called upon God and man on this desert island into which, if it were an Eden, surely Satan had entered not wearing a serpent's skin but with a serpent's mind. She knew there was no help from man, and God seemed silent, yet she cried and struggled and screamed and fought on.

## CHAPTER XXII

### WHEN WOMAN CALLED TO WOMAN

**I**NTO the fray came Dorothy Arden. The first paroxysm of her grief and shame spent, she rose from the bed on which she had thrown herself and went out of the cave, forgetful of torn raiment and everything. She stepped into the entrance and looked about for Dorothy Cassilis. She was not there. The fire was low; evidently she had been gone some time, probably ever since her own return. Where had she gone? To seek Lovell, of course. What, in his present state of mind, which she very well knew, might the man do to the woman? What would the woman do to the man?

That agreement which had been maintained between the two that neither should spy on the other was not an infallible one. In such an emergency it ought to be broken and she would break it. What was in her mind she did not stop to define. Curiosity? Jealousy? Determination? Her feelings were in a turmoil that defied analysis. Would Lovell appeal to Dorothy Cassilis? Would she fail where Dorothy Arden had triumphed? She would see.

## WHEN WOMAN CALLED TO WOMAN

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She ran rapidly through the trees, presently arriving at a little thicket of undergrowth whence she could observe the course of events without hearing what was said. She crouched down and watched. She saw Dorothy Cassilis sitting by Lovell's side on the grass, their arms entwined. She saw Lovell kiss her. She had miscalculated her own resolution. If the other woman could give way to him, why not she? At any rate, she was the real true wife, and even if he had married Dorothy Cassilis in some moment of madness he had married her before. She had the prior claim. She grew blind, mad with rage and jealousy.

Scarcely knowing what she did, formulating no purpose, she ran back to the cave. She tore open the screen that covered Lovell's niche. She seized the pistol and retraced her steps. As she came on again a scream broke on her ear. She stopped short. What could it mean? And then as shriek succeeded shriek she ran faster.

This time she was forced to no precautions. She saw the two figures struggling under the trees. In spite of herself a thrill of pride, the pride of sex, went through her heart. The same courageous blood ran in the veins of her sister whom she had called contemptuously the weaker woman. She would be the plaything of animal man no more than Dorothy Arden herself.

While she had brought it on herself Dorothy

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Arden never doubted that Dorothy Cassilis had lied. She had no legal claim to wifehood and everything involved, so she had little right to resist Lovell. Dorothy Arden stopped a moment uncertainly. Let him take her. It would be a fitting revenge indeed. She had brought it on her own head.

"You may conquer her and take her," she said to herself. "It would be payment for her assurance, the lie she told."

Yet she would not have been a woman if her heart had not gone out to the poor girl so desperately striving to break away from that madman. As she stepped slowly out from under the trees in full view of the struggle the exultation in her face faded away, the jealousy was superseded by pity. After all Dorothy Cassilis was a woman. She was caught in a web of her own devious weaving, but she was a woman. She was trapped in her own deceit, but she was a woman. Great was the appeal of sex to sex, of weakness to weakness, of modesty and virtue to modesty and virtue. They triumphed even over love, jealousy, and possession.

Holding the pistol, which she very well knew how to use, Dorothy Arden moved toward the struggling two, and at that instant Dorothy Cassilis' frightened eyes, seeking help everywhere but hitherto in vain, caught sight of her.

"You!" she cried. "If you are a woman, help me!"

## WHEN WOMAN CALLED TO WOMAN

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The meaning of the words penetrated Lovell's maddened brain. He realized that the other woman was there. What had Dorothy Arden to do with them? Why had she come? His heart questioned furiously. He turned his head to see, his grasp naturally relaxed a little. By one last, almost super-human effort Dorothy Cassilis tore herself away. She made a step or two in the direction of the other woman and fell prostrate, trembling, broken, exhausted, and Dorothy Arden sprang to her side.

"And so you tried," she said to Lovell with withering scorn, "to make love to her in the same hour, did you?"

Lovell stared speechless. As the consequences of his actions came to him a burning wave of shame and humiliation warmed his cheeks. The black insanity of the past few minutes passed as swiftly as it had come. It left his conscience naked to his vision and sorely shamed. He sought for repentance bitterly and found no place for it then. He struggled for words of exculpation and found none. Justification was impossible, he realized. Yet he must do something. He put out his hands entreatingly. He opened his mouth to speak, but Dorothy Arden was in no mood to hear. She could not think or see clearly enough to comprehend his position. She could make no excuse for mental disturbance, for madness then. Later, perhaps, but not in those passionate moments. The hand that presented the auto-

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matic was as steady as a rock in spite of her nervous excitement and internal agitation.

"Because I love you still, God help me," she said slowly, "I should hate to kill you, but if you come a step nearer —"

Lovell dropped his hands and forced himself to look directly at her. Even in his misery and shame he could read purpose in the woman's eyes. The very steadiness of the hand that held the weapon — and at that short range she could not have missed him — bade him beware. There was no time for explanation then, no apology would suffice if uttered. He looked from the prostrate figure of one woman at his feet, the delicate fabric that she wore ripped and riven, to the standing figure of the other woman confronting him. He could never explain, he could never justify himself. It was hopeless.

"I have been mad," he whispered hoarsely, covering his eyes with his hands. "I don't know what I did. Is my memory coming back? I seem to recall." He looked at her a long time. "Are you my wife? Oh, God, are you my wife?"

"Whatever I am," said the woman, "I am nothing to you now. Go!"

"But I wonder —"

"We shall be watchful. We shall be ready and if you approach either one of us —"

The humiliated man did not give her time to finish her sentence. He turned away and plunged reck-



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lessly across the open. Dorothy Arden watched him go while Dorothy Cassilis lay sobbing at her feet. He passed by the cave that they had come to call home without a look. She was still fearful so she watched him until he disappeared through the gate or pass in the rocks that led from the plateau to the beach.

"Come," she said, stooping over her prostrate sister, "he is gone; let us go back to the cave."

"Oh," wailed Dorothy Cassilis as Dorothy Arden lifted her up, "you don't understand; he—"

"I understand everything," said the girl.

"You saved me from the—consequences—" she went on, and again she stopped; she could not confess to that woman even then.

"It is not because I care for you, but because you are a woman," said Dorothy Arden bluntly and even contemptuously. "Come, let us go back to the cave."

"You must not leave me alone," faltered Dorothy Cassilis.

"I hate you still, but we shall have to stay together now," said Dorothy Arden. "One of us must watch all the time, unless you care to give up—"

"No, no," screamed Dorothy Cassilis, "not on the conditions."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### OUT OF THE DEEP CALLING

**A**S FOR Lovell, he plunged down through the bushes until he got to the niche in the sand. He had told the truth to one woman and lost her; he had lied to another and lost her. The stronger, more nobly planned woman had received his proposals with scorn, although he could swear that Dorothy Arden loved him. The kinder, gentler one had finally responded to his brutal attack in exactly the same way, although again he could swear that Dorothy Cassilis loved him. And the fact that he had so far forgotten himself, that he had given way to such base and brutal passion and the further fact that both had treated him alike, the consciousness that he had been so humiliated both by himself and them, that he had been made helpless by a woman's hand, backed by a woman's honor and a woman's feeling for her sex, plunged him into the very depths of shame and abasement. He did not realize fully the madness to which he had been subject in the island since his fall, or that might have given him a little comfort.

He sat down by the side of the water and looked

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out to sea. Perhaps the best thing he could do was to plunge in and swim out and out until— No, not all the waters of the ocean could wash him clean. And, in spite of the travail of his soul, his better nature told him he must live for these women. He must expiate his criminal conduct. He could not die for them yet. That would do no good. To live and serve them would be much better. He would fain reestablish himself in their good graces. He would crush the devil that had obsessed him; he would subdue the animal that had surged up and broken and overwhelmed him. Not again would he lose his self-control. Not again would he give way.

Out of the deep of sorrow and shame and despair he called upon God. He went back into the niche. He threw himself down on the sand; instinctively he hid his burning face in his hands and prayed that he might be forgiven, even though he had scarcely known what he had done. He besought the Lord that he might have grace once more to be a man and not a brute, that he might again see trust and love in the eyes of Dorothy Arden and whatever there might be in the eyes of Dorothy Cassilis, and that they three could live together as they had on that lovely island in the far off forgotten seas, on the island which from a paradise had been changed to an inferno—and by him!

The sun went down on three of the most unhappy people in the world. Marooned though they were

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on this deserted island far from the ignoble strife of the maddening crowd, the same passions and miseries that have torn the bosoms of mankind since time and the world began, found lodgment in their breasts. The strange madness which had infected the brain of the man had passed, though the women did not know it. More like his normal self he continued to dwell upon his actions with the horror they merited. He sought fiercely in his mind for some method whereby he could rehabilitate himself in the mind of Dorothy Arden primarily, and only secondarily in the mind of Dorothy Cassilis. Yet, like Esau and the way of repentance he craved, he found no way of amendment, though he sought it carefully and with tears throughout the dragging hours of the night. Toward morning, utterly worn out at last, he finally fell into a troubled, broken, haunted sleep that finally almost became stupor.

After the first shock which had brought the two women into close and intimate communion had passed, their natural jealousies and antagonisms reasserted themselves again. It was, they feared, as if they had compromised the claims they still insisted upon and cherished by their accommodations to each other.

The present danger ceased to be pressing. The tie that had bound them temporarily was strained and broken and each one began in her heart to make excuses for the man, insisting to herself that he could

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not have been himself when he had given way to such ruthless, bestial savagery. He had gone with bowed head across the upland and through the pass. There was something in his attitude which bespoke dejection, shame. Like true women, they were prone to make excuses. The man who had fought so fiercely with them was not the man they loved; but the man they loved they loved none the less because, under some evil obsession, he had exhibited himself in such a guise. Yet, although both thought the same things, neither spoke her thought to the other. They remained side by side in front of the cave in silence. Neither told what had happened to the other, although each suspected.

Dorothy Cassilis was ashamed that she had called for help on Dorothy Arden, and Dorothy Arden was angered that she had volunteered protection. Now that he was away and the danger no longer imminent, each woman believed that he would never give way again; that alone she could have brought him to reason and right thinking. They ate their miserable meal in silence, each one thinking of the lonely man down on the sands with nothing to break his fast, neither realizing that in his shame he could not have swallowed a morsel of food.

Very early that night they went back to their rooms in the cave. There was little interchange of speech between them. They were not accustomed to bid each other good-night and they did not care to

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begin then. Dorothy Arden went into Lovell's rooms and brought forth the rifle.

"We would better keep these ourselves hereafter," she said, extending it and the pistol. "You can have either one you choose."

"I know nothing about either," faltered the younger woman.

"I should think any woman would know enough to pull a trigger in defence of her honor," said the elder.

"You think that he—?"

"I think nothing. Here, take the pistol; it's easier to handle."

She thrust the automatic into Dorothy Cassilis' trembling hands, and left her ashamed that she had entertained the thought that either of them might need a weapon to protect her from the man she loved.

Some hours later a sleepless woman tossing upon her bed of rushes heard a footstep in the outer apartment of the cave. It fell lightly on the sandy floor apparently in front of Lovell's quarters. All her senses on the alert, Dorothy Arden sat up and grasped the rifle, a sick feeling of horror in her heart, but not of fear for herself. While she held the gun she was the stronger. A spasm of anguish and disappointment shot through her soul that the excuses she had made for him had been unjustified by him. She had carefully secured the door he had

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made when she had gone to her chamber. It was strong; he could not soon or easily break it down. So she waited, striving vainly to see out into the darkness of the cave through a crevice between the logs, the rifle across her knees. The step came nearer; a pebble rolled beneath the pressing foot; a hand reached out and fell lightly upon the door. The woman within locked her hand around the grip of the Winchester, waiting for a summons and praying agonizingly.

"Let me in," came to her in faint whisper.

It was Dorothy Cassilis' voice. In her relief Dorothy Arden almost fainted.

"What do you want?" she asked. "You have a room of your own."

"I am afraid. It's so dark. He might come back."

"You have the pistol."

"Yes, yes, I left it behind. For God's sake let me in."

Her voice rose to a scream. She was terrified beyond measure. She beat upon the door with her hands. It was more than Dorothy Arden could endure. She rose and lifted the heavy bar that held the makeshift door.

"Come in," she said, staring at the cowering figure before her.

There was contempt and yet a little pity in her tone.

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"Where are you going?" cried Dorothy Cassilis as the other brushed by her.

"To get that pistol. Where is it?"

"By the rushes where I was lying."

In a moment Dorothy Arden was back.

"Go in," she said, and as the other preceded her, she followed, carefully replacing the bar that secured the door.

"I will just sit down here in the corner," quivered Dorothy Cassilis, who was utterly unnerved.

"No," said Dorothy Arden. "The bed is wide and you can lie here with me."

And so the two who hated each other passed the long and dreary night side by side.



**Part V**  
**The Book of the Fighting Race**



## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE UNWELCOME VISITORS

HAVING been awake for so much of the night, Lovell's sleep, which had at first been light, restless, and disturbed, at last became very heavy, and toward morning he lay almost like one dead. It was broad daylight before he awakened. Whether the rays of the sun penetrating the niche in which he lay and falling on his face, or whether a strange rhythmical clicking-clacking sound awakened him, he could not tell. At any rate so soon as he opened his eyes he was conscious of both light and noise.

There was nothing novel about the sunlight, but he had never before heard a sound like that which now smote the fearful hollow of his ear. Usually he awakened with every sense keenly alert. To open his eyes, to stretch himself, to rise to his feet, to move away, were practically simultaneous actions on ordinary occasions. This morning he lay heavily, closing, and with his hands covering, his eyes to shut out the light while he listened. The noise, like the *appel* of a fencer, was a sharp one and it appeared to be growing in volume while maintaining its regular succession of sound.

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Such was Lovell's lethargy and inertia that for a few moments he made no effort to find out what it was. He only listened. It seemed to be growing much louder, as if it were coming rapidly nearer. It was a sound which might be produced by striking wood on wood, he decided, although its increasing volume would imply hundreds of hands and blows.

As he speculated upon it he wondered whether it were real or only some product of his overstrained imagination. That it was a reality another sound unmistakably proved. It was a human voice! And this awoke him to instant action.

He opened his eyes and listened for a second, then he leaped to his feet and stood gazing, amazed, terrified beyond expression at what he saw. The sea beyond the reef was covered with Papuan canoes! They were headed for the break in the barrier reef which gave entrance to the lagoon. Indeed, the first canoes were already passing through the entrance. He did not take time to count them but he was sure that there were at least fifty of them. Each one contained from twenty to fifty Polynesians.

The gaudily colored, fantail sterns of the huge war canoes raked up high into the air. Their broad, heavy prows were grotesquely carved and painted. Their bodies were long and narrow and on one side or the other of each canoe smaller outriggers connected by long, unsubstantial looking poles served to balance the crank vessels and make them seaworthy.

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On some of the larger boats a light platform for carrying passengers had been built between the outrigger and the canoe proper. Slender pole masts rose forward in some of the vessels, but as the wind was off shore no sails were set.

Every man in every canoe was facing the direction in which they were going. The squatting men were paddling rhythmically and in unison, and the clicking-clacking sound that he heard was caused by the fact that as each man finished his stroke he lifted his heavy paddle and struck it sharply against the gunwale of the canoe. Thus each stroke was followed by a little crash, and there was a queer sort of harmony maintained evidently between all of the canoes.

On the platforms stood or sat numerous other persons, some of whom from their broad-spreading grass skirts were evidently women. The men who were not rowing were armed with long and short clubs and slender lances or spears. He could see their polished tops and edges of sharks' teeth or jagged fish bones or sharpened obsidian — volcanic glass — glistening in the sun. The men were naked save for breech clouts and their huge dark, frizzled heads of hair, their gaudily painted faces, their feather trimmings no less than their brightly colored wooden shields and weapons indicated that they were prepared for war. Indeed, they were so near that Lovell thought he could distinguish in some of the canoes bound bodies, as if captives, perhaps destined

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for some hideous cannibalistic orgy to be celebrated on the shore.

The men, in color a light rich brown, were tall and muscular and fierce looking. Advanced on a platform in the foremost canoe was one who seemed to be a chief. He was taller and more elaborately painted and decorated than the others and it was his halloo which had aroused Lovell. The keen-eyed savages, surrounding their leader and searching the shore with their glances, had suddenly caught sight of him as he lay in the niche in full view from the sea. Now as he stood out on the sand he was instantly seen by everybody. So surprised were the Papuans that whether by order or command they simultaneously stopped rowing; that is, those within the leading canoe and the next two or three which were now well within the lagoon did so, and from a multitude of throats a great menacing cry burst forth, while paddles were brandished threateningly in the morning air.

Although Lovell was sun-burned and browned by his life in the open air, his skin must have seemed very white to those dusky adventurers from the sea. They had come evidently from some of the far distant almost unknown islands to the southwest, perhaps for sago and cocoanuts, perhaps to celebrate on this particular island, which might have possessed some ritualistic significance, one of the disgusting cannibalistic feasts for which they were famous. At any

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rate, every white man was an enemy alike to those who had ever seen one and to those who had only heard of them in some story of savage warfare.

They signified the animus which was within them without a moment of hesitation. The chief, quickest to recover from his astonishment, lifted his spear, drew it back, and hurled it with astonishing force across the lagoon directly at the white man. His aim was perfect but the distance was too great to be covered by the power of any human arm. The spear flashed gracefully through the air in a great parabola and buried itself harmlessly in the sand on the extreme edge of the water, some distance from the white apparition which so amazed them.

Now Lovell was entirely unarmed. The rifle and the pistol and even the axe or hatchet were all in possession of the women on the upland. His first thought was to possess himself of the weapon before him. Although the distance between the leading vessels and the shore was rapidly narrowing from the momentum of the canoes, he ran down the beach to the water's edge and grabbed the spear, still quivering, point downward, in the sand. Finding it a sharply pointed, serviceable weapon, he shook it a moment in defiance and then started to run. Another spear from the nearest man to the chief grazed him. This warrior's example was followed by every man on the platform of the first boat. At the same instant at a word of command the rowers dug their

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paddles into the water once more and the boats fairly leaped toward the shore.

Foreseeing their action, Lovell had run back up the beach and away from the water's edge, still the spears fell all about him. Fortunately none of them hit him. Realizing that he would now have to fight for his life and the lives of the women and that every weapon would be of the utmost value, he stopped until he had gathered up an armful of lances. As he did so another danger menaced him. There fell all about him a shower of stones cast from slings. He had time to mark that the stones were egg-shaped and pointed. One of them indeed grazed his shoulder, making a painful though superficial cut.

The Papuans shouted with savage joy and some of them now hurled their ulas — short throwing clubs — at him, but Lovell waited for nothing. He ran with the fleetness of a deer, pursued by sling-shots and spears and clubs for a little space until they saw that he was out of range. He raced up the beach toward the narrow ravine and the tall, stone gateway at its inner end which led to the plateau.

By this time the waters of the lagoon were covered with the canoes. If they had been led by a general the course of the canoes would have paralleled the shore in an effort to head him off, which might have been successful, for the light vessels could be driven through the water with astonishing speed, and in the long run they would probably have tired



## THE UNWELCOME VISITORS

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him out and caught him. But this did not occur to any of the savage tacticians, for they drove their boats high up on the beach directly before them and swarmed out of them on the sand. The rowers, dropping their paddles, seized their weapons and joined the chiefs and headmen, the wretched captives being left bound and under guard on the beach for the time being.

They all tore down the beach after Lovell at top speed, wasting their breath in savage war cries and yells which but incited him to faster movement. He had never sprinted so fast in his life around the bases or on the cinder track or across the gridiron to the accompaniment of another kind of yell as he ran then, and his mind was working as quickly as his feet and legs.

This was a danger which, while it had always been possible, he had scarcely expected. The situation appeared to be practically hopeless. At the lowest estimate there were from five hundred to a thousand savage warriors in pursuit of him. Even if he had possessed weapons in abundance they would get him in the end if they persisted. And he had heard enough about their courage, endurance, and ferocity not to have any doubts as to their persistence.

It was not of himself that he thought as he ran, but of the women. They could do little more than kill him, but the possible fate of the women filled

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him with horror. He, who on yesterday had been as willing as one of these savages today to rob these women of that they most held dear, was now strained to the highest point to protect them from such a possibility! Strange reversal of a day! Well, if the worst came to the worst, they could all die together, and he would see that the women died first.

He judged it to be about six o'clock in the morning. The savages had evidently taken advantage of the calm, beautiful night for their long voyage. The sea was as smooth as the sea ever becomes, and they had wisely made their journey under the clear moonlight rather than through the long, hot, sunny day.

He wondered whether the women were awake and up. He wondered how he should get word to them. It was some distance from the gate at the end of the ravine to the cave in the wall where they had made their home. He could not arouse them by any call he alone could give forth. They would probably be engaged in getting their breakfast and would be in utter ignorance of their imminent and deadly peril unless the united shouts of his assailants warned them. Well, he could not help that. It was a task beyond him.

Whether he could hold these savages at the pass in the rocks he could not tell; or if he could hold them at all, how long, he could not even imagine. At least he would make a brave try. He did not

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doubt that if he could hold his position long enough the women would find out what was happening. At least, he surmised that before long they would be seeking him. For one thing he comforted himself with the thought that there would be nothing in particular gained by their knowledge. They could offer little or no help in such a struggle as he foresaw. When they did learn they would be fearfully afraid.

All he could do was to run and, when the time came, to fight. He determined that he would do that latter in such a way as to give his enemies pause.

And there was a singular feeling of satisfaction in his mind. He had behaved so badly the day before; he had longed for an opportunity of expiation, and now here it was at hand. Before he died he would show those women another side of his character, one which they had scarcely imagined, it might be. Their last thoughts of him should be as of a brave man who, having fought to the bitter end, had laid down his life for them.

Arrived at the ravine, he observed ere he plunged up it and lost sight of his pursuers that he was a better runner than they. They were further behind than when the race had started. He climbed hastily up the ever narrowing, broken trail until he gained the head of the ravine. From there he could not see the lower opening owing to the twisting and turning of the pass; he had no doubt whatever but that

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the pursuers would follow him there as they had on the beach. Indeed, he could hear their shouts and cries drawing nearer.

He had before studied this spot and the possibilities for its defence, although never quite so critically as at that moment. The huge pinnacle-like rocks that marked the entrance rose perhaps fifty feet on either side of him like towers. The space between was broad enough for two or three people to pass without crowding. On either side, beyond the base of the upright rocks, fell away the perpendicular walls of the cliff. Indeed, he had often thought that the pathway, or trail, which led up to the entrance had originally been an artificial one for the last ten or fifteen feet of its length, although if that were the case it had become so thoroughly blended with the natural rock as to be indistinguishable. He had made no attempt to clear the ravine of most of the fallen trees after the great storm which had broken upon them the night of their arrival on the island. One or two which had squarely obstructed the path he had moved, but the others lay where they had fallen or where the torrent had carried them. They had always gone up and down in single file and they needed little room. The obstructed trail was difficult, therefore, for more than two or three to come up at the same time.

If he had possessed modern weapons and had enjoyed some cover he might have held the pass

## THE UNWELCOME VISITORS

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indefinitely. As it was, the disadvantages of the situation lay in this, that in any defence of the opening, or gate, he had to stand in full view of the attackers on the trail below, where there was a broad shelf just at the turn which would hold a number of persons. And if the enemy could scale the cliffs on either side or gain access to the plateau in any other way, of course he would have to flee, if, indeed, he could.

Now on the upland the trees grew on the very edge of the plateau. Some of them had fallen near the entrance. Lovell had but a few moments for preparation, but his mind worked with extraordinary quickness. Carefully laying the spears—a glance at which told him he had gathered eleven—against the rocky gate, he rushed over to the nearest fallen tree. It was rather a small palm. He could not have lifted it under ordinary circumstances, but in the tremendous necessity and by the exertion of a strength that was almost superhuman, he dragged the tree across the entrance. It was a small trunk, not more than six inches in diameter, but he rested its top on one side so that it lay across the opening at an angle of forty-five degrees. If he only had the axe he could have chopped down other small trees and made some sort of a screen. As it was the tree would give him a little protection and it would check in some measure the rush, if any were attempted. At any rate, it was the best that he could do.

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The plateau was bare of stones, but the trail below him on either side was heaped with them. He stepped over the slender barricade to the trail and, although the shouts of the savages told him they were near, he worked desperately tossing stone after stone up on the plateau. In the end these missiles of the cave man might prove of value. A spear whizzing by his shoulder and which he had the coolness to seize warned him that he could tarry no longer. He clambered up the narrow trail, leaped the barrier, and turned with spear in hand.

He calculated that he could make good his defence here for some time, unless there were some other way to the plateau which he did not know but which the savages could make use of. Even if there were, he reasoned rapidly and correctly, in their impetuosity they would not try it for some time. Lovell had no mind to throw his life away unnecessarily. His plan was to fight at the entrance as long as possible and then take advantage of the first opportunity to run to the cave where with the aid of the firearms he could hope to hold them off for some time longer.

Of course, he realized that there was only one possible ending to the encounter if the savages persevered, as they certainly would do, especially if they caught sight of the women, and that there was no hope of rescue; still it was better to fight and to die fighting than to submit or to commit suicide.

## THE UNWELCOME VISITORS

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Indeed, the joy of the combat, the inspiration in facing fearful odds, the pride of race, the instinct of protection and defence of womankind were all getting into his blood. He fairly rejoiced in a terrific, ruthless way when he saw the brown faces, the bushy heads, the plumes and spears and shields of the Papuans.

## CHAPTER XXV

### HOW THE CAVE MAN HELD THE PASS

**T**HE islanders came upward, panting and yelling, and as they caught sight of Lovell they turned from the shelf to the last few yards of narrow upward trending trail. More spears were thrown, but their footing was uncertain and their aim indifferent, for none of the missiles hit Lovell.

Now, in competing for the last Olympic games he had practiced for the pentathlon in throwing the javelin. The weapon was, therefore, familiar to him. It was characteristic of the man that, reserving his own supply, he picked up one of the spears that had been just thrown at him and hurled it downward with all his force. The point caught the leading savage fairly in the breast. Such was the impetus that Lovell's powerful arm had given it that the barbed lance passed clear through him. The Papuan screamed, threw up his hands, and went down as if he had been struck by a rifle bullet. As he had made his throw, Lovell had stepped backward behind the nearest column. The next moment the air was filled with whirling clubs and stones. Choosing his time immediately after the discharge, Lovell



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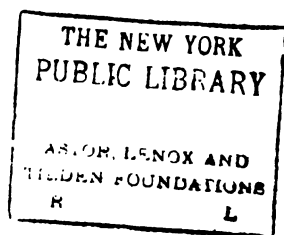
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Lovell leaped out and, as fast  
the savages.



1 launch them, hurled lance after lance at



## HOW THE CAVE MAN HELD THE PASS

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leaped out again and, as fast as he could launch them, hurled lance after lance at the savages. The shelf below and the first few feet of the trail were crowded with warriors now, all yelling madly. Some of the lances were caught on up-raised shields or diverted by war clubs skilfully interposed, but some of them got home. On the other hand, Lovell did not come out scathless. One return spear grazed his body, another gashed deeply the calf of his leg. A throwing club struck him on the arm, fortunately his left arm. It hung almost numb for a moment. Two spears which quivered in the trunk of the palm which lay across the opening showed that it had afforded him some little protection. Instead of driving him to cover, these wounds seemed to fill his mind with battle madness like a berserker of old.

He leaned far over the palm in the middle of the gate, yelling now incoherently like the savages themselves, as he hurled every remaining spear into the brown of them. And when these were gone he stooped and picked up stones. Like Polyphemus, he tossed huge rocks that, under other circumstances he could scarcely have lifted, into the midst of the throng. It was more than they could stand; they quickly gave back, leaping from shelf to trail and then pell-mell around the protecting cliff of the rocks out of sight.

For a moment the man had an inclination to follow them. But for the stones he was almost weapon-

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less, save for the two spears stuck in the palm trunk, which he quickly made his own. He had fought a splendid fight and for the moment was the victor. Forgetful of his wounds he shouted long and loud in triumph. It was a great game he was playing, and he was winning. He could see three or four dead bodies lying in the bend of the trail. He hesitated a second as to whether to go out and gather up the weapons that strewed the rocks at his feet or not, when a new assault gave him pause.

Stones from the slings began to fall around him. Though out of sight, the Papuan slingers were hurling their shots around him with astonishing accuracy as a concealed battery shells a fort or trench. Of course there was no possibility of breaking cover amid such a rain of slingshots. Some of them would be certain to hit him. It was an attack against which he could do absolutely nothing. He took shelter behind one of the huge gate posts and waited with his two spears and his sadly diminished pile of stones.

From where he stood he could see the trail perfectly. Indeed, he took the risk of uncovering himself somewhat for that purpose. Presently his watching eye caught sight of a savage, this time on his hands and knees, creeping around the protection off the rock. The aborigines had reasoned correctly enough that their sling-stone fire would compel him to take cover and they hoped that one at least of them might rush up the rocks and engage him in a

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hand-to-hand conflict, thus enabling the main body to come up.

Disregarding the peril, Lovell once more stood in the opening and hurled a spear at the crouching savage. His foot slipped and the weapon struck the rock wall and glanced off harmlessly. The Papuan, seeing this, leaped to his feet, but the white man's second and last spear struck him in the shoulder and drove him back. The next instant the narrow way was again filled with men. Lovell had time for but one cast of a stone. Although it was effective, the rush could not be stopped that way.

He had a second to realize that now he stood naked and practically defenceless against the horde. It was even too late to run if they came on. They saw him weaponless, too. Their play was now in their hands. With the same sort of an instinct that causes a gorilla to stop and beat his breast before he seizes his prey, thereby exposing himself to the bullet of the hunter, the savage islanders stopped and began to shout triumphantly, while from the rear the chiefs and the head men pushed forward. Evidently to give the *coup-de-grace* was a Polynesian privilege highly to be prized in the case of so important a victim, for the men on shelf and trail were separating to let some great ones come to the front.

The pause seemed to Lovell to give him a chance to get away. He turned to run, when a woman's scream stopped him. There, stumbling, staggering

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toward him was Dorothy Cassilis! She was as white as death, not only from her rapid run but from fear which was almost paralyzing. In her hands she carried the rifle and the axe.

"Here," she screamed, her hands out-thrust toward him.

The savages were almost on them. They were coming slowly, chanting some sort of a song as if to celebrate their prospective capture. If he could stop them for a few moments, or until the girl reached him, all would not be lost. In desperation he seized the tree trunk, heaved its top up into the air and shoved it forward and downward through the opening. It did not fall on anyone. It did not hurt anyone, but it caused them to give back and they fell into some confusion as they sought to get out of its way. They roared and yelled with renewed exultation when they saw him, now absolutely without protection in the clear opening. Evidently they did not intend to kill him, wishing to reserve him for some other fate, for they made no effort to spear him as they started up again, clambering over the tree top.

The next second Dorothy Cassilis fell at Lovell's feet with the rifle uplifted toward his hand. The next second he fired the Winchester. The roar of the discharge in the pass was deafening. The heavy bullet smashed point blank into the body of the sub-chief who was leading. It dum-dummed, tore like



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a piece of shrapnel into the body of the next man, and finally lodged in the body of the third. To throw out the shell and pull the trigger again, to fire a second and third shot into the mass of them took but a moment. This time with wild yells of terror the savages broke and fled. Some of them had never heard the white man's thunderous weapon nor felt its awful power. Those who had, did not desire to hear or see either again. This time they went further than before, for the rain of stones ceased and a ghastly silence fell over the place which had resounded with the horrid cries of the frightful, murderous, if brave, Papuans. Lovell turned to Dorothy, cowering behind the rocks at his feet.

"You came in the nick of time," he said. "Another moment and they would have got me."

"Who and what are they?" gasped the girl.

"Savages from other islands. They woke me up this morning. Where's Arden?"

"I don't know. We heard the noise of the conflict. We saw it all from the hill. She gave me these and told me to run to you with them."

"Why didn't she bring them herself?"

"She went to light the beacon," faltered the terrified woman. "We shall die. We shall be killed."

"Better to die than to fall into their hands," said Lovell grimly. "And we won't die without sending a number of them ahead of us. Look," he said, turning toward the ravine heaped with bodies.

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But Dorothy Cassilis was not looking.

"See!" she cried, pointing across the island, and Lovell followed her glance. He saw a huge column of smoke rising from the south end of the plateau. "She has lighted the beacon."

"That is Arden," he cried. "I knew she could not be a coward."

Indeed, she had taken a more dangerous part than Dorothy Cassilis. At least, if Lovell's defence failed, and the savages had got to the plateau, she would have been alone, defenceless save for the ten shots within the magazine of the automatic.

"Why has she lighted the beacon?" asked Lovell.

"We went up on the hill this morning and we thought we saw smoke on the horizon."

"Great God," said the man, "if that could only be. If I had but a few more shots, I could hold them off indefinitely, but—"

"Look," cried Dorothy Cassilis.

She pointed off to the left where tall trees grew in the ravine, the tops of which were level with the plateau. In the fronds of the tallest palm they saw plainly the bushy head of a Papuan. This was a method of scaling cliffs to which Lovell could offer no defence.

"Let us go back to the cave," urged Dorothy Cassilis, clasping him in terror.

"We have got to give Arden time to get there first," said Lovell coolly.

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He was loath to waste a shot which could by no possibility kill more than one man. Yet he thought that perhaps if he shot the leading Papuan out of the tree they would hesitate about attempting it again. Slowly he raised the rifle. The woman and the warrior both watched him. The latter threw up his shield but the heavy bullet tore through it like paper. The islander, shot through the body, plunged out of the tree and into the depths below.

"Here she comes," cried Dorothy Cassilis.

Lovell glanced back. Dorothy Arden was running toward them. With a wave of his hand he indicated she should turn to the cave. He and Dorothy Cassilis started on a dead run away from the pass. They were not pursued until they had gone half the distance to the cave. Then the Polynesians, finding the pass totally unguarded, swarmed up and through it, caught sight of the fugitives, and took up the pursuit with more zest than before, since they could see that those who had just joined the man were women!

## CHAPTER XXVI

### LIGHTING THE BEACON

THE two women had also slept later than was their wont after the trying experiences of the day before. As Dorothy Arden had been the last to close her eyes, Dorothy Cassilis was the first to open hers. She was aware of a faint noise as of many people shouting. She could, of course, distinguish nothing. She listened to it for a moment, scarcely comprehending what it was, and as full realization of it burst upon her, she turned to her companion. A touch sufficed to arouse Dorothy Arden. On the island they had all acquired the animal faculty of awakening instantly and on the alert. She sat up on her bed of rushes and looked at Dorothy Cassilis, who at the same time rose to her feet.

"What is it?" she asked.

And then, before the other could answer, she, too, heard the noise.

"Voices!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Dorothy Cassilis, "you hear them, too?"

"Of course."

"It must be the yacht. We are rescued."

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"I think so. Come!" said Dorothy Arden, tearing the bar from the socket and throwing down the door. She ran through the big outer cave to the entrance, followed nervously by the other woman.

Her first thought had been to run across the plateau to the entrance of the ravine and thence to the beach, but as she got out to the open she heard the voices more plainly. She could not have distinguished words, of course, even if the language had been intelligible, but there was something in the sound of the shouting which aroused her suspicions. They did not sound like English-speaking people. The noise was loud and continuous and full of menace. It could not be the people of the yacht or any civilized people. Such shouts could only come from savage throats!

As this consciousness came to her, the impulse to descend to the beach grew stronger because Lovell was there. If it had not been for her sense of the peril to the man she loved she would have been paralyzed with fright. She pictured him in the hands of terrible and ferocious savages. Perhaps he was killed! The thought unnerved her. Her blood turned to water in her veins. She could not stand. She leaned back against the wall, white-faced and sick at heart — for him.

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Dorothy Casilis. "Why don't we go to see?"

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Those are not English voices," answered the other. "Do you understand?"

"Savages?" exclaimed Dorothy Cassilis, and then with the same thought as Dorothy Arden, she burst out, "And Lovell?"

"God only knows."

Now from where they stood they could not see the entrance to the ravine. To get a view of that it was necessary to go up the hillside back of the cliff where they entered the cave. From there they could also see a vast expanse of the barrier reef, the lagoon, and even a little part of the extreme edge of the beach. Dorothy Cassilis remembered that.

"Let us go up the hill until we can see," said the girl.

Both instantly turned and ran along the base of the cliff until they came to a practicable pathway which they had often used and up which they scrambled frantically. Presently they reached the elevation, which disclosed to them the whole situation. They saw some of the belated canoes coming through the barrier and crossing the lagoon. They could see some of those already drawn up on the beach. But they had no eyes for these things, because they could clearly see Lovell at the gates. It was at the very height of the conflict. They saw him hurl spear after spear. They could now hear more plainly the fierce yells of the savages, and above them Lovell's clear shouts, not for help but just a mad-

## LIGHTING THE BEACON

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dened, excited cry, such as a warrior of old might have delivered in the frenzy of terrific battle.

The two girls stood rooted to the spot with panting breasts and throbbing hearts. They scarcely realized yet the nature of the peril that menaced them. They only saw Lovell fighting for them like a soldier and gentleman. Instantly the rehabilitation of the night was complete. He was once more their devoted, loyal servitor. Instinctively the women turned to each other. They clasped hands. It was Dorothy Arden who broke the situation.

"We must help him."

"Yes, yes, but how?"

"The rifle, the pistol, the axe. Let us go now."

She turned to descend and as she did so her eye naturally swept the northern portion of the sea. The sky was absolutely cloudless. The sun shone brilliantly. There was not a speck in the blue heavens except in the northern quarter. From the far horizon rose a little black cloud as it had been a man's hand such as the prophet of old had looked upon. For a moment Dorothy Arden stopped and stared.

"Come," urged Dorothy Cassilis.

"Wait," was the answer. "Look yonder."

The other girl followed the pointing arm and the outstretched hand.

"It's a cloud."

"Smoke."

"You mean —"

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"A ship!"

"Pray God it does not come too late."

"Yes, yes," said Dorothy Arden, awakening to life again.

The two girls scrambled down the cliff to arrive at the cave with their feet cut and bleeding. They had been so excited that they had jumped from their bed of rushes without stopping to put on shoes or leggins.

"We shall have to put on our shoes at least," said Dorothy Cassilis.

"Go you and fetch them while I get the weapons," assented the other.

The two girls ran into the cave, whence they soon emerged, Dorothy Cassilis carrying the rude shoes or moccasins, Dorothy Arden the rifle, the pistol, and the axe. There was no time to put on leggins then. They dragged on the shoes and tied them with trembling fingers, grudging every moment, yet realizing that they could make better time shod than going barefoot over the rocky plateau.

"Now," said Dorothy Arden, rising—it was wonderful how she assumed the direction of events in the crisis and how instinctively and without hesitation Dorothy Cassilis fell into the subordinate position. "One of us must go to him and the other must light the beacon. You can take your choice."

"I'm afraid," answered the younger girl, nervously.



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"And so am I," admitted Dorothy Arden, a little pity for poor Dorothy Cassilis in her heart. "But we can't afford to give way. Shall I take him the weapons or—"

"You decide."

"Very well; take the gun and the axe to him. Give me the pistol. I will light the beacon."

They had made some rude pots of clay, and in one of them a charcoal fire was always kept, although with the burning glass improvised from the lens of the binoculars they could easily kindle a blaze so long as they had dry wood. But the burning glass would be a tedious method in a hurry.

Dorothy Arden had chosen to light the beacon because it was the task of greater danger.

Lovell was holding his own. With a gun in his hand he would probably be able to keep the savages off some time longer. Dorothy Cassilis would be safer near him. If the savages gained the plateau they might cut Dorothy Arden off from the others. She clutched the pistol in one hand and lifted the fire pot in the other. Dorothy Cassilis still shrank from her task.

"Listen," said Dorothy Arden severely, "if you don't take that rifle to him as fast as you can run he will be killed. The life of the man you love depends upon you and upon me. Go!"

Pausing a moment to see that the command was efficacious, she turned to do her own errand. To say

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that she had no fear would not be a fact. She was frightened beyond measure. The little time that had elapsed, although it had been filled with work, had enabled her to realize the fate that threatened her and that would assuredly be meted out to any woman, white or brown, falling into such savage hands. Her blood ran cold at the thought of it. At first she could scarcely move. She looked back at Dorothy Cassilis and observed that she, too, went heavily as if scarcely able to drag one foot after another. The sight was tonic.

"Faster!" she screamed.

The word struck the other like a spear. Both of them paused a moment and then broke into a rapid run. No white-limbed, slender Camilla had skimmed the plain faster; no graceful, swift-moving Atalanta had raced Hippomenes more rapidly than these two ran for love's sake on that Island of Surprise that fateful morning.

Lovell had built his pyre on the extreme edge of the plateau so that its smoke could be seen from every quarter of the sea except that small section hidden by the hill. Dorothy Arden had the longer distance to go but she was in the better physical condition and the fleetest of foot. Casting a gaze from time to time toward the pass and seeing Lovell still battling at the gates she ran like a deer, her white limbs flashing in the sunlight. Long before poor Dorothy Cassilis, who was indeed doing her best, had

## LIGHTING THE BEACON

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reached Lovell's side, she had reached the beacon. In her excitement she fairly hurled the pot containing the coals, glowing the more from the rapid run, into the dried reeds which Lovell had provided for just such an emergency.

Her instinct, so soon as she had done this, was to run back, but she believed in doing thoroughly whatever she attempted and she realized that, if she were not mistaken, and the black cloud which frequent glances told her was growing larger, came from the funnels of a ship, their only hope of rescue would be in attracting her attention. She must delay until she was sure that the beacon had caught beyond peradventure. Therefore she stood, pistol in hand, and waited while the battle roared far behind her.

Lovell had done his work well. The live coals caught the rushes, then the dried small wood, and soon a great column of smoke and fire, fanned by the rising breeze, rolled up through the heaped-up logs of the vast pyre. It could be seen for miles. Her work was done. Still clasping the pistol and with anxious eyes scanning the brink of the cliff between her and the stone gate lest some enemy might have surmounted it, she ran toward the other two.

Dorothy Cassilis had at last reached Lovell. Dorothy Arden heard in the silence one shot and then another and then she saw Dorothy Cassilis, a white blur, huddled on the ground at Lovell's feet, Lovell

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himself erect, apparently unharmed. There was fierce exultation in the woman's heart as she recognized an essential difference between herself and Dorothy Cassilis. She would not have crouched down behind the rock. She would have stood by her husband's side and fought with him. She was anxious to show him that proof of devotion, the difference between her and the other woman who aspired to the position of his wife.

Forgotten was his assault of the day before; obliterated was the remembrance of his outrageous attack upon her. He was her man, fighting for her. She would be his woman, and by his side she would fight with him. Perhaps the union would be cemented in blood if in no other way. So she ran on eagerly and then she saw Lovell fire another shot but in a different direction. The next moment he bent down, seized Dorothy Cassilis by the hand, dragged her to her feet and started to run toward the cave.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE KISS OF FAREWELL

DOROTHY ARDEN stopped, uncertain what this might mean. They both saw her at the same time. Lovell shouted to her. She caught the words. "Back—cave," but his gesture told her more. He had decided to retreat to the cave and wanted her to go there also. She was nearer it than the other two; she might have gained it long before them, but she had no such thought. She changed her course slightly so as to intercept them. Dorothy Cassilis appeared almost unnerved. She stumbled and staggered, and Lovell almost dragged her along. Dorothy Arden was the swifter. She met them at half the distance.

"Take her other hand," shouted Lovell, pausing for a second that she might obey him.

There was no time for extended conversation. No one could afford to waste much breath on many words, so Dorothy Arden seized Dorothy Cassilis' other hand and the three started running again. Presently Lovell exclaimed:

"It was splendid of you to light that beacon, Arden."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"I think there is a ship yonder — smoke," panted Dorothy Arden.

Dorothy Cassilis looked up piteously. Lovell felt sorry for her. He had just praised one woman; the other deserved something.

"If you had not brought me that rifle, Cassilis," he said, "I should have been killed."

This seemed to give the half-fainting girl an access of strength. She summoned her resolution, shook herself free of the other two, ran more lightly, and the trio tore madly for the cave. Lovell hoped that they might round the curve of the cliff at the base of the hill and get in the cave without being observed. This would give them a little more time. He cast a glance over his shoulder. He saw the enemy coming through the gate he had held against such odds. It was a far shot but he decided to try it. As the savages caught sight of the other two figures they had expressed their great surprise by a new outburst of yelling. They were a good distance off, but that the two who had just joined the white man were women was unmistakable. Dorothy Arden's hair had become unbound and unbraided in her wild run. A strong wind was now blowing. They were running against it and it streamed behind her in a dark wave. The disarray of their clothing added the final revelation to the keen-eyed Papuans.

"Run on; I'll try another shot on them," said Lovell.

## THE KISS OF FAREWELL

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He whirled about, raised the rifle, took quick but careful aim, thanking God that he was so good a shot, and sent two effective bullets in quick succession into the crowd. This gave the savages pause. They could make no reply to such an attack. No slingshot propelled by ever so powerful an arm could hurt a man at that distance, nor could a spear have been cast one quarter of the way. Yells again uprose, but more as an expression of rage than anything else. Lovell would have been glad to stand there in the open and pump bullets out of the Winchester into the mass of them. He fairly itched to throw the lever and fire again and again but he had grown cooler as he ran. He realized that practically all that stood between this great body of cannibalistic warriors of primitive days and the women, to say nothing of himself, were the eleven cartridges that remained in the magazine and the ten charges in the heavy automatic, two of which had to be saved for the women, so he turned again and ran.

They had not obeyed his orders. Dorothy Arden had stopped within ten feet of him to watch. Dorothy Cassilis had gone a little further and then she, too, had stopped.

"Back," he roared furiously and even angrily. "I tell you to go on."

Without a word they took up the race again. The islanders had scattered, but when they saw that the man who dealt out thunder and fire and smoke that

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killed in so horrible a way was again running, they took up the pursuit, slowly at first but presently at full speed. Not one in a hundred had ever seen a white man or heard a gun or felt or witnessed its effects before. Their courage, therefore, was magnificent.

The fugitives pressed on and in a few moments turned the corner of the headland, dashed along the cliff and entered the cave. An astonishing sense of security and relief came over Lovell as he passed through the narrow entrance and found himself protected by the wall. His exertions had been tremendous. He leaned breathless and almost spent against the wall, striving to recover himself. Dorothy Cassilis sank down on the sand and hid her face. Dorothy Arden sat down on one of the rock benches they had made. They had but a few moments to rest, a few moments to recover their breath.

"I want to say," panted out Lovell, "while I have time, how ashamed I am of my horrible conduct yesterday. I don't know what came over me. I can never expiate. I can never convince you. I don't know what I did or said but at least it showed me one thing: how noble, how true, you both were. We are in the deadliest peril that ever menaced man or woman. I have fought for you and I shall fight for you until the end, but it is impossible to conquer. I shall save at least two shots in the automatic and if I am beaten down you will know what to do."



## THE KISS OF FAREWELL

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"Yes," said Dorothy Arden resolutely.

"I owe my life to you already and to this brave girl who brought me the weapon."

He stepped over and laid his hand on Dorothy Cassilis' bowed shoulder.

"Don't," said the girl, looking up at him, her face white, her eyes swimming. "I was afraid."

"But you did it."

And here an impulse for which she was ever afterward to be grateful came into Dorothy Cassilis' mind. She pointed at Dorothy Arden.

"It was she who made me. I was afraid."

"No man could deserve such devotion, especially after yesterday," continued Lovell, looking toward Dorothy Arden. "And you—it was magnificent for you to brave the danger that they might overwhelm me and intercept you, to light the beacon. That cloud you saw, did you not mark it as we ran?"

"Yes. It was larger."

"Should it be a ship, it may arrive in time, although unless it be an armed vessel—well"—he stopped and shook his head. "They shall not come at you while I live," he added quickly.

"And if they capture us?" asked Dorothy Cassilis.

"A living death and worse than death. You understand?"

The girls nodded, speechless.

"You must kill yourselves before that happens."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Oh, I cannot," said Dorothy Cassilis.

"I'll take that duty upon myself," said Dorothy Arden firmly.

A sudden burst of shouts came from the narrow opening.

"They are there," exclaimed Lovell. "Good-bye." He seized the rifle and sprang toward the entrance to the cave.

Idly on some of the long afternoons he had built up a sort of rude, somewhat flimsy wall of stone a little higher than his head across the entrance and a few feet from the opening to leave a free passage while it covered the opening. He ran to it and thrust the muzzle of the rifle through the chinks that he had left and waited. The embers of many fires, one of which, the last, still smoked, betrayed their hiding place. The islanders streamed up toward the cliff wall and massed before it. Lovell judged that it was time to fire. He aimed the rifle and pulled the trigger and three shots in rapid succession sent three messengers of death into the crowd which gave back and ran to cover behind the cliffs on either side, leaving their dead behind them.

Seeing the coast again clear, Lovell turned back to the cave. A few steps brought him to the women. Dorothy Arden stood with bowed head and folded arms. Her hand still clutched the pistol. Dorothy Cassilis was on her knees, evidently praying. Perhaps the standing woman prayed, too.

## THE KISS OF FAREWELL

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"I have driven them back for the time being," said Lovell. "I just came to reassure you and for a drink from the spring."

Thanking God that it was there, and swallowing long draughts of the cool, refreshing water which bubbled away in the far corner, he bathed his hands and arms and face. As he rose for the first time Dorothy Arden noticed the blood on his shoulder.

"You have been wounded," she cried.

"It is nothing," was the answer, "only a scratch. Now I must go back. I don't suppose I dare leave that barricade again. If I fall, stand you in the entrance. They can only come one or two at a time, it is so narrow. There are ten shots in the automatic; shoot them down if they try to rush the entrance and then retreat to your room, bar the door and hold it to the very last minute in case the ship— But if the savages break that down—you know."

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

"Wait," said Dorothy Arden. "I am your wife and I love you. Will you kiss me, even if only as a woman, in farewell?"

Lovell bent and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Not there," said Dorothy Arden, lifting up her face.

He kissed her upon the lips and—

"Kiss me," whispered Dorothy Cassilis brokenly.

"I am a woman, too, and I—"

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Somehow or other after he had kissed Dorothy Arden that way the man hesitated, but it was Dorothy Arden who decided him.

"Yes," she said, "poor child, it can make no difference now."

And so Lovell bent and kissed Dorothy Cassilis on the lips as well. The girl fell on the sand and caught him by the feet.

"Oh," she cried, "I can't bear it."

But Lovell tore himself away and the next moment they heard the crash of the rifle as he took his position at the barricade.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### DEATH AND THE RECOGNITION

THE courage of those savages was beyond all praise. This time they actually made a determined rush directly at the mouth of the cave, recklessly exposing their naked bodies but ill protected by their wooden shields to the heavy bullets of the terrible death-dealing Winchester. And for all they knew this awe-inspiring, demi-god of a white man might have a thousand shots at his command.

If Lovell had followed his inclination he would have pumped bullets into them as fast as he could pull the lever. They made so big a target that it was hardly necessary to take aim. But again he restrained himself. He fired slowly, choosing the most prominent as his targets. There was something appalling in the cool deliberation with which one bullet after another smashed into the mass. As they approached nearer one shot would account for two or three men and that at last gave them pause.

They got fearfully close, however, before their mad rush was checked; and they retreated with headlong speed in every direction. Lovell was forced to husband his fire and let them go unharmed. Indeed,

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they were near enough for another rain of spears, clubs, and stones from the slings. The impact of those heavy stones, weighing half a pound and upwards and flung with tremendous force, actually knocked the upper part of the barricade to pieces. Now, too late, Lovell wished he had made it stronger. He could still crouch down and take cover, but his freedom of movement was materially impaired.

Just as soon as the Islanders saw the effect of their primitive artillery, they withdrew, taking cover behind trees and boulders and the curve of the rocky wall so as to be safe from the deadly rifle fire. Thereafter they began to batter down the weak, narrow rock wall until they actually succeeded in demolishing it, reducing it to a heap of stones.

Then they made another charge. They came on with even more determination than before. There were so many of them that they could afford to throw away numerous lives and they were so worked up this time they did not seem to care what happened. There were but three shots left in the magazine and Lovell was hesitating as to whether to pour them in or to reserve them for close quarters when an unexpected and well aimed shot over his head gave the savages pause.

Throwing his head up and backward, he caught sight of Dorothy Arden kneeling in the hole in the wall, the automatic clutched in her hand. Another

## DEATH AND THE RECOGNITION

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moment and the brown wave of war would have broken upon him, but this surprising shot from an unexpected quarter gave them pause. They stared, bewildered, apparently. Lovell, quick to seize the psychological value of the moment, sent another bullet into them. They broke and fled a second time.

Dorothy Arden had saved his life. Risking a renewal of the assault, which, however, he hardly thought would come very soon after these disastrous repulses, he ran back into the cave. He called to Dorothy Arden to come down from the shelf to which she had climbed. Indeed, she obeyed him not a moment too soon, for from whatever concealment they could muster the Papuans diverted a portion of their hurling attack upon the opening in the wall to which their attention had been so dramatically called. Stone bullets splintered around the edges, but some came hurtling through and some spears and clubs also fell within the cave. Their accuracy of aim was astonishing, but it was easy for the defenders to avoid them within the cave by withdrawing to one side, which, fortunately, was the side that commanded the entrance.

"You saved my life and the lives of all of us," cried Lovell, "but for God's sake don't do it again. How many shots did you fire?"

"One."

"I thought so. There are nine left. Remember the last two."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"I shall not forget," answered the woman exultantly, her eyes shining with light at his praise.

"Now I must go back to the mouth of the cave," continued the man.

"Don't expose yourself any more than you have to," said Dorothy Arden, her breast heaving, her heart beating, her pulses throbbing as if she had been an Amazon of the past.

"I shall not," answered the man, smiling with pleasure in spite of himself. "And don't you go too near the window."

"Look, look!" screamed poor Dorothy Cassilis, whom they had both forgotten apparently.

She pointed toward the opening above their heads, and moving athwart the window against the light of the sky they saw the wavering trunk of a mighty palm tree where never tree had been before. They stared at it a moment, uncomprehending. It was a place where no tree, however tall, could be seen from the floor of the cave. The next moment the meaning flashed into the mind of Dorothy Arden.

"They're going to make a ladder of that tree," she screamed.

"Quick, the axe," cried Lovell.

As Dorothy Arden handed him the weapon for which he asked, he turned to Dorothy Cassilis, thrust the rifle into her hand, exclaiming:

"This is apt to be the end. Use it well."



## DEATH AND THE RECOGNITION

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And as the woman staggered to her feet and held the rifle as if it were a poisonous serpent he turned to Dorothy Arden:

"You to the mouth of the cave. Don't expose yourself. Crouch behind the rock. Keep them off. I will attend to them here."

He leaped at the broken wall, which on the inside was as easy of ascent as a pair of stairs. As he did so the heavy trunk of the tree crashed inward against the opening. Outside the Papuans, who could climb like monkeys, scrambled up it. It had been a shrewd thought to make a scaling ladder out of the largest of the prostrate palms, which the multitude of hands could easily lift. Inside Lovell, now covered with blood from many slight wounds, climbed the rocks. They met on the top. The leading man had just gained a footing. He crouched down on the narrow shelf and as Lovell stepped into view he drove the spear straight at his heart.

Lovell had just time to cover his breast with his arm. The bright obsidian point, ground to a razor sharpness, tore through the muscles of his arm and buried itself in his breast. His movement had deflected the weapon, however, and it missed his heart. If he had been standing out in the open and received such a wound it would have knocked him over instantly, but in the excitement of the battle he scarcely thought of it, though his left arm was pinned to his side and the blood was gushing out furiously.

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Before the brown man could withdraw the spear, the shaft head of which was heavily barbed with bits of bone, making a frightful wound, the white man struck him full in the head with the axe, ending his career then and there. Dropping the weapon, Lovell seized the tree top with his right hand, and with one mighty heave he threw it backward with its swarming human load.

He was sick with pain and faint from loss of blood and the frightful exertions he had undergone. That was his final effort. He fell back on the shelf, the demand for desperate action satisfied and no longer pressing, in a fainting condition. As he did so he heard a rapid rattle of shots beneath him. One in particular crashed in his dull ear like the detonation of a cannon shot. Thereafter outside the wild yelling, which had been continuous, suddenly gave place to ghastly silence.

Summoning the last vestiges of his strength, Lovell started down the broken wall on the outside of the cave. He was not sure of the descent, for he lost his footing about half the way and plunged headlong to the floor of the cave. The spear shaft broke as his weight fell upon it and tore itself free, leaving the point and head in his breast. A spasm of agony shot through him, restoring him to consciousness for a moment. The cave was full of smoke. He was blind with pain, anyway. As he came rolling down his out-thrust foot struck against Dorothy Arden and

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hurled her to the floor as he had hurled her to the floor in the magnificent office in the Terminal building a few months before!

Now Lovell was almost a dead man. It is probable that nothing else but the sight of that woman lying on the floor, the blood trickling from her temple where one of the savage spears had grazed it, would have kept him from collapsing. As it was he landed on his feet, or feet downward, his body braced against the wall, and he made a tremendous effort to retain his fleeting consciousness. Slowly he assumed an erect position. Then slowly he bent over the prostrate girl. He fell to his knees. He stared at her, a strange, new light in his eyes. Outside it was very quiet, for the savages had been beaten off again and with fearful loss and they gave no sign of their presence, but inside the cave the stillness was deathly.

Dorothy Arden had been stunned by the fall. She lay dazed for a moment. Dorothy Cassilis stood with the rifle in her hand near the entrance. Dorothy Arden had actually met the rush of the savages in the narrow opening. She had driven back all but one and he had leaped over and raised his spear to strike her down when Dorothy Cassilis had shot him. He lay stone dead on his shield, his great bushy head, feather adorned, pointing into the cave and adding the last touch of the terrible to the tremendous scene. As Lovell bent over the

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prostrate woman, she opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Dorothy," he cried hoarsely in a bewilderment and incomprehension appalling to listen to. "My wife, my wife. In God's name, what are we doing here?"

"Your wife?" almost screamed Dorothy Cassilis, leaping to his side and clasping his shoulder.

"Yes."

"And who am I?"

"You are Miss Cassilis, I think," said Lovell, more weakly. "What are we—what is the meaning of—my God—Dorothy, speak to me," he added, turning away from the other girl to his wife.

As Dorothy Arden lifted herself up Lovell pitched forward and fell across her knees, his blood staining the white skin of the woman he loved, and whom he had recognized in that dreadful hour.

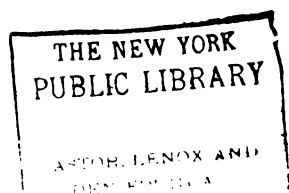
He was incapable of further speech or movement, for in the next second he rolled to the ground insensible. As Dorothy Arden got unsteadily to her feet she thought him dead.

"You see," she said triumphantly to the other woman, "I was right, you were the liar. He recognized me before he died. Oh, Robert, oh, my God, Robert, my husband."

"They are coming again," panted out Dorothy Cassilis in sudden and overmastering terror, for she



"Your wife?" almost screamed Dorothy Casilis, leaping to his side and clasping his shoulder.



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could see over the remains of the barricade and through the crooked passage from where she stood.

"I don't much care now," answered Dorothy Arden. She bent over her husband, who lay as white and as still as death itself except for red stains on his brow from cuts on his head, while the blood welled out of the wound in the breast. She took his head in her arms and kissed him as in farewell. She rose to her feet. "We will fight to the last," she said, with a new access of resolution, as if she had drawn strength from her husband's lips. "Here." She thrust the pistol in Dorothy Cassilis' hand. "There is one shot left. Kill yourself at the last." She took the rifle from the other girl and picked up the axe. "I'll take these," she continued.

"But you?" faltered Dorothy Cassilis.

"They shall not take me alive." She gave one look at her husband. "Good-bye, Robert," she cried, and then she sprang to the entrance.

Yes, Dorothy Cassilis was right; they were coming. They were near at hand. With a continuance of bravery that was again magnificent, they were determined on a last assault, the final ending. The Papuans had spent most of their stone artillery, their lances were all gone and they had already cast most of their throwing clubs. They came on now, swinging their stone hatchets and other hand-to-hand weapons.

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Whether she had sensed death in some mysterious way or whether she had grown reckless and was intent upon inviting it, Dorothy Arden did not wait behind the barricade. As she passed the dead warrior she seized his shield. She stepped out into the open, leaned the axe against the rock and stood there erect and dauntless, shield on arm, gun in hand. Her long hair was unbound, her tunic was torn to rags, and, white breasted like the dawn, as an Amazon of old, but without her maiming, she confronted them.

She lifted the rifle. She fired the last two shots into the midst of them. For the third time she pressed the trigger. It was empty. She cast it aside and picked up the axe. The shouting savages, checked a little by the two shots, were coming on again. They had wit enough to see, as she threw the gun away, that the deadliest weapon they had to face was useless. They were yelling like fiends as they started forward after the temporary halt.

Strange instincts of the past, savage emotions dormant in the blood of man and woman today, that have come down through thousands of years, that had been hidden in the overlay of civilization, surged up in the breast of this half-naked, armed female animal of prehistoric days standing in the cave mouth defending the body of her lover and husband and another shrinking woman whom she hated, whom she pitied, over whom she had at last triumphed.



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She raised her own magnificent voice in some wild war cry of other days. The savages heard it and paused amazed, thrilled, bewildered by the glorious picture. It was to them as if some goddess called.

Dorothy Arden, torn, battered, blood-stained, with only a wooden shield for defense and a blunted axe with which to fight, did not wait for them. She actually leaped forward to meet fate, destiny, doom — whatever was at hand.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

**Part VI**  
**The Book of the Ship**



## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE LONG WAIT

AS it was, the passengers on the *Wanderer* were most thoroughly sick of both ship and cruise. Probably they would have been much more tired of both had it not been for their natural and ever-growing concern about the fate of those whom they had of necessity left on the Island of Surprise. Their own position was monotonous and irritating in the extreme, but in no respect did they suffer from the absence of the comforts, the necessities, or even many of the luxuries of life.

Save for the fact that the yacht was immovably fixed on the sandy beach of a small, barren, uninhabited desert island and her freedom of motion withdrawn, temporarily at least, their life was not actually unhappy. The *Wanderer* was so admirably equipped and provided that she could have supported her people without any real hardship for a year. But that she was immobile, that they could only wait, that they could do nothing for those left on the other island, whose sufferings and anxieties they could easily imagine, almost drove them mad in spite of all their philosophy.

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Both Lovell and Cassilis were men of intense energy, and although Lovell was under orders to rest, he neither desired nor intended to rest by doing absolutely nothing. They had walked around the deserted little island during the mornings, read or napped during the afternoons, and played bridge interminably at night until they were nearly frantic. And that these comprised about all possible activities irked the men almost to madness and caused Dr. Elverson to grow seriously alarmed over the condition of his patient. Fretting was not good for him, yet what could he do but fret?

The nervous condition of the women of the party, one with a daughter, another with a son left behind, can easily be imagined. They were all most thankful that Miss Arden had gone with the other two for propriety. Dr. Elverson at least thought more of her than of the others. None of them dreamed of the extraordinary developments which had taken place on the island and how complicated was the situation because there were two women there instead of one.

To make a long story short, the yacht had carried the gale with her, that is to say, after she had run into it to make an offing and to leave behind the deadly lee shore, the wind had changed and Captain Gossett decided that his best course was to run for it. Indeed, the hurricane had developed such force and power that he could do nothing else.

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At the end of several days of desperate driving, just as the storm abated a little, the crank shaft of the yacht broke and for a time she was in danger of broaching-to. But Captain Gossett was an experienced and resourceful seaman. He had been a sailor of the old school in square-rigged ships before the days of steam. He got some fore and aft canvas rigged on the yacht and managed to lay to. The night after the accident the ship drove ashore on an unknown, uncharted island. She was driven on the beach at high tide by a tremendous sea. And there she stuck. They lightened the ship and resorted to every expedient that experience could suggest and that their engine power could put in operation to drag or work her off, but failed to get her afloat. Indeed, careful examination showed that she had been so strained forward when she took ground that she would probably leak badly if they did get her to sea.

After a time the endeavor was given over as hopeless, and a council of war decided that the best promise of rescue lay in an attempt to communicate their plight to Port Moresby, New Guinea, a British harbor, from which if they could not get a rescue or repair ship, or possibly an English man-of-war, they could at least get in touch with one of the Dutch gunboats patrolling the Java seas and islands.

The voyage to Port Moresby would be a long one and it might be a dangerous one. The yacht's motor

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launch was hardly capable of attempting it. The engineers of the *Wanderer* had decided to transfer the engines of the motor boat to the big sailing launch of the yacht, which they would deck over and make otherwise thoroughly seaworthy. This launch was provided, of course, with sails and masts, so that she could be independent of the motor if necessary. She was large enough to carry a sufficient crew and provisions and water for the long voyage.

Mr. Mattern promptly volunteered to take charge of the boat and to make the effort. He could not start on the voyage until nearly four weeks had elapsed and now nearly two months had dragged away without anything having been heard from him. Many a time old Godfrey Lovell objurgated Dr. Schenck for having ordered the wireless taken out lest he should be tempted to use it for business purposes. It might have been invaluable now. They had absolutely dismantled the apparatus and it could not be put together by the marine engineers of the ship. Besides, there was no one on board who could operate it if it had been in order. There was nothing, therefore, to do but wait.

One day, when patience had degenerated from a virtue to a nuisance, the morning revealed to them a huge steamer rising above the horizon. They had not seen a sail of any kind in the whole period of their detention. Not a single vessel of any sort, not even a native canoe, had passed. At the first glance



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it was evident that this was a large and substantial steamship. It could only mean that they were rescued. They were far from any trade route. A steamer of such a size undoubtedly would be a man-of-war. No man-of-war would be apt to be in that vicinity unless for the purpose of rescuing them. Hardly sufficient time had elapsed for Mattern and his expedition to have reached Port Moresby and returned. They must have fallen in with the ship on the way. But what would she be doing in those seas?

Breakfast was neglected, everything except the oncoming ship was forgotten apparently by everybody. The vessel was rapidly drawing nearer. She was headed straight for them, it was evident, for the island was low and sandy, with but little vegetation, and the yacht was plainly visible. The fact that the ship was moving directly toward them was sure indication that the *Wanderer's* position was known to her. Of course, many observations had established the latitude and longitude of the yacht with absolute accuracy. Mattern knew both perfectly.

The men and women from the cabin gathered on the yacht's bridge with Captain Gossett, scrutinizing the oncoming ship through their glasses.

"She's too big for a Dutch ship, she doesn't tumble home enough for a French cruiser," said Captain Gossett after a long and careful survey. "She doesn't carry the paint of Japan," he added, "or the

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—ah," he exclaimed as the ship changed her course slightly to head for the opening in the barrier reef through which the *Wanderer* had miraculously been driven to the sand, "she is English. There's her flag."

"Yes," said Mr. Cassilis. "I can see it plainly now myself."

"Well, American or English, it'll be all the same to us."

"She is a large ship evidently," commented Mr. Lovell.

"I see gun turrets for'ard and aft. That'll be a battle cruiser," said Captain Gossett confidently.

"What can an English battle cruiser be doing down here? Gunboats usually show the English flag in these waters. Something must have happened to bring her here. How long have we been out of touch with civilization?" asked Mr. Lovell.

"Ever since the middle of July, and it is now nearly the end of September," answered Mr. Cassilis.

"Millions of things may have happened in three months," observed Mrs. Lovell.

"Well, we will soon know her plans, for a ship of that size won't try to approach much nearer to the reef," said Captain Gossett, laying aside his glasses.

"I thought there was deep water all round these reefs," said Mrs. Cassilis.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell; "you told us that the other night, Captain."

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"True, ma'am," said the captain, "but I said there might be other reefs that didn't show, and no captain is going to risk a fifteen-thousand-ton ship like that one."

"Mercy, will we have to go all that distance in little boats if we get aboard of her?" asked Mrs. Cassilis, who was not a particularly good sailor, and who had really enjoyed the motionless cruise on the sandy bank more than the others.

"If she takes us aboard I'm afraid we shall," answered Mr. Lovell.

"The sea is as smooth as a mill pond," said her husband.

"Look," said Captain Gossett, "she has stopped her engines. She is almost dead in the water. There goes her boat," he added.

A cutter was dropped overboard when the ship came to a stop and was instantly headed toward the land.

"How beautifully they row," said Mrs. Lovell.

"I wouldn't care how they rowed," said her husband, "so long as they get here."

"Oh, but I'll be glad to get away and get tidings of Robert," said his wife.

"And my daughter," added Mrs. Cassilis.

No one but Dr. Elverson thought of Miss Arden. She was a negligible quantity on the yacht if not on the island. And no one spoke of her, the doctor not

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being on the small and already crowded bridge of the *Wanderer*.

The crew of the yacht burst into spontaneous cheering as the big cutter, her lusty crew pulling a strong English man-of-war stroke, swept through the opening and headed straight across the enclosed lagoon for the *Wanderer*.

A smart young officer in the stern sheets acknowledged the cheering by lifting his cap and presently brought the boat skilfully alongside the starboard gangway, the port side of the yacht being turned to the shore. Captain Gossett met him at the gangway with Mr. Lovell and Mr. Cassilis, the two matrons following after, and the other officers drawing near.

The young lieutenant scrambled up the battens, stepped on board, and saluted.

"This yacht is the *Wanderer*, I presume," he began.

"Yes, sir," answered Captain Gossett. "What is yon ship?"

"His Majesty's battle cruiser *Glenarm*, Captain Hassell. My name is Anesley. I'm one of her lieutenants."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Anesley. I'm Captain Gossett of the *Wanderer* and this is Mr. Lovell, my owner, and Mr. Cassilis, his guest, and these ladies are Mrs. Lovell and Mrs. Cassilis."

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"I'm very glad indeed to meet you all," said the young officer, bowing and blushing, just why no one could tell, but he was that kind.

"But you can't be half as glad as we are to meet you, sir," said Godfrey Lovell, shaking him vigorously by the hand. "You seemed to be headed straight for us when we saw you this morning."

"We were coming for you. Several days ago, just after leaving Port Moresby, we were hailed by a motor launch under sail."

"Mr. Mattern, my first officer!" exclaimed Captain Gossett.

"Exactly. He told us of your predicament and of the people who had been left behind on another island. We told him we would deviate from our course, touch this island, and if necessary we would stop at the other island, of which he said you had the latitude and longitude, and pick up the rest of your party."

"What became of Mattern?"

"He went on to Port Moresby, although we offered to take him aboard. He said he would have to try to charter some kind of a steamer to come and get the yacht free from the sand and we told him we thought there would be no difficulty in securing such a vessel there for the purpose."

"What is to be done now?" said Mr. Lovell.

"That is as you please, sir," answered Anesley. "Captain Hassell will take you two gentlemen and

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your wives aboard the *Glenarm*, or you can remain on your yacht until your boat returns. Meanwhile, if you give us the latitude and longitude of that other island where you left your son and your daughter" — turning to Mr. Cassilis — "we will pick them up."

"And after you get them will you bring them back here?"

"That is impossible," answered the lieutenant; "our orders are explicit. We are, I don't mind telling you, bound for Buenos Ayres via the Cape of Good Hope to see if we can't overhaul some of those German cruisers that have been playing hob with our commerce."

"Playing hob with your commerce?" said Cassilis.

"German cruisers!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Yes; don't you know?"

The two men shook their heads.

"How long have you been out of touch with civilization, may I ask, gentlemen?"

"Ever since last July."

"You don't know, then, that pretty much the whole world except the United States, Scandinavia, Spain, South America, and Italy is at war?" Seeing their surprise, rapidly he set forth the situation. "So you see," he added, after he had completed his brief resume of the world situation to his astonished auditory, "we couldn't bring your people back. We will have to take them with us. We'll touch at the Cape and will land them at Capetown."

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"And you say your captain will take us there too?"

"Yes, he will strain a point to that end if you wish."

Now Captain Hassell knew perfectly well who Lovell and Cassilis were. He knew what interests they represented. Their names were as familiar in England as in the United States. Indeed, the business world was already beginning to take note of their mysterious disappearance and many speculations as to their whereabouts had already appeared prominently in different papers all over the world, even though so much space was taken up by war news. The English captain had already chanced to see some of these anxious inquiries. By crowding his ship a little he could make up the loss of a day or so which would be caused by the slight deviation from the course to reach the *Wanderer* and then the Island of Surprise, and he decided that it would not only be humane but exceedingly good policy as well to attempt it. Hence he readily acceded to Mr. Mattern's suggestion.

"Captain Hassell bade me say, sir," continued Anesley, "that the *Glenarm* was built for a flagship and the admiral's quarters, which are unoccupied and contain several staterooms and a large cabin, were at your service. Of course you won't enjoy the luxuries of the *Wanderer*, but we shall make you perfectly comfortable."

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"As for myself," said Godfrey Lovell, "rather than wait here with the continued uncertainty I'd embark on a tugboat."

"I am of the same mind," said Mr. Cassilis.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Lovell in answer to her husband's inquiring glance, "I could by any possibility remain here if you were gone? The anxiety and suspense have almost killed me, and I am sure Mrs. Cassilis feels the same way."

"Very well, it is agreed then," said Lovell. "We will leave the yacht to you, Captain Gossett. When Mattern returns with a relief ship take the *Wanderer* over to San Francisco and cable me at Capetown. If I get away from there before I get the message from you, Gossett, I will leave directions to forward it."

"I understand, sir."

"Now, Mr. Anesley, will you return to your ship and tell Captain Hassell that we very gladly accept his offer and we will board her in the course of the morning?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lovell, "but that won't do. I have instructions to bring you off in my boat if you decide to come, for every hour is precious to us."

"Very well," said Lovell. "I see your point. You will give us time to get together a few necessities and—"

"That of course," said Anesley.



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"Then we'll get below and get at it at once. We haven't had any breakfast, being so interested in your ship. Perhaps you will take it with us."

"I'll have a cup of tea, but I beg you to be as speedy as possible."

"You'll see how quick we can be," said Mrs. Lovell.

"If you will step below, Mr. Anesley, perhaps we can introduce you to something a little more palatable than tea," said Lovell as the whole group moved toward the companionway.

"At any other time I should be delighted," said Anesley, "but we have all sworn off during this war and—"

"I see," said Lovell, laughing.

"So if you will hurry up your packing I will get the latitude and longitude and course from Captain Gossett, here."

One hour later, to show how expeditious the maids and valets had been, the four people were being welcomed on the quarter deck of his magnificent cruiser by Captain Hassell and her course was laid for the Island of Surprise.

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE SHRAPNEL OF THE "GLENARM"

THE noon observation Captain Gossett had taken on the day the *Wanderer* had sighted the Island of Surprise, together with the course and the dead reckoning of the afternoon, had established its position with absolute accuracy. It happened to lie almost on the arc of a great circle between the present position of the *Glenarm* and the *Wanderer* and Capetown. Captain Hassell crowded the *Glenarm* for all she was worth, indeed he drove her ahead under forced draught at her maximum speed, which, of course, could not possibly be maintained clear across the Pacific to the Cape and then across the Atlantic to the South American coast. He was naturally anxious to rescue the three castaways, or the marooned trio rather. Of course he could not be late at his rendezvous off the Argentine coast. He had already lost one day by his deviation and expected to lose two more. If that were all, he could easily make them up, he decided. So he pushed ahead blithely.

Now England was very anxious to retain the friendship of the United States in the present critical

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juncture. The Lovell-Cassilis influence would be of great value, not only from a sentimental point of view, but perhaps in forthcoming financial transactions. To lay the two money magnates under obligations to Great Britain would be a fine stroke of policy which would certainly redound to his credit.

After a few days' steaming the *Glenarm* sighted the high hill of the island at early dawn. In their natural anxiety the passengers, who found themselves very comfortable in the admiral's quarters, had hastily dressed and come on deck as soon as the lieutenant who had the watch had notified them that land was visible. They found Captain Hassell already on the bridge where, by his courtesy in view of their anxiety, they presently joined him. Low on the horizon they could just discern the top of the high hill. Its shape was peculiar and both gentlemen recognized it immediately, especially after they had examined it with their powerful field glasses.

"That will be the island beyond doubt," said Mr. Lovell.

"Certainly," answered Captain Hassell. "It was the simplest thing on the sea to find it. Captain Gossett's observations were absolutely perfect."

"Can they see us yet?" asked Mr. Cassilis.

"Hardly, unless they should happen to be on top of that hill looking for us, and even then, as we are so much smaller than they, it would be difficult."

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"They might see our smoke, sir, might they not?" observed Anesley, who happened to have the deck.

"Aye," answered the captain, looking forward to where great volumes of smoke were pouring out of the funnels. "Well," he cast a glance over the side, "at the rate we are doing we shall have the whole island in plain view by six bells, seven o'clock."

The ship had been moving under slightly reduced speed during the night, but now that it was broad day Captain Hassell turned to the watch officer on the bridge by his side.

"Better give her full speed again, Mr. Anesley," he said quietly. "We might as well get this business over with as quickly as possible."

Bells jangled in the engine room, the stokers below in the fireroom sprang to life, and more clouds of smoke rose from the huge stacks. The big ship, quivering under the more rapid thrusting of the mighty screws, leaped ahead. Her previous way increased by half, she tore through the blue seas straight for the island. It had been calm during the night, but now the wind was beginning to rise and as it blew from aft it counteracted the tendency of the smoke to elongate so that the huge black cloud rose from the funnels at a sharp angle.

"They ought to see that presently," observed the captain, pointing upward. "Perhaps if they are still there we can expect a signal of some kind."

"If they are still there?" exclaimed Mrs. Cassilis.

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"Oh, Captain, don't say that," added Mrs. Lovell.

"You never can tell what has happened on an island like that, Madam. They might have improvised some kind of a boat, or —"

"I never suspected it," said Mr. Lovell, "but there may have been some danger from savages there."

"But that island was entirely uninhabited," said Mr. Cassilis.

"Yes, but it was not far from other islands we know to be peopled by a fierce and warlike race."

"We shall soon know, gentlemen," said the captain.

He turned to the midshipman on the bridge.

"Mr. Northby," he said, "hand me the glass again."

As the youngster jumped to obey his captain's orders, Mr. Anesley, who had been looking at the island through his own binoculars, turned.

"Sir," he said, "I think I see a column of smoke yonder on that headland nearest us."

The captain took the field glass, the most powerful of its size and of the latest pattern, from the reefer, focussed it rapidly, and stared in the direction given.

"It's a column of smoke all right," he said, handing the glass to Mr. Lovell. "See for yourself."

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And it seems to me I can distinguish moving objects on that plateau."

"It's true," said old Godfrey Lovell. "Take a look, Dan."

He passed the glass to his friend.

"There are certainly moving objects there," said Mr. Cassilis after a long look.

"We could not see two or three people at that distance," observed the captain, taking the glass again and making another inspection. "There must be hundreds, perhaps a thousand or more."

"Oh, Captain!" exclaimed one woman.

"What does it mean?" asked the other.

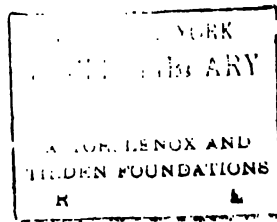
But Hassell paid no attention to them. Living beings on that island meant natives, and natives meant enemies, and enemies demanded action.

"Mr. Anesley," he said quietly, "signal the engine room to give her every pound they have got. We may be too late or we may be just in time. Silence, please," as the two women broke into ejaculations of terror. "If you give way, ladies, I shall have to send you below."

"You have said," began Godfrey Lovell, slowly, his face very white, "that those moving figures are men. What men?"

"They can only be savages from other islands," answered Hassell.

"For God's sake," urged Mr. Cassilis, "can't we move faster?"



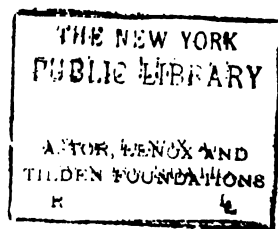


The Captain caught a glimpse of a puff  
are making a fight," he exclaimed.





white smoke. "They are still alive and



## THE SHRAPNEL OF THE "GLENARM"

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"I'm giving her all I can," said Hassell.

The great ship, a bone in her teeth, was hurtling through the waves at a speed she had never attained since her trial trip. By this time all her people were on deck, watching and waiting. Their quest was no secret from anybody on the ship and they were all deeply interested. The whole island was now in plain view. The dark mass on the plateau could be seen through the glasses, shifting back and forth. Presently the powerful binoculars of the captain caught a glimpse of a puff of white smoke.

"They are alive still and making a fight," he exclaimed. "See that cliff at the foot of the hill that rises from the upland. I caught a puff of smoke there. Had they firearms?"

"Mattern left them a Winchester and a Colt automatic," answered Lovell.

"Yes? Well, they are using them. We are too far off to hear the report, but they are alive still."

He stepped to the side and looked over at the water rushing by.

"The *Glenarm* has never done better in her life," he said.

"And we can reach them?"

"That depends upon how long they can hold out. We can reach them with the guns, however. Mr. Anesley, call all hands and perhaps you'd better beat to quarters, sir."

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The next instant the old drum call that has summoned men to action on the decks of ships for five hundred years rattled and crashed over the steel plates of the *Glenarm*.

"Mr. Wyvil," said the captain as the first lieutenant came springing up to the bridge, his side arms in his hand, and saluted, "stand by to take my place in the conning tower to transmit my orders, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Under ordinary circumstances," continued Hassell, turning to his excited and deeply interested passengers, "you would have to go below, but as no danger is to be apprehended from those people perhaps you would prefer to stay here?"

"We much prefer it," promptly answered Godfrey Lovell, speaking for the party.

"Very good. We shall probably not need the turret guns. If anything, the secondary battery will suffice," he continued. "Mr. Wyvil, call away the first and second cutters. Mr. Anesley will command the expedition. Mr. Scofield and Mr. Petford will take charge of the boats. The surgeon and some of his mates, with stretchers and so on, will go with the party. Captain Danby will take a half company of marines. Let them all be heavily armed."

"Shall we send machine guns, sir?"

"Two," said the captain, as at the orders of the first lieutenant the boat crews were called away, the marine detachment got ready and the medical officer

## **THE SHRAPNEL OF THE "GLENARM"**

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and his assistants, with their paraphernalia, were summoned from below, "one for each boat. You say the opening in the barrier reef giving entrance to the lagoon is on the other side of the island, Mr. Lovell?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will go as near as we dare on this side and then send the cutters around."

The decks were now scenes of great animation. The silence which had followed the assembling of the men at their quarters for action was again broken as the crews of the heavy cutters were mustered. The marines paraded and the small arms and ammunition were served out. The davits were swung out-board, the tackles overhauled, and everything was got ready for prompt lowering.

By this time the *Glenarm* was sufficiently near the island for Captain Hassell, who was observing the progress of events closely through his glass, to distinguish the faint sound of the report of a rifle or pistol.

"Have courage, ladies," he said, "they are still fighting."

"Oh, can you see them?"

"No, only the savages. But smoke comes from the cliff face. They are evidently holding their own in a cave."

Other glasses had been provided by considerate officers and the four Americans were gazing with

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absorbed and painful intentness at the island. The *Glenarm* was well within broadside range of the plateau now, but Captain Hassell hesitated to fire into the mass of naked men unless it were absolutely necessary. He had at first thought it might be desirable to open fire at long range with the nine-point-two guns in the forward turret, but he was now well within the range of the six-inch guns, mounted in sponsons in broadside.

"Go into the conning tower, Mr. Wyvil. Keep fast all the turret guns, but make ready the starboard broadside. Load with shrapnel, cast loose and provide, sir."

The brawny seamen in the batteries, in obedience to the orders which the lieutenant transmitted from the conning tower, went eagerly to work and soon made ready the six-inch guns of the secondary battery.

"Train on the mob on that plateau," continued the captain from the bridge to Wyvil in the tower. "Be careful not to hit that hill beyond or go anywhere near it. The savages will be the target. See that the best gun pointers lay the pieces, sir. Prepare to fire in succession from for'ard."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Presently from out of the tower came the response:—

"All ready with the starboard battery, sir."

## THE SHRAPNEL OF THE "GLENARM"

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"Very good, sir. Stand by."

"Look," suddenly shouted Godfrey Lovell, his voice rising in terror.

Hassell seized his glass again.

"By heaven, it's a woman," he cried as he saw Dorothy Arden, gleaming white and splendid against the dark rock of the cliff-like face of the hill. Through the glass her every movement could be distinguished. They all saw the woman fire the last shot, throw down the useless gun, advance the shield, and lift up the axe. And the heart of every man thrilled to the splendid sight. But Captain Hassell preserved his calmness and presence of mind while the others focussed their glasses on the woman. After a fleeting glance at her he surveyed the savages. They were coming on. Dorothy Arden would be killed in a moment unless he could stop the last onset. He regretted the necessity, but it had to be done. There was no other way.

"Fire!" he cried.

Rapidly his command was telegraphed throughout the great ship and on the instant, in swift succession, reports, followed by bursts of smoke, rose above the sponsons from the muzzles of the guns of the starboard battery. One of the shells, aimed a thought too high, flew over the island; a second, trained a little too low, struck the base of the cliff at the water's edge; and a third ricocheted harmlessly across the plateau and exploded among

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the canoes on the far side. But the other shots struck fairly in the midst of the savages and then exploded.

Great gaps were torn in the dense mass. Mangled bodies of men were hurled straight up into the air. The rain of bullets swept hundreds of men to destruction instant and horrible. Worst of all, a fragment of shell or bullet deflected from some savage breast struck the woman at the foot of the cliff standing with shield advanced and axe upraised, and she went down like the rest.

"Shall we give them another broadside, sir?" asked Mr. Wyvil from the tower.

"Load again, sir, but keep fast," answered the captain. "I think they've had enough."

"See them run," cried Mr. Cassilis.

"The girl is down," said Mr. Lovell.

"Was it Dorothy?" asked Mrs. Cassilis, so agitated that she could not fix the glasses, her eyes so misted with tears that she could not have seen through them if she had.

"It was Miss Arden," said Godfrey Lovell solemnly. "I saw her dark hair in the wind."

"Where can Robert be?" asked his mother.

"And my daughter," said Mr. Cassilis.

"Half-speed," said the captain to Wyvil. "We are getting in shore fast. Secure the battery. Do you see them running, gentlemen?"



## THE SHRAPNEL OF THE "GLENARM"

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Indeed, the savages were fleeing madly toward the other side of the island, where their boats lay, those who were left alive, that is.

"We are near enough now," said the captain. "Stop her, Mr. Wyvil. Now away, you cutters."

A hearty British cheer rose from the men on deck as the two cutters were manned, dropped into the water, and immediately pulled away.

The course of the *Glenarm* was changed so that she drew abreast of the headland and the big signal beacon, which still smoked and blazed furiously. She was finally brought to a full stop as near the reef as the captain deemed it safe to come. Meanwhile, the cutters had rounded the point and before them down the beach they saw the enemy.

The Papuans had had enough and more than enough. They crowded into the canoes and paddled frantically away. Several of the canoes were left behind because the slaughter of the savages had been so great that there were not men enough to man them. And some of them had been wrecked by the shell that had gone over the plateau.

The flying warriors were completely under the machine guns of the cutters, which could have sunk the whole flotilla, but Mr. Anesley held his hand. They had been punished severely enough as it was, and no other killing was necessary. The Papuans did not linger. The last canoe was out of the lagoon and headed to the southward before the first cutter

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reached the entrance. The boat party paid no attention to them and they soon disappeared below the horizon whence they had come.

Mr. Anesley had his orders. He drove the cutters up on the beach and his men sprang out, assembled and double-quickened down the beach toward the entrance to the upland. The going and coming of the savages had made the broad trail easy to follow. They passed hastily through the stone gates, marveling as they ran on at the evidences of Lovell's terrific battle. Then leaving the marines to follow in more order the seamen raced tumultuously across the upland.

The plateau was strewn with dead bodies. The shells from the *Glenarm*, to say nothing of the desperate defense of the three on the island, had wrought fearful execution. They did not stop to look at the savages, but went straight to the mouth of the cave. Lying in front of the entrance, shield over her body, axe by her side, the empty weapon at her feet, lay Dorothy Arden, insensible, her face covered with blood.

The surgeon dropped to his knees beside her. His mates opened his kit. First aid bandages were proffered as he made a quick examination.

Mr. Anesley knew that there were two others to be accounted for. He passed into the cave and stumbled over the prostrate figure of Lovell. Back in the corner on her knees was another woman. She

### **THE SHRAPNEL OF THE "GLENARM"**

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was pointing a pistol to her heart. The lieutenant had just time to seize Dorothy Cassilis' hand as she pulled the trigger. The bullet was deflected and struck harmlessly against the wall as she too collapsed in his arms.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### GODFREY LOVELL LEARNS THE NEWS

TO revive Dorothy Cassilis was the easiest of the tasks devolved upon the surgeon. She had sustained no wounds but was suffering from a nervous collapse brought about by disappointment, shame, and fright. Although her consciousness soon came back to her, she was yet in a pitiful condition, bewildered, excited, hysterical, entirely incapable of giving any connected account of what had happened, almost mad in fact.

It was not difficult either to bring back Dorothy Arden to consciousness. Her wounds proved to be more or less superficial. Both women had gone through enough that morning, however, almost to have dethroned their reason. Dorothy Arden had fully expected instant death at the hands of the savages when the shells from the *Glenarm* had checked their rush, torn them to pieces, and driven them into a headlong flight. It is probable she would have fainted also in the revulsion of feeling and reaction, even if it had not been for the bit of shrapnel, or a spent bullet possibly, which struck her on the shoulder with force enough to bruise if not to break the

### **GODFREY LOVELL LEARNS THE NEWS**

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skin. This undoubtedly gave the last stroke to her fast failing strength and nervous force.

But when she came to, she was in almost as bad condition as Dorothy Cassilis physically; mentally there was no comparison. She had triumphed. Whatever the fate of Lovell, he had definitely acknowledged her as his wife and he had done it in the most critical moment of his life and before the world, namely, before Dorothy Cassilis.

Now that she had won the great battle that had been waged between the two women, the animosity and hatred which had filled her heart at the sight and thought of Dorothy Cassilis had all gone, strangely enough. She only pitied her. She realized the great love that the other woman bore to her husband, and she was sorry for her. She had room for but few of these thoughts within her brain, for with the first return of consciousness her mind turned to Lovell.

He indeed was in a fearful state. He had been wounded half a dozen times and had lost much blood, although most of the hurts were mere flesh wounds, and while extremely painful and exhausting were not dangerous. It was the wound in the breast from the spear of the savage whom he had slain in the window of the cave at which the surgeon looked with grave concern. That indeed bade fair to cause his death. They carried him out of the cave and laid him on the blood-stained, trampled grass by the two

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women. The surgeon made a quick but careful examination and the others watched.

Dorothy Cassilis was sitting up, rocking back and forth and moaning incoherently. Dorothy Arden leaned on her elbow, her hand touching Lovell's out-flung arm. The officers moved the seamen away and came back to do what they could, and looked on sympathetically. The spear had broken off and part of it remained in the wound. The surgeon sought to withdraw it, but the barbs held.

"Well, how is it?" asked Anesley, hovering over the group.

The surgeon shook his head.

"It will be touch and go with him," he answered.

"I cannot tell till I get this spear out of his breast."

"Can't you take it out now?"

"No. You see, it's barbed. It will need an operation. I can do that better on the ship. Here, hand me some of that bandage."

Skillfully and rapidly he bound up Lovell's wounds.

"Great heavens," said Anesley, watching. "He's been wounded in a dozen places. Look at his head!"

"I've examined them and they are only superficial. Where are the stretchers?"

"There is one on each boat and I sent for them as soon as I saw how badly these people were done up. Here they come," he said.

## **GODFREY LOVELL LEARNS THE NEWS**

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"Good work, old man," said the surgeon. "Mr. Lovell goes on one and —"

He looked at the two women.

"I can walk if some one helps me," said Dorothy Arden.

"So can I," said Dorothy Cassilis, struggling to her feet, but the effort was too much for her, and but that Anesley caught her she would have fallen.

Dorothy Arden, however, did manage to stand upright. With the joy of acknowledgment and triumph to sustain her she looked down at the white face of her husband and prayed and willed as strongly the one as the other that he might live, but whether he did or not the world would know that he was hers.

There was no necessity for lingering. Gathering up the axe, the shield, the two firearms, and a few of the spears, which he gave to some of the sailors, Anesley gave the order to return to the boat.

Dorothy Arden's spirit was high. Her will was powerful, her strength scarcely in accord. The surgeon walked by the stretcher on which Lovell lay, closely watching him. Anesley walked by the stretcher on which Dorothy Cassilis reclined, and one of the other officers gave Dorothy Arden his arm, but when they got to the stone gates the latter needed more than support. Bowline, the big bo's'n's mate, stepped boldly forward and, seeing permission in the lieutenant's eyes, picked Dorothy Arden up in

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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his arms as if she had been a child and carried her to the boat, faintly protesting but glad.

The savages had killed the victims they intended to sacrifice ere they took to the canoes. The Englishmen found their dead bodies on the sand.

"I suppose there are some wounded up there on the plateau," said the surgeon.

"Aye, but those less seriously hurt will have to care for the others," said Anesley. "We have got to get these people back to the ship, and besides we cannot delay any longer."

The men on the *Glenarm* broke into cheers as the cutters approached, but the cheers were soon hushed when they discovered the serious condition of the rescued. A block and tackle was used on the litters. Dorothy Cassilis was placed in the arms of her mother and father. Mrs. Lovell, naturally, had eyes for no one but her son. For a moment Dorothy Arden stood alone on the deck where old Bowline set her down on her feet, but it was Godfrey Lovell who received her and there was something in her position that appealed to him. He put his arm about her as a father might.

"Do you think he will live?" she whispered as the stretcher bearers carried Lovell past them.

"I hope so. He is in God's hands," said the old man.

"I love him so," said the girl.



## **GODFREY LOVELL LEARNS THE NEWS**

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Old Godfrey Lovell did not withdraw his supporting arm, but he bent and looked at her curiously.

"You didn't know," she said, "but I am —" she hesitated.

"What?" asked the old man.

"His wife."

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST

**N**O, Lovell did not die. Fortunately, the lance had missed the vital spot, although by the narrowest of margins. The surgeons of the ship were skillful operators, experienced, and able in the treatment of wounds. They did all that was necessary and did it well. The clean-blooded young man in full and vigorous health made surprisingly rapid progress toward recovery under their careful tendance. And the same was true of Dorothy Arden. Indeed, she was quite herself in a few days. It was the mentally tortured, humiliated, shamed, bereft Dorothy Cassilis who was in the most nervous and miserable condition.

Save for a brief outline from Dorothy Arden's lips, the story of their adventures on the island had not been told. Godfrey Lovell had requested Dorothy Arden to say nothing about that secret she had breathed into his ear when he received her on the ship, until his son recovered consciousness, and later he had urged her to wait until Robert Lovell was well enough to discuss it with them all. Realizing that the short delay meant nothing, she had con-

## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

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sented, and the more willingly as she learned from the surgeon that her husband would get well. Naturally her heart was filled with joy over his rapid and steady progress toward recovery.

By the chief-surgeon's directions she and every one had been kept from him. Robert Lovell had been told that they were all well and safe and that within a few days he would see them. Weak though he was, he had sent his love to his wife and his affectionate greetings to Dorothy Cassilis, and both messages had been delivered by the surgeon privately to the two women who were under his care.

"Did he send any message to Miss Arden?" asked Dorothy Cassilis faintly, as she received the greeting.

"Yes," answered the surgeon.

"What was it?"

"Really, Miss Cassilis, I hardly feel justified in—"

"We three can have no secrets from one another now," said Dorothy Cassilis. "She is his wife, that I know."

"I know it too, and it was to her as his wife that he sent his love," answered the doctor rather reluctantly, yet keenly observant of his patient, something of whose history he had divined during his care for her, and he was very sorry for her.

Dorothy Cassilis covered her face with her hands and lay silent for a little space.

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"Will you ask Miss Arden, Mrs. Lovell I should say, to come and see me if she is able?" she asked at last.

"She is quite able," answered the surgeon pityingly, "and I am sure she will be glad to do so."

"Does Mr. Lovell know what happened on the island, do you think?" asked Dorothy Cassilis as the surgeon turned to leave the cabin.

"Not a thing. He remembers nothing from the time he was left behind until he woke up in the cave, desperately wounded and sick at heart to see his wife lying senseless at his feet."

"Will he ever know or recall?"

"I think not."

"I am glad," said the girl.

The surgeon was a wise man. To that observation he made no reply.

"Implore Mrs. Lovell to see me," said Dorothy Cassilis at last. "She may not wish to, but—"

"I am sure she will do so; she speaks most affectionately of you," said the surgeon. "Pray calm yourself. This excitement is not good for you."

"And you, sir, you will never repeat or allude to whatever you may suspect, whatever I have betrayed?"

The surgeon lied like a gentleman.

"You have betrayed nothing. I have no suspicions, and if I had silence inviolable is the rule of my profession, you know."

## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

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"Yes, I know, and I thank you," said the poor girl gratefully.

Now Dorothy Arden, to give her her old name, was not only willing but anxious to see Dorothy Cassilis and she came gladly. She was dressed in the garments of civilization once more, her own, for the two older women had taken care to bring clothing for the castaways when they left the yacht. With no evidence of the wounds she had sustained save a white bandage around her head and the pallor of her face, she stood in the doorway looking down at the other girl still too weak to rise. She was very sorry for her poor sister in adventure and profoundly touched by her unfortunate plight.

"What must you think of me?" began Dorothy Cassilis, her eyes brimming with tears, a faint color coming into her cheek, her lips twitching nervously.

"You didn't know," gently began Dorothy Arden, coming a step nearer. "You thought he loved you, you thought that I had no right. I can understand everything." She was very close now. Suddenly she bent down and slipped her arm under the other girl's head. She laid her cheek against that of her wretched companion. "My poor child," she said, "you loved him very much, and I have no doubt that the fault was more his than yours."

"No, no," said the other woman, "it was all my fault. What must he think of me?"

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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"He thinks of you, he must think of you, he will think of you, as of a brave and faithful friend who shared the hardships and perils and fought the last battle together."

"But when he knows that I — that I — offered — to — to —"

Ah, it was that rash proffer that rankled. She could stand to lose his love, she could bear to see Dorothy Arden his wife, but that he should look at her and recall her offer — that way madness lay. Her eyes, her face, her whole body were filled with terror and horror.

"He doesn't know a thing that happened, the doctor says. He never will. Everything on the island is a blank to him. The shock, the wounds, have restored his memory. He takes up life just where he left it off when we plunged down that little ravine. Everything that occurred on the island is unknown. His life there until he was hurled back from that battle in the window of the cave is a blank."

"But you know."

"Yes, and I understand. I would have done the same thing myself."

"He is your husband."

"Yes, but your secret is your own, not mine or his, and it is one thing he will never learn from me."

Dorothy Cassilis looked up into the firm, strong face bending above her, more beautiful in its tenderness and pity and in its desire to comfort than she

## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

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had ever admitted it could be. She took comfort in that assurance. She realized that here was a woman who could keep a secret, if it concerned another, even from her husband, and that Dorothy Arden would never tell.

"And you must not think that I think any the less of you," continued Dorothy Arden. "It was a terrible situation. My husband had undoubtedly given you cause to think you had gained his affection. I blame him for that. But when I think how charming you were, and are, and how hateful I was to him on the ship, I can understand and forgive him, and I want you to forgive him too."

"Don't talk of forgiveness to me," said Dorothy Cassilis, "for you know the fault is all mine, and anyway I love him still. Why should I deny it or conceal it from you?"

"You poor child," said the other woman compassionately, taking her younger sister once more to her heart, and between those two whilom enemies began then and there such a friendship as perhaps passes the comprehension of mere man.

A few days later the passengers on the *Glenarm*, with the captain, Mr. Wyvil, the executive officer, Mr. Anesley, who had been associated with the rescue, and the surgeon and the chaplain, who had ministered unwearingly to all of them and who had been a great comfort to the women, gathered in the admiral's cabin to hear the story of the castaways.

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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Robert Lovell comfortably reclined in an invalid's chair. He was still weak and helpless, but very happy and as interested as anyone to hear the account of those eventful days in which he had played a part, of which he yet remembered nothing. Dorothy Cassilis, also gaining health and strength again, was supported in her mother's arms. Dorothy Arden had quietly taken her place by Lovell's side, and the narration of their surprising adventures naturally fell to her as the strongest. She took his hand as she talked and no one seemed to think the action strange or questionable.

She told to the eager and intent little congregation the story of that strange sojourn. Minimizing her own part and emphasizing what the others had done, she set forth in detail all that happened from the time they heard the warning guns of the *Wanderer* and saw the coming of the storm till the time she fell senseless at the foot of the cliff in front of the entrance to the cave within which lay her unconscious husband and the other woman.

She enjoyed to the full the power of graphic and vivid narration. Something of the old man's terseness of style and something of the younger man's felicity of expression she had. They hung breathlessly on her words as she described the terrific scenes of the last day.

"Your son, Mr. Lovell," she said at last, "played the man that morning, and it was well, for without



## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

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his great fighting none of us would be here to tell the story."

"It seems to me that you two women did your parts," said old Godfrey Lovell.

"We did what we could," answered the woman simply. "If Miss Cassilis, yonder, had not carried the rifle to your son in the stone gates we would have been lost; although he does not remember her coming, that is the plain truth," she went on magnanimously. Then she turned to the man, and no one present could mistake the look she gave him. "Robert," she asked, "can you not recall anything? Our life on the island, the battle, how you fought for us, anything?"

And, like the clasp of hands, the familiar use of the name passed almost unnoticed. It seemed somehow altogether fitting and natural under the strange circumstances, and it was obviously equally agreeable to the young man and the young woman.

"I remember absolutely nothing," answered Lovell, the light and worship in his eyes matching her own, "from the time we plunged over the cliff till the time I saw you at my feet in the cave, the blood running from your temple, just as I saw you that morning when I finished the story in my office after you fell; the day we were married, you know."

"It's true, then," said old Godfrey Lovell, quickly holding his wife with a firm hand as she started violently, "you are my son's wife?"

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"Yes, it is true," came the firm answer, for Dorothy Arden had fought too long and too hard for her husband to hesitate to claim him now or to assert and maintain her claim if it should become necessary.

"Thank God, it is true," said Robert Lovell fondly.

"But I thought," burst out Mrs. Lovell, "that Dorothy Cassilis—"

"Mr. Lovell and I knew about your plans for us," said Dorothy Cassilis quickly, forcing herself to speak, although her love was so strong that fact and words wrung her heart, "but they were not our plans, and even if they had been," she went on, gaining courage, "Mr. Lovell was already married. You have heard from Mrs. Robert Lovell—" And Dorothy Arden started at those words, for it was the first time anyone had so addressed her—"her story of the island; let me tell now not so much what happened to us, that has been told better than I can tell it, but what Mrs. Lovell herself did. I was helpless. We would have died without her, from the very moment we dragged Mr. Lovell, unconscious and helpless, to the niche in the rock on the beach she took the lead. I, we owe everything to her."

"Do you remember," interrupted Dorothy Arden in her turn, "how you did your part that day, although your foot was so cut by the fall in which you had lost your shoe that every step was agony? And you never even mentioned it. I did not find it out

## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

until you almost fainted. It was weeks before Miss Cassilis could bear her weight on that foot."

"It was nothing," said Dorothy Cassilis quickly. "You tended me then like a sister. You nursed us both back to health and strength. And in the last day of battle, well, I am ashamed to say that I only sat within the cave and waited."

"You forget you shot the man in the entrance who would have killed me," protested Dorothy Arden.

"I did not know what I was doing," continued the other. "It was you who fought and you who saved us. Yes, indeed, as you say, Mr. Lovell showed himself our true and knightly defender. You don't know how he fought in the pass and held them back while the beacon was lighted and we could join him. And it was Mrs. Lovell who lighted the beacon, gentlemen. Hers was the greater risk. It was magnificent. I was there. I saw part of it. Oh, I was terribly afraid. I am not made of such stern and rugged fibre, but I know a soldier and gentleman when I see one, and I know a woman fit to be his wife, and you—" she rose to her feet, her mother supporting her, and came over to Dorothy Arden and laid her hand upon her shoulder—"and you are she," she said. "Mr. Lovell, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. You have won the noblest woman on earth. May you value her and make her happy."

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She turned away. She could say no more. She had made amends. The men rose, some of them at least suspecting, and all of them certainly respecting. They helped her back to her cabin. It was a fine, brave ending of her romance. Her mother allowed no one to follow them to the little room in their cabin, and on the breast which had nourished her in her infancy Dorothy Cassilis sobbed out the truth which she would tell to no one else and which she knew Dorothy Arden would never tell either.

There was a little silence in the great cabin after Dorothy Cassilis was gone.

"I had other plans for Robert, we had other hopes, Dan," said Godfrey Lovell turning to his friend and extending his hand, which the other grasped warmly. "And all that I have seen and heard about Miss Cassilis makes me feel that she is a woman worthy of any man's affection, but that is past."

"It is impossible not to believe the genuineness of her tribute to Miss Arden—pardon me, to Mrs. Lovell, your son's wife. She too is a woman any man might be proud to call his wife or his daughter," said Mr. Cassilis, generously putting away his own disappointment.

"My dear girl," said Godfrey Lovell, stepping over to her, "I knew your father. He was among men as you among women. You have been a faithful

## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

help to me in other ways, let me take his place in the new relationship."

"If it were not for you," said Mrs. Lovell, "Robert would not be here. I am grateful; yes, and I am proud that you should be his wife."

"Thank you, mother, father, and all," said Robert Lovell, while Dorothy Arden's throat was so full that she could not utter a word.

Mr. Cassilis shook the younger Lovell's wife warmly by the hand and added his own congratulations.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are not drinking anything stronger than tea or coffee while the war is on, but this, I take it, is an exception," said Captain Hassell, tactfully breaking the awkward pause.

He touched an electric bell by his side and whispered a word to Anesley, who transmitted it to the steward who presently entered.

"I never heard anything like this story, and I have heard strange things in my forty years of service," he continued. "I don't wonder that you call it the Island of Surprise. Mr. Lovell from all accounts behaved like a hero, and the conduct of the two women was beyond all praise. It would be hard for me to choose between them. Thank God, I don't have to. Here's the champagne. Gentlemen, we will break the rule for the nonce this morning. Fill your glasses all and drink to the health and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell."

## THE ISLAND OF SURPRISE

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It was indeed an occasion where rules might be broken. Bye and bye they all filed out of the cabin, officers first, the two civilians next, Mrs. Lovell last of all.

"I've lost the best private secretary on earth," said old Godfrey Lovell as he passed through the door.

"True, perhaps," admitted his wife, smiling up at him, "but we've gained a daughter, which is better."

At last Robert Lovell and Dorothy Arden, his wife, were alone.

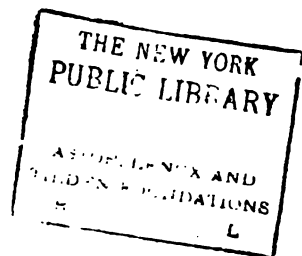
"I wish," said he, as his wife bent over him, "that I could remember what happened on the island. I wonder if I did all those things that you said. I wonder if I played the man and gentleman all the time. Will you tell me?"

"Ask me anything you like, Robert," answered his wife, "and I will tell you just what happened." Yet she said that with a mental reservation. She would never tell him of the struggle between the two women, nor of the offers they had made, nor would she ever reveal his conduct on that day before the battle. "But now," she added, kissing him softly, "it will be enough for me to tell you that I love you more than ever, that you are to me the most splendid of men."

"I hope that may be true," whispered the man, looking at her gratefully, "because then —"



"All's well that ends well."





## **THE BEST SECRETARY ON EARTH IS LOST**

"Because then what?" she asked as he paused for a little space.

"Because then I might be worthy of the heroine of the Island of Surprise."

The first man to greet Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell when they landed in New York some months later was Bob Dosner. He presented them with a copy of Robert Lovell's novel.

"How's it going?" was the eager question.

"Best of the best sellers, Old Man!"

Robert Lovell looked at his wife and laughed.

"It can't compare with our real romance, though," said Mrs. Lovell promptly.

"Good!" said Bob Dosner. "We'll make another book out of that!"

And here it is!

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